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August 1, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Beginning

Irish Eyes

a new novel by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Twilight of a Demigod

-a look at von Hindenburg

By T.R.Ybarra

UG. 1, 1931

August-1931
Sept-Oct.

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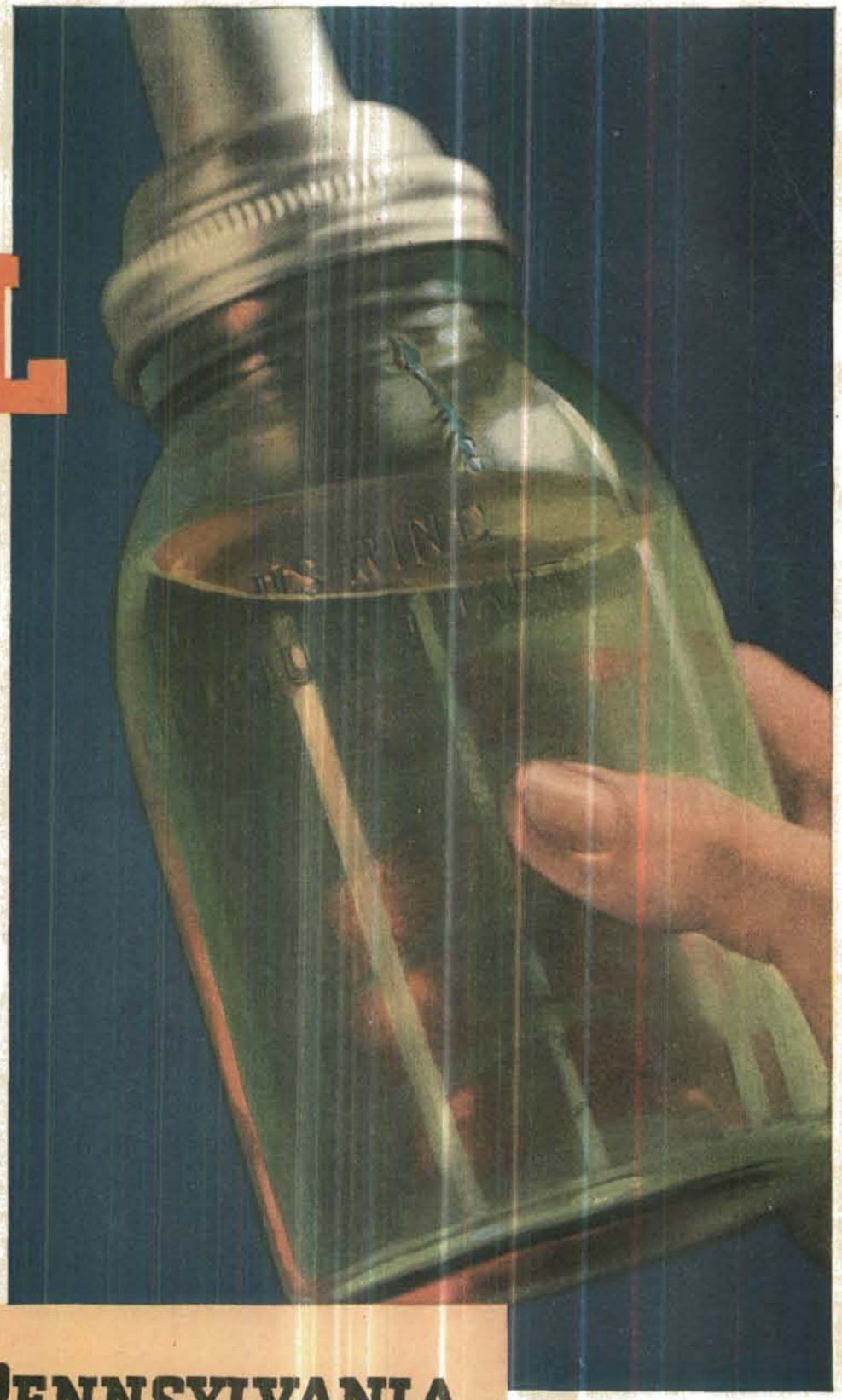

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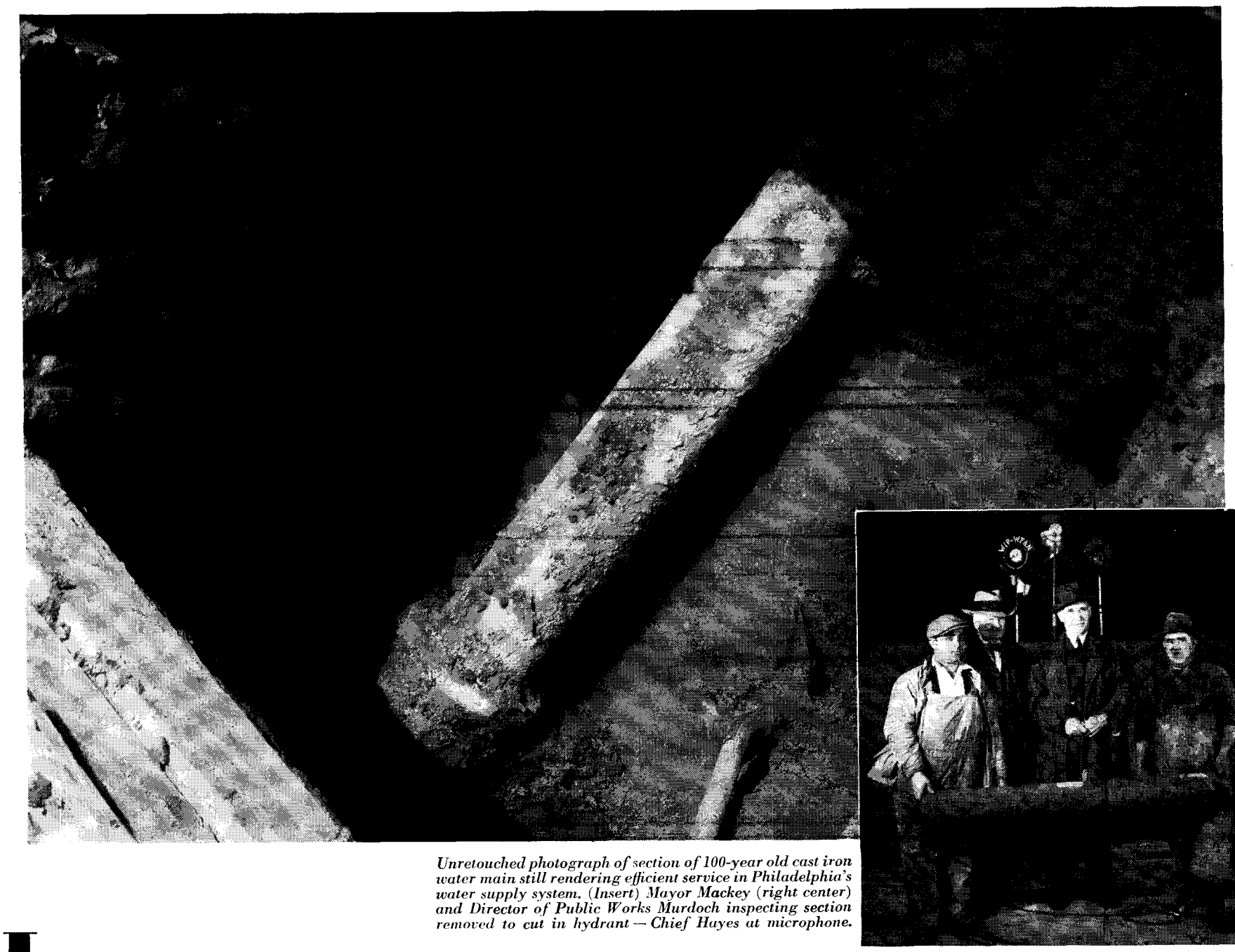

Unretouched photograph of section of 100-year old cast iron water main still rendering efficient service in Philadelphia's water supply system. (Insert) Mayor Mackey (right center) and Director of Public Works Murdoch inspecting section removed to cut in hydrant — Chief Hayes at microphone.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, at this corner (Fifth and Federal Streets) we have taken up water pipe that has been in the service of the people of Philadelphia for over a century. Notwithstanding the great changes that have taken place in our city, this cast iron pipe stands perfect in all its integrity as disclosed to us tonight after having made the excavation and taken out a section." . . . (*Excerpt from a speech by Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia in a radio program on the occasion of the inspection of a 100-year old cast iron water main.*)

In the words of the radio announcer: "This event had its inception when the Bureau of Water Supply discovered, upon cutting in a hydrant, that below the surface of this street there is a cast iron pipe which was laid more than a hundred years ago. It is still supplying this section with water as efficiently as ever. Just a few squares away there lie buried at Front and Chestnut streets 1680 feet of cast iron pipe laid 109 years ago, the oldest cast iron water main in the country."

* * *

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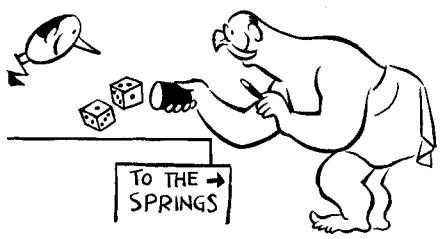
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IN HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, there are medicinal baths, luxurious hotels, attractive gambling houses, a general air of joyousness and an absence of crime waves. The water at the baths is owned by the Federal government and enjoyed by hordes of visitors, many of whom are weighted with coin and therefore can also enjoy the hotels and the gambling establishments. The gambling establishments are operated by Mr. Bill Jacobs, who, since gambling is prohibited by law, proceeds to City Hall every week without invitation and pays his fine like a gentleman. City Hall is run by Mayor McLaughlin, who is a man of many gifts, not the least of which is a practical mind.

We asked Mr. Davenport to visit the town and look around. He reports in "Sin Takes a Hot Bath" that you can have a good time there. All you need is money enough to pay for your fun and sense enough to mind your own business.



WHILE we are on this theme, which might be classified roughly as sporting, we must tell you about Peter B. Kyne's very good horse story, "Cold Blood." We are usually skeptical when confronted by a manuscript in which a horse, commonly inarticulate, comes right out and tells his own story. But Peter Kyne, a horseman of experience and ability, seems to get his stuff direct from the feedbox. Little "Cold Blood" tells of his triumph over a haughty thoroughbred and we can pardon his pride because he tells a satisfying love story (about humans) at the same time.

—

COMMODORE HARTLEY, former commander of the Leviathan, hasn't come out of his retreat in Alabama so we haven't yet learned to dance the hornpipe. We marveled at his retiring from active service when we saw him last, so straight and supple and vigorous he seemed. And his vigor shows through in an article you will read next week. He talks about our merchant marine and its future with all the traditional candor of the seaman. He has little patience with Americans who ship their goods and themselves in foreign craft and says so with salty emphasis in "Full Speed Ahead."

—

THAT this is a year chaotic enough to try one's faith is proved by Roark Bradford's story "The Dirty Dozens." Never did we expect to see Bugaboo Jones outtalked by a mere country woman. These impossible happenings are seldom achieved without trickery, but there's little comfort in that. But we can cover Bugaboo's discomfiture by telling you that the story is good fun and the Mississippi color authentic and diverting.

—

STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY, Kathleen Norris, Arthur Somers Roche, Laura Mount, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Sol Metzger, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, Milton C. Work and others make hot-weather reading no burden at all.

THIS WEEK

August 1, 1931

Cover—Robert Reid

Page 7—Kathleen Norris

IRISH EYES, Part I: The important part of Sheila Carscadden's life begins here.

Page 10—John T. Flynn

SWEET AND LOW: Sugar on the table and what's wrong with it.

Page 12—Grantland Rice

SWINGING THE BLUES AWAY: Beneficent advice to golf beginners.

Page 13—The Short Short Story

A HORSE FOR SALE: By Alan LeMay

Page 14—Corey Ford

LET'S GET ONE IN PARIS! This starts out to be a divorce story.

Page 16—T. R. Ybarra

TWILIGHT OF A DEMIGOD: How von Hindenburg lives and works.

Page 17—Dana Burnet

THE LOOK OF SCORN: Better correct mistakes before you make them.

Page 18—P. G. Wodehouse

THE MEDICINE GIRL: Conclusion—more's the pity.

Page 20—Arthur Somers Roche

THE WRONG WIFE, Part VIII: Romance, on the Rocks.

Page 22—Katharine Roberts

ASSORTED RÔLES: Judith Anderson, who doesn't understand herself.

Page 23—Frederic F. Van de Water

SNAP JUDGMENT: Trooper Trent sets fire to his house.

Page 25—Frank J. Taylor

UNDER YOUR TIRES: About roads you'll want to travel.

Page 31—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROF. LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A.K.

Page 32—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: It's a fast pace.

Page 36—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

RAPIDAN CALCULATION: With eyes on 1932.

Page 42—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 50—Sol Metzger

DOUBLING IN IRONS: Chick Evans' triumph.

Page 54—Editorial

PUBLIC ENEMIES

Any Week

WE USED to be hypersensitive. But we've been called so many names and accused of so many things that we greet with philosophic calm such letters as Mr. Warren C. Dailey's of West Haven, Connecticut.

"Your article on birth control," writes he, "was absolutely correct from your Modus Operandi but not logical. I assumed you were a University man."

—

MISS EVE LOESCHE of Vancouver, British Columbia, informs us that they are having quite a time out her way with their Doukhobors. The Canadian Doukhobors are the descendants of Russians who refused to conform to the Greek Orthodox Church and who, according to Miss Loesche, keep right on refusing to conform no matter where they are.

"I am a school-teacher," writes Miss Loesche. "When the Doukhobors get overstimulated by officials who hope somehow to make them conform, they send committees of men and women to the public schools where they proceed to disrobe and run through the classrooms weeping bitterly. This would be none of my business were I not a teacher, but even the most studious of our pupils have their attention diverted, for a time at least, during such demonstrations. Please tell me, what do you do for Doukhobors in your country?"

—

"SUPPOSE you were a Democrat and were suddenly elected President on a platform advocating an immediate return of prosperity and the swift banishment of hard times," supposes Mrs. Mary W. McCracken of Sacramento, California. "How would you go about it?"

—

MR. GEORGE E. BALLIN protests from Maracaibo, Venezuela. He asks that we refuse to believe implicitly that the only reason it is possible at all for Americans to live in Latin America is that the Marines are always imminent.

"I have lived thirty years in Latin America," says he, "and I know and every old-timer knows that the lives of Americans are in no danger until the Marines arrive. The best protection Uncle Sam can give us is to keep those Marines out."

"I HAVE been doing a lot of literary reading during the past year," writes the Rev. T. O. Credit of Guthrie, Iowa, "and now believe that many of our troubles come of novels and books written by foreigners whose customs and morals are against our high standard of morals and constitution. Books written by foreigners and all books written about foreign customs should be barred from our country by law. They never should have been allowed in the first place."

—

Although he does not mention it, Mr. Credit would, of course, except the Bible.

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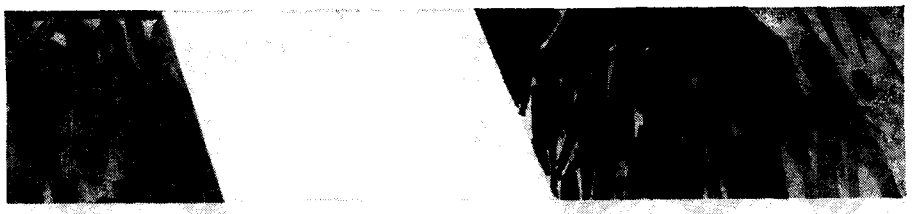

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...Clicquot *has it!*

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GINGER ALES

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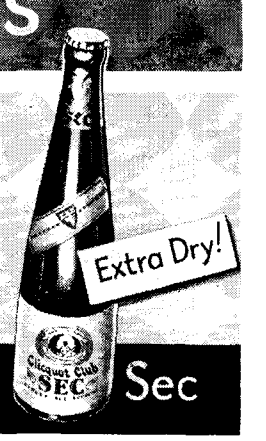

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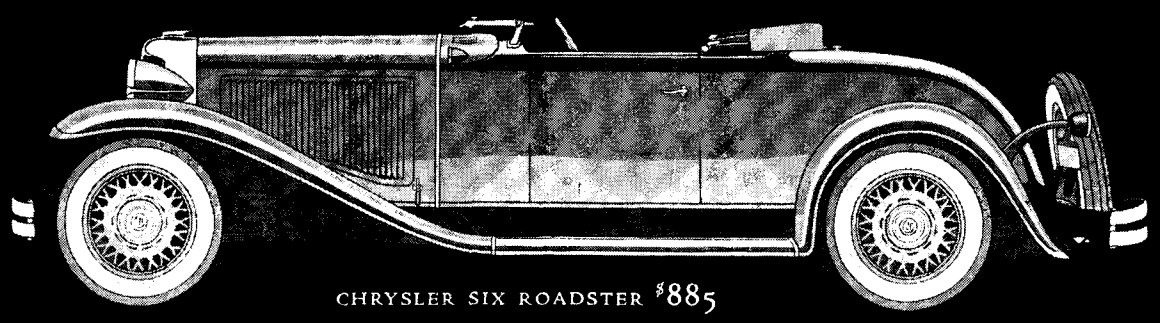
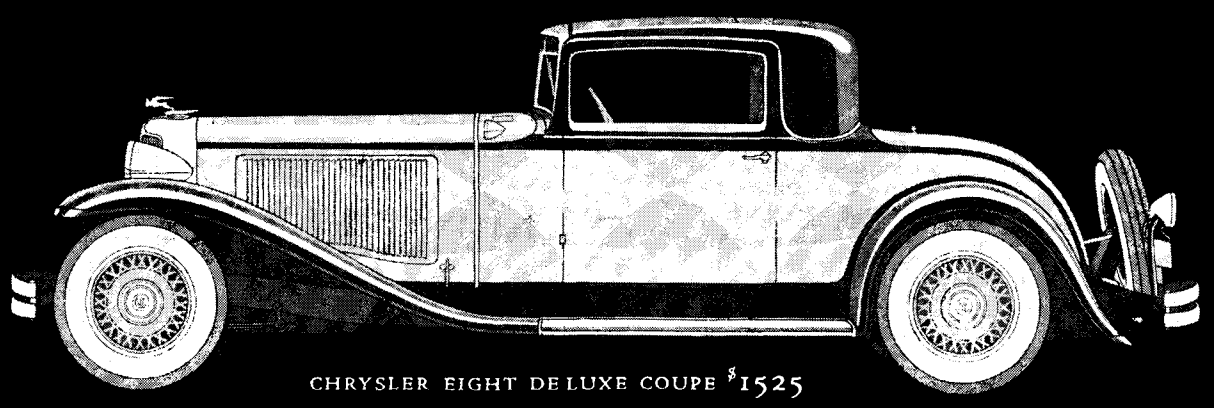
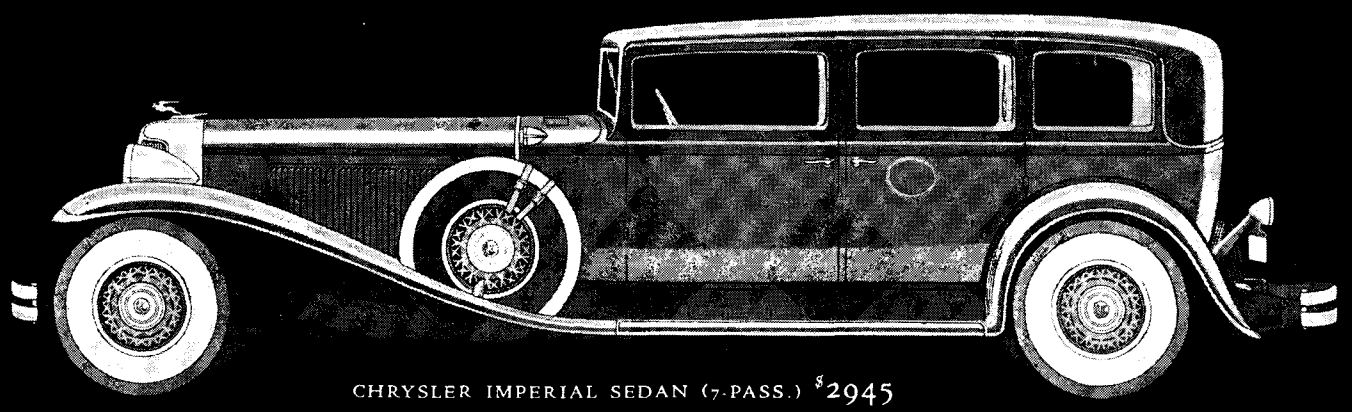
CHRYSLER



CHRYSLER SIX ROADSTER $885



CHRYSLER EIGHT DE LUXE COUPE $1525



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Illustrated by Carl Mueller

Sheila

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

At what age does a girl begin to know her own heart? Here's the story of Sheila Carscadden, who followed First Love bravely, not knowing that First Love sometimes wears a false face

Irish Eyes

Copyright, 1931, by Kathleen Norris

TO HER own office desk, adjoining that of Cecilia Moore, came Sheila Carscadden. It was half past five o'clock on a dark and heavy winter day. Most of the girls had gone home; a few were still lingering under the circles of light dropped by green, dangling lamps above their desks. The office was lighted only by these little, brilliant oases; outside the night was already black.

Cecilia was the familiar Irish-American type: small, thin, eager, with blue eyes and a very white skin, with a curled cap of black hair. Her expression was one of constant suspicious watchfulness, shrewdness and mirth. She was an expert stenographer and typist at twenty-three, and knew all about air mails and steamer sailings and special delivery, and most of the firm's business as well. Cecilia even had a smattering of Spanish, for Marks and Manheim dealt in South American table exports; such brands as the "Marks of Quality" fruit pastes, avocados, bananas, guavas and coconuts, and the "Wedding Feast" pineapple and date specialties.

Sheila was younger than her office neighbor, but she looked more than her twenty-one years; Cecilia had been "going with" Sheila's older brother Joe for some years, and the two girls were intimate. Sheila was taller than Cecilia, and broader of build; her white forehead was broad, under her loose dark-red hair; her slender shoulders were broad, even her young, untrained hands were square and boyish.

For the rest, Cecilia was more boyish than Sheila, for Cecilia was flat-built and thin, with nervous hands and narrow hips, and Sheila was rounded and generous in line; her white throat flawless, her breasts high and firm under the shabby office silk, her chin a smooth curve and her whole body vibrant with a sort of warmth and light.

EVEN the fringe of coppery hair that escaped in a silky film over her forehead, and the little rebel curls that lay outside of the knot on her neck were unconventional, different, human. The touch of her square, firm hand was human, as was the look from her round, eternally surprised blue eyes. She had the daisy-white skin that sometimes goes with blue eyes and reddish hair; her mouth was large, her teeth were large, her voice was unexpectedly large and vibrant. Altogether she did not fit into an office whose manager lived only to reduce the young women employees to the status of smooth-running machines, and to ignore their individual personalities as much as possible.

This girl, introduced as "Miss Moore's friend," had been there for seven months now, and they had been stormy months. The heads did not understand her. She was the sort of person who is always trying to change things; she had a disturbing way of suggesting short-cuts, of eliminating details. With the greatest simplicity and good humor she threatened the firm fortress of inefficiency that had supported the business of Marks and Manheim for years and years. Sheila Carscadden had entered the office knowing nothing; she knew little now. But she upset everyone; at her innocent questions time-honored customs shrank back into decent shadow.

Her expression tonight was rueful, her surprised eyes more surprised than ever.

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"Call-down?" Cecilia asked, trying to read her face.

Sheila seated herself at her desk, moved a paper, looked at the other girl unsmilingly and shrugged.

"Ye good old bounce act," she stated *simply*.

And suddenly a delightful, broad, all-enveloping smile lighted her face.

"Don't look like that, Ceel," she said.

"Fired!" Cecilia ejaculated, in a whisper.

Sheila laughed *joyously*.

"WHAT do you know about that?" she asked. Cecilia's expression remained horrified.

"Sheila—he didn't!"

"I tell you he did."

"I don't see," Cecilia commented, after a space, during which they had looked at each other; "I must say that I don't see that it's so funny."

"Well, I think it's funny," Sheila said, with a faint accent on the pronoun.

"To be fired?"

"By old Drayton. I don't care!" the younger girl added, after a moment, in a reckless voice.

Cecilia saw that she did care, that she was shocked and humiliated. After all, this was no year to be fired. Jobs were scarce. There were breadlines and unemployment parades downtown.

"What'd he say?"

"Drayton?" Sheila was looking into a desk drawer. She knew its contents well; the sight of them made no impression on her mind. An oblong of soft rubber, a broken fountain pen, long envelopes, more long envelopes with red, white and blue lines across them. "My gloves—" she said vaguely. She closed that drawer, opened the one above it. "Oh, here they are!" she said.

"New purse?" Cecilia asked, distracted, innocently interested, as purse and gloves were brought to the surface of the desk.

"Ten cents," Sheila answered, watching Cecilia's face for approval.

"Ten cents!"

"That's all. Rummage sale," Sheila explained briefly.

"For heaven's sake! Why, it's marvelous," the older girl admiringly observed.

"*I thought it was nice. I lost my other*—left it in the pew Sunday. You'd think anybody'd be afraid to steal in church."

"You *would* think they'd be afraid," Cecilia agreed, with an awed expression in her bright, shrewd eyes.

"Well, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I know I would."

"You'd think there might be a curse on you."

"Well, I would."

They had both fallen to thinking; Cecilia aroused herself with a start.

"But go on. What'd Drayton say?"

"Oh, a lot of hooey!" Sheila answered, with an air of indifference.

"But what'd he say? You know, Sheila," Cecilia added, as the other girl made no immediate reply, "you're a hundred times better than Miss Hodgson, for instance, or Miss Grace. What'd he say?"

"OH, HE didn't say anything against my work. He said I took too much upon myself."

"For heaven's sake!"

"That's what he said."

"But for heaven's sake, how could you take too much upon yourself?"

"He said I changed the young gentlemen's letters."

"Who? Foster's and Foote's, I suppose?"

"And young Sig's," Sheila admitted, with her sudden, irrational smile.

"What's funny about that?"

"What I think of young Sig is funny, if he ever knew it," Sheila observed.

"You didn't change his letters?"

"I certainly did."

"The vice president's son," Cecilia murmured.

"He could be the vice president's guardian angel, and if he dictated the way he does, I'd change it. 'You should of knew,' and 'it looks like what he done was did under the impression that ours of recent date wasn't nothing but maybe a bluff,'" Sheila quoted with scorn.

"Oh, well, you can change things like that," Cecilia protested.

"What made him mad," the other girl said, after a reflective second, "was that when you boil his silly letters down to what they really mean, they take up about two lines at the top of the sheet. He loves," she said, warming, "to come out here to the office late in the afternoon, when the girls are all tired, and begin dictating his silly stuff."

"There isn't an office in the world that hasn't got some young man in it doing that," Cecilia Moore observed mildly.

"Wait! This is the letter that made the real trouble," Sheila said suddenly, jerking open a shallow central drawer, and taking out her notebook.

"More fool you to write it, then."

"I didn't know it was going to make him mad."

"Aren't you home early, Joe?" Her mother caught her attention by a waving hand;

Sheila *fingered* the pages rapidly; stopped, eyed a few symbols with a knitted forehead, and looked up with a *shamefaced* half-smile.

"Here's what he gave me," she said, and she read aloud:

"'IN REFERENCE to yours of the sixteenth ult., regarding which your wire received, as per my answer today, would say to the effect that the delay in mailing caused us no inconvenience whatsoever, and trust it was not troublesome to you, as goods were received in time for shipment. By this you will have had my father's letter confirming mine of the 22nd inst., in which a reorder is enclosed; I am taking great pleasure in sending you a catalog, as you requested. Confident that you will give this matter your earliest attention, and assuring you that we shall await your reply with great interest, we beg to remain—'"

Sheila stopped short, and looked at her companion eloquently.

"I ask you!—" she began.

"Well, what's the matter with it?" Miss Moore demanded, patiently. "They are all like that."

"But will you kindly tell me why a boy of twenty-two can keep me after hours dictating stuff like that? Do you know who that letter is *going* to?"

"What does it matter? Nobody ever reads 'em."

"It's *going* to a drug store up here on Broadway. The customer in Rio wanted three jars of some special lemon cream, and that's the way Sig handles it."

"Oh, well, what do you care, as long as you get your salary?" Cecilia demanded.

"Well, I think it's the limit. You can see," Sheila brooded, studying her notes, "that we've been wiring and writing for days about it. See where he says here about 'my father's letter, confirming mine—'"

"What'd you send?" Cecilia Moore asked, after a pause.

For answer Sheila ruffled through some carbon copies that lay in a wire basket on the desk, selected one, and passed it to the other girl for inspection. She watched her attentively, a *pencil* between her lips; Cecilia made short work of the note, which indeed consisted of but three lines.

"'Thank you for your wire,'" she read, "'We have re-ordered and are enclosing catalog. Yours truly.'"

"You didn't have the nerve to cut that letter down to that!" Cecilia ejaculated.

"Oh, I did!" Sheila answered impatiently.

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signaled silence. "Leave him be," she said

The older girl studied her thoughtfully.

"You might know you'd be fired," she observed. "Why, we send out a hundred letters a day that aren't as sensible as that one of Sig's."

"I know we do."

"You certainly didn't think you could change things, Sheila?"

"No," Sheila admitted, with her doubtful look followed by the characteristic wide smile. "But I just suddenly got mad," she confessed.

She had put on a shabby hat and coat, put them on with that dash and certainty that is typical of the American-born Irish office worker; now both the girls were walking toward the hallway and the elevators.

They had locked their desks; each girl had reached up a hand to extinguish her desk light. The great office was dim and deserted, but there was a faint, trembling green light beyond in Mr. Marks' office, where charwomen were busy.

The hallways were clean, empty, tiled. A red light glowed, faded; an elevator door clicked open. The two girls stepped inside.

They descended to become instantly a part of the uproar and late-afternoon crowding of the streets, to be drawn like two living, vital threads into the great pattern of the city's afternoon story. To both girls this was a commonplace; they felt neither particular interest nor any apprehension as they surrendered themselves to the clicking and hammering and jarring machine.

The sidewalks were packed; the subway entrances were eddies of darkly dressed, hurrying folk. Underfoot, dry snow was blown in hard grains like dirty sugar. Frozen to the sidewalks were occasional sheets and spots of ice, and the dark round discs, so thick as to touch each other, that were trodden wads of gum. The air was hard and icy; the girls bent their heads to meet it. They linked arms, pushed resolutely on together, dodging the crowds.

IN THE center of the street was an arrested river of motor cars with headlights shining brightly. From the shabby shops that were jumbled with chocolate bars, magazines, newspapers, buns and sausages, nuts, cigars, a hundred cheap wares, light gushed out across the dirty pavement.

The cars began a plaintive honking and bleating; a policeman's whistle sounded at the corner under the roaring shadow of the elevated train. To the uninitiated the uproar and confusion, the crossing of lights and mingling of pathways would have meant nothing short of pandemonium, and the hostile steady rush of the frozen air might have meant a sudden inability to move at all, and the sudden, sick warm breath of the subway tunnel might have meant suffocation.

But Cecilia and Sheila moved through it all rapidly, almost absent-mindedly. It was their native air; it had environed them from babyhood. This was merely a winter evening, an uninteresting one; Wednesday night. Monday night was apt to be tinged still with the memories of Sunday's relaxation and enjoyment; Friday evening was definitely anticipatory. Wednesday evening was nothing.

The subway smelled of heat, cement, steam, heavily clothed, dirty bodies. A few passengers, angry and vituperative, struggled out of the train's sliding metal doors as the girls and the home-going crowd pushed in. Cecilia and Sheila did not expect to be offered seats; they did not wish to be. Getting home was an equally dull performance, whether one stood or sat, and anyway the girls would have generously argued, "The boys are tired as we are."

AT THE express station they changed again, again stood swaying and rocking above the line of tabloids and sporting pages; again the train rushed on shrieking, stopped abruptly, jarred, was off again.

"Hurt you, sister?" a man whose face all but rested on her shoulder asked Cecilia, and Cecilia answered in a tone almost singing in its refinement, "Not at all."

Immediately, to cover her sudden flush, she spoke to Sheila.

"Going to tell your mother?"

Sheila, as if their conversation in the office had been uninterrupted, answered tranquilly:

"Not right away. She'll kill me."

"I love your purse," Cecilia said.

"I wish you could have seen the coat I could have gotten for twelve. Twelve, mind you! I'll bet it cost sixty. I had her put it aside for me. It was dark blue with a sort of rolled collar. It was simply grand," Sheila said.

She fell to musing. She hated the word grand, thus misused. The nun who had taught her English had always corrected that way of employing the word. Coats were not grand, movies were not swell, good times were never simply elegant.

She mused. "It was certainly a lovely coat," she corrected the phrase, in her mind. Instantly, she was wearing it, and a small dark-blue hat, and a ravishing wisp of nose veil. Could you get blue face veils? You certainly could.

She thought of meeting Peter when thus attired. Peter what? She did not know his last name. She could only think of him as Peter. But there was not an hour of her waking day when she did not remember the laughing face he had brought down from his great height, close to her own, his hard brown hand cupping her chin, his lips meeting hers for a dizzying, drowning eternity of moonlight and summer night, against a dim background of music from the Casino—waltz music, and the ceaseless rustle and swish of waves breaking on the sand.

She was still in the dream when Cecilia said suddenly, "Come on!" and it was time to jam their way out through the surge again, and ascend the packed stairs to the icy cold wind and darkness and blowing films of dirty snow on One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street. Both girls were tired from the office day, the assaulting cold wind, and the stupefying, poisonous air of the underground railway. They did not speak as they fought their way about the worst corner of all, and passed the crowded bright bakery and the movie entrance, away from the racket of the elevated train. Then, when they were passing the dark portals of the church, Cecilia made a faint inclination of her head toward them.

"WANT to go in for a minute?" Sheila urged her on. The wind was bad now, and speaking an effort.

"I think Mamma'll probably make me come with her to the Mission!" she shouted, and Cecilia did not contest it. They went on for three more blocks, made a last turning, and entered the house that was home for both, and for thirty-eight other families.

Above the three chipped brownstone steps from the dirty street, where garbage cans, newspapers, tins of ashes and bundles of rubbish were all frozen into a permanent fringe on the sidewalk, were double doors framing cold, tiled foyer walls lined with bells and mail-boxes. A dimly lighted hallway beyond was completely unfurnished except for worn brown linoleum, and perhaps a dozen shabby baby carriages chained to the iron stairway rails. There were a hundred children in the tenement, a third of them not yet old enough to walk.

The air within the house was dank and chilly, yet some degrees warmer than that of the streets. It was thick and fetid with the smells of unaired living quarters, defective plumbing, dust, human beings, and every sort of cooking and cleaning. Boiling cabbage, stove ashes, coal smoke, hot laundry suds, broiling meat, frying eggs, all united with a thousand other domestic scents to give it color; drawn like a red thread through the web of odors was that of carbolic acid.

Sounds rang through the place; there was always crying here, always the sizzling of food and the slamming of doors, always the droning of phonograph and radio, always loud voices and the rattle of cutlery and plates.

"It's good to get home!" Sheila said, mounting.

"Isn't it?" Cecilia agreed. "You think you'll never make it."

"Come up and have dinner with us, Ceel."

"I can't. Mamma's alone. And I think it's the anniversary of my aunt's death or something. Anyway, she was crying at breakfast."

CECILIA stopped on the second floor. Sheila mounted on to the fourth, as high as she could go.

Her mother, a stout woman with graying hair, was cooking at the stove when she opened the door. There was no hallway, no foyer; the main artery of the house opened straight upon this small kitchen, fully furnished by the gas stove, the sink, the china cabinet, and the table and chairs. Off the kitchen on one side was a tiny bathroom; on the other side a dark bedroom with a double couch and a single bed in it served as merely a wide passage to the third and last room, where there were a couch, a radio, a phonograph, tapestry cushions, Nottingham lace curtains, and other evidences testifying to its character as the parlor of the suite.

Mary Carscadden, now cooking dinner, had, in defiance of all theories of housing, budgeting, and the bearing of young, brought seven children into the world in these three dark rooms and had raised five of them. How it had been done, how she had weathered widowhood, the children's illnesses, poverty, cold, ignorance; from whence their thousand meals apiece per annum had come, she knew as little as the mice that hid behind her woodbox, or the dirty doves that came to her sooty fire-escape for crumbs every morning. Her anxieties

(*Continued on page 43*)

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Sweet and Low

There's something sour about that song. At least the sugar growers think so. It may lead to the bankruptcy of one country and it has already contributed largely to hard times everywhere. Something's got to be done. Under the direction of Thomas L. Chadbourne they have devised a scheme—the first extensive international agreement to limit exports. If it works it will lead the way to stabilization of the world commodity market and may (who knows?) lay that horrid specter, the business cycle

Unlimited competition and overproduction wrought havoc among the sugar-producing countries

SWEET and too low—very much too low, in fact!

That's what is the matter with the sugar on your breakfast table, even if you have supposed there was nothing the matter with it.

Maybe you think this is of no consequence to you. But if those steel stocks of yours are not as high as they used to be; if there has been any falling off in the way the customers have been spending their money over your counters; if there is anything missing out of the old pay envelope—has it ever occurred to you that part of the trouble may be in the price of sugar?

If sugar is too low, of course it is because there's too much of it—much too much. Now just take a look around the breakfast table at the various things more or less in sight—the coffee in the cups, the sugar in the coffee, the wheat in the bread and the corn in the flakes, the linen in the tablecloth and the cotton in Mother's apron, the wool in Dad's suit and the silk in Sister Sylvia's stockings, the copper in the electric toaster—all these things, like sugar, are too low; and all because there's too much of them.

Now of course I don't mean that everybody who wants bread and sugar and cornflakes has them. There are a lot of people who can't buy them because they haven't got the money. But the trouble is not with the price. They couldn't buy sugar when it was seven cents a pound in the raw and bread when wheat was $1.50 a bushel. But they still can't buy when sugar is down to one and a half cents a pound and wheat is down to forty-five cents.

Of course some way should be found to enable these starving Chinese and ragged Indians to buy sugar and bread, but nobody will contend that to make this possible American farmers or Dutch sugar planters should sell wheat and sugar at less than the cost of producing it. We can hardly expect the wheat farmers and sugar raisers to stand the whole expense.

There's too much of all the things I have mentioned because, even at the low prices, various peoples in various backward countries haven't got the money to buy. All of which means that the world has gotten a little out of fix and is in need of repairs here and there.

Which brings me to the point that in Paris, late in April, I ran into a large-sized American gentleman just putting the finishing touches to the biggest job of fixin' I have ever encountered. His name is Thomas L. Chadbourne. What he was doing will affect every single home in America sooner or later and every home in many other lands as well. It is very surprising, therefore, that his job was being noticed very little if at all by our usually observant home managers. And this takes us to our next stopping place—Cuba.

It's a long way from the spoonful of sugar you put in your morning coffee to the bomb that blew a hole in the wall of the president's palace in Cuba and perhaps a still longer journey to the crash of stocks in Wall Street. And yet they are all connected by that invisible and mysterious thread of relationship which ties the whole world together so that an explosion anywhere is felt in every other part of our complex society.

Behind Cuba's Troubles

Down in Cuba they will tell you that the island is ready to rise in revolution against President Machado because he practically usurped a second term; because he has suppressed newspapers and railroaded his political enemies to jail.

Cuba may be ready to rise in revolution. But if that is true it is because of the price of sugar.

If business has been somewhat slow for two years it is not because of the falling level of stock prices in Wall Street. It is because of the declining prices of sugar and wheat and corn and rubber and coffee and silver and copper and all of those things which are grouped together in our newspapers under the forbidding title of "commodities."

The trouble in Cuba is a tempest, not in a teapot, but in a sugar bowl. In Brazil it is a tempest in a coffeepot. In our own country it may turn out to be, as Mr. Hoover well knows, a tempest in the wheat bin.

The fuse of the torpedo, which was exploded in Wall Street on October 23, 1929, when our stock-market crash resounded throughout the world, was lighted on some distant farm. Behind all of the economic disturbance which we have had in the last two years was the sagging and finally collapsing prices of commodities, not only in America, but throughout the entire world.

In America the immediate cause was the decline in our automobile and building trades. This occurred because somewhere some people stopped buying. Who started it? You would have to go back through a long series of causes and effects but if you did you would come at last to a wheat field, to a sugar plantation, a cotton plantation, a coffee hacienda, an oil well, a copper mine, a silver mine and so on, throughout the world, to those places where the raw materials of living and eating and industry are produced. That's where the trouble started.

And so Chadbourne was in Paris trying to patch up one section of this vast disordered raw-material world—that section where they grow sugar—by trying to put another cent on the price of a pound of sugar. And if you will look at the condition of the sugar growers of Cuba you will get a good idea of what happened to the raw-material producers of the world. Chadbourne outlined it for me—a bewildering array of statistics about overproduction, surpluses, millions of tons—long tons and short ones—export quotas and other forbidding terms which make the whole business almost unintelligible to the layman. I translate it here into simpler figures.

Here is a single planter who has left over from last year's crop seven tons of sugar which he raised and couldn't sell. He knows, let us suppose, that he can sell only thirty-eight tons this year. If he is a wise man he will raise 31 tons. Then he will sell the new crop of 31 tons, with the carry-over of seven tons for 2½ cents a pound. This will bring him $1,900, enough to show a profit.

The planter, however, hoping for a better market, raises all he can instead of limiting his crop to 38 tons. It turns out to be 46 tons. With the seven tons carry-over he now has 53 tons. But he can sell only 38 tons. His frantic efforts to sell his whole crop drive the price down, so that he sells his sugar for 1¼ cents a pound instead of 2½ cents. He gets $950 for his 38 tons instead of $1,900 and he now has on his hands a surplus of 15 tons instead of seven to depress the price of next year's crop.

Now then, multiply this man's plight by a hundred thousand, to approximate Cuba's annual sugar production, and this is the picture you get:

The planters had 53 hundred-thousand-ton lots of sugar. That's 5,300,000 tons of it, which should have brought 2½ cents a pound, worth therefore $265,000,000.

They were able to sell only 38 hundred thousand tons of it at 1½ cents—perhaps some at a great deal less—bringing in $114,000,000, a loss of more than $150,000,000.

And they will still have on their hands 1,500,000 tons of sugar as a carry-over to threaten the island in the approaching crop year with utter bankruptcy.

A One-Crop Country

Take a look at the figures representing what Cuba buys from the United States and you will find that her sugar loss just about covers the drop in her purchases from us.

"Cuba is a small country," Chadbourne explained. "A prosperous sugar crop means prosperity for the whole island. It's her one big staple. A failure in that crop means depression. Her sugar surplus has been growing every year. Unless it is disposed of, unless its growth is checked, unless something can be done to organize her sugar business, unless something can be done to sell her sugar for at least the cost of production the island will be bankrupt."

Something had to be done! A most extraordinary condition had developed amid those stricken tropic cane fields. The sugar cane went on growing, but it wasn't worth gathering. To pay people to raise it and cut it and grind it was preposterous. Moreover, it was impossible. The banks simply wouldn't lend the planters any more money. But the cane was there and the people were there and they hadn't anything else to do. So they went on tending the cane without any wages at all. The mills maintained soup kitchens, and we had the spectacle of plantation bread lines.

Surely something had to be done.

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Smooth sailing is anticipated through the sugar producers' new export-regulation plan

By John T. Flynn

Bread lines and revolution are old pals. Down in Brazil, where the coffee industry has had the same fate as sugar, there have been two revolutions. In Chile, where the nitrate industry has suffered in the same way, they have had a revolution. In the Argentine, where the grain and cattle industries have passed through a crisis, there was a successful revolution. Alfonso XIII of Spain can thank the business depression for the loss of his crown. Monarchs are likely to be drowned in the troughs of business cycles.

And so Cuba had become a red-hot sugar bowl seething with discontent, with revolution fomenting inside and President Machado sitting very uncertainly upon the dancing lid. There was grave political unrest because of opposition to Machado, who is denounced by his foes for usurping a second term. When this was reinforced by economic unrest, violence made its appearance in the troubled island. Machado was accused of suppressing newspapers, imprisoning his enemies, using various repressive measures. Sugar refineries were set on fire; sugar warehouses destroyed; bombs were set off here and there, even in the president's palace.

A Step Towards Control

The friends of Machado said it was all just the result of the economic depression; the collapse of the sugar industry. Put another cent a pound, they insisted, on the price of sugar, and Machado will ride through the streets of Havana to the *vivas* of the people.

Something indeed had to be done. In the cane fields and sugar mills of Cuba there is $750,000,000 of American money invested. The stocks and bonds which represent that investment could be bought in, at this writing, in Wall Street for $35,000,000.

Chadbourne was right—something had to be done. And here he was in Paris doing it. What he did is of the greatest importance, not merely because it aims to set the Cuban sugar planter on his feet, but because it is an experiment in controlling commodity markets which may have its effect in all those disordered raw-material markets I have referred to and in the end on that horrific economic puzzle, the business cycle. Chadbourne is not a sugar expert and he laughed when I asked him if anyone had ever accused him of being an economist. He is a corporation lawyer well known among the big-leaguers in the purlieus of Wall Street. Yet here he was putting together a purely economic device for redeeming the sugar industry.

"Why did they pick you for the job?" I asked him.

"Well," he laughed, "I don't know, except that I had lost about two million dollars in a sugar investment and because, perhaps, they wanted somebody who out of a wealth of ignorance could approach the problem without any of the old traditional prejudices and enmities of the business. Not being an expert, I was foolish enough to attempt the impossible."

At all events, what he did was to make another of those much-denounced commodity agreements. Of course there is nothing new in that. The Chilean nitrate producers tried that away back in 1884. The Germans had commodity agreements on potash back in the days of our Civil War. The Germans and the Dutch had a commodity agreement about quinine as early as 1892. There have been plenty of such agreements. But Chadbourne's agreement is interesting chiefly because so many commodity agreements have ended in failure and because the more recent ones dealing with rubber in British Guiana and coffee in Brazil produced so much international irritation. But it is interesting chiefly because it is different from the others in one or two vital and far-reaching particulars.

"Our first step," he told me, "was to deal with Cuba. First, we had to get rid of the huge surplus which demoralized the market, as *our* wheat surplus now demoralizes the wheat market. And next we had to put an end to overproduction—get sugar planters to do what our Farm Board has been begging our farmers to do: adjust their production to the demands of the markets.

"First of all, then, we arranged to segregate the 1,500,000 tons of surplus sugar which had not been sold. We planned to take it off the market. The Cuban government created a commission to which this surplus sugar was delivered. That sugar is now out of the possession and control of the planters and in the possession of a government-controlled corporation which will hold it off the market and prevent it from coming into competition with this year's crop or any other crop for the next five years."

Of course there's nothing novel in this. Brazil did it in her coffee-valorization scheme. The British did it with rubber in the Straits Settlements in 1922. Our Farm Board has done something like it in its wheat- and cotton-pegging operations, buying grain and cotton in the open market, accumulating it in warehouses and holding it off the market, but our Farm Board has not yet arrived at a systematized plan for disposing of this surplus, as the sugar agreement has.

"With the surplus out of the way," Chadbourne explained, "we then knew that Cuba had to stop shipping so much sugar abroad. The agreement therefore provided that no sugar could be shipped out of Cuba save through the National Sugar Exporting Corporation, organized under the supervision of the government.

Sharing the World's Markets

"That made it possible to put a definite limit on sugar exports. We therefore propose to limit yearly exports of sugar to the United States to 2,800,000 tons and exports to other countries to about 850,000 tons, a total of 3,650,000 tons a year.

"This amount would have to include any part of the existing surplus which might be sold abroad, and it was proposed to market this surplus over a period of five years at the rate of 300,000 tons a year. A set of regulations was then adopted to curtail actual production in the island and to provide for the manner in which each planter should have his share of the export."

Up to this point the agreement is not new. The coffee and rubber and potash and nitrate agreements and many others have had similar provisions for limiting exports. In our own country we have something approaching these agreements in the Copper Exporters, Inc., organized under our Webb Export Trade Act, which permits American producers to combine to control exports to foreign countries.

There have been innumerable national commodity agreements and, while they have usually succeeded in sending up the price of the commodity defended, they have always collapsed in the end. Following the Brazilian valorization scheme in 1926 coffee went from 12.9 cents a pound to 21.3 cents. When the scheme collapsed it went to nine cents. Under the Stevenson Act, protecting rubber exports in the British Straits Settlements, rubber went from 14.28 cents a pound to 46.7 cents. When the plan collapsed rubber sank to 9.154 cents.

In Defense of Sugar

These national commodity agreements are good while they last but when they break down, as all of them do, the last state of the poor producer is worse than the first. Chadbourne knew all about this and so he proceeded to push his plan further.

"Thus we had organized Cuba," he said, "for the defense of sugar. But Cuba doesn't raise all the sugar. Out of every hundred pounds produced, Cuba provides but seventeen. There are two kinds of sugar in commerce—sugar made from cane and sugar produced from beets. Cuba, Java and the United States and her possessions account for most of the cane sugar. Practically all the sugar produced in Europe is from beets. Almost every country produces some sugar. But all except about seven countries buy some sugar. Thus, although the United States produces about 3,000,000 tons, she has to import, approximately, another 3,000,000 tons.

"The world market for sugar is made up of all those countries which must import some sugar. Hence we concluded that if we could get all the exporting countries together and get them to unite with Cuba in limiting exports we would be able to raise the price of sugar about a cent a pound and thus put the sugar industry back on its feet.

"That is what we did. The countries approached were Java, Cuba, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Belgium. We held innumerable conferences in Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin and Paris. The greatest producer outside of Cuba is Java. When we secured the coöperation of Java we felt sure of success. It is not necessary to describe the endless negotiations. The important thing is the final result—an agreement which includes every country which can be well called an exporter of sugar.

"We did here precisely what we did in the case of Cuba. Each country had a surplus of sugar. And each country agreed to segregate its surplus, put it in the possession of a central exporting corporation and market it in an orderly manner over the course of the next five years.

"Next, an export quota was assigned to each country. The basic idea was to limit exports by each country to an extent calculated upon the basis of its overproduction last year.

"For the first year of the agreement

(*Continued on page 36*)

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Swinging the Blues Away

By Grantland Rice

Do you grunt every time you swing a golf club? One duffer found that to be the trouble with his game. Golf can be as simple as that, and so are these tips which may improve your own game

The American Golfer

An object lesson—Tommy Armour demonstrating his iron-shot form

SOMETHING, apparently, must be done about a few hundred thousands of these golfers who are tugging violently at the game and are getting nowhere. Summer is slipping by and yet vast armies of duffers are precisely where they were last spring, or last year, or worse.

Boys and young men home from school and college are working on their swings. Anxious fathers are hoping the boys won't inherit their methods of slicing, hooking or topping the ball. On too many occasions the anxious fathers horn in on their sons' instructions, doing more harm than good. Multitudes of women are taking over fifty per cent of all golf lessons given by the professionals, as the golfing women have more time to spare.

Golf isn't an easy game to teach nor is it an easy game to learn. Countless fathers want to know the best way to teach their sons a good swing. Our advice would be to adopt the caddie method—which is to let them watch and study high-class golfers and then try to imitate the swing they see. That's the way Gene Sarazen, Walter Hagen, Johnny Farrell, Leo Diegel and nearly all the other good professionals started.

Simple Systems are Best

That's the way Bobby Jones started at the age of seven. Bobby would watch Stuart Maiden hitting the ball, stare solemnly for a half hour or so, and then walk away and try to duplicate that swing. It works out rather neatly, all in all. The boy can get the clearer, simpler picture and can imitate where his father can't.

The older golfer has a harder time of it. He becomes bewildered when told to pivot more, to keep the head still, to let the left heel come up, to break his wrists at the top of the swing and to hit from the inside out. The whole picture soon becomes a blur, and he is lost. But there are simpler cures.

Recently I watched Alex Gerard, the professional at the National Golf Links of America, handling two chronic slicers. He had tried to give them an explanation of their faults and show them how to correct them. It wasn't easy going, although both instructor and pupils worked desperately.

Then Gerard tried a surer, simpler method. It is a method any chronic slicer can follow with almost the certainty of a cure. Gerard teed the ball and then, just back of the ball and about an inch or so to the right, he stuck another wooden tee in the ground. "Now," he said, "I want you to hit this ball, swing at it, without touching the other tee. As nearly all slicers swing from outside the line of flight, outside in, the golfer of course hit the extra tee.

"Now look again," Gerard said. "You have room to swing inside that outside tee and hit the ball, haven't you?" The answer was "Yes." "All right," the instructor continued. "Try to do that and don't think of anything else." He had given the golfer a simple picture to follow.

There was no complicated advice. In curing the slice he was trying to make his pupil swing along an inside arc, inside out and not outside in. After six or seven attempts the pupil finally hit the ball and the extra tee remained untouched. And the ball sailed away with a nice pull or hook towards the left.

What about curing a hook or a pull without going into some elaborate method of involved contortions or long, intensive labor? One good system is that advised by Alex Morrison—to address the ball against the heel of the club, with the club face slightly open, and then to have a mental picture of hitting the ball with the heel of the club. If you have the feeling you want to hit the ball up near the heel it will prevent any sudden right-hand action and will ordinarily cure a pull in almost no time. This is another simple method well worth trying, but always get the mental picture in mind before starting the swing. Any golfer must know that he can't swing a club and get club-head speed without cocking his wrists at the top, especially his left wrist, any more than he can throw a baseball with a stiff wrist and a shot putter's motion.

There are simple cures for the faulty pitch shot, chip shot and putt. Stand straighter with an easier, relaxed body and keep the feet closer together. These strokes are all largely matters of the hands and wrists and arms. Keep light upon the feet. All smoothness is locked up when the feet are spread apart, the body bent over and almost every muscle from ankle to neck is tied up. Stand almost straight, place the heels only a few inches apart. Start the club head back with a firm left hand and left arm and keep this firmness unbroken when the right hand applies the final flick. Nine golfers out of ten stoop over too far and so lock their spines, preventing any chance for relaxed effort.

Don't Give It Up

The trouble is that most golfers try out some suggestion feebly, soon forget about it and go back to old methods that lead to the sanded grottos, the swamps and ponds, the out-of-bounds.

Each golf swing calls for a definite mental picture of what you intend to do and how you intend to do it. Walter J. Travis, who played golf almost every day for over twenty-five years, once told me that in all that time he never had played a careless stroke.

The game of golf is not nearly as hard as most players make it. Sam Morse, the old Yale football captain, once told me the story of a sudden slump that struck him about mid-season. He could neither tackle nor block. Nothing went right and he could find no reason for such a collapse. Then one of the head coaches set out to find the answer. "I have it," the coach said, after observing Morse about twenty minutes: "You're making a terrible face before each play starts. That shows how tense you are. Take it easy for a while." Morse was out of the slump next day.

I once watched a clever golf instructor handling a pupil. "Hit just a few for me," the pro said. "Now," he continued a few minutes later, "I want to see if you can hit the ball without grunting."

"Grunting?" the pupil answered. "Am I grunting? I never knew it." Yet you could have heard him forty yards away. And when the grunt had disappeared the swing suddenly lost its body lurch and its violent heave and got back most of the lost smoothness.

If you can't look at the ball, or can't keep your head in place, why not try J. H. Taylor's method of swinging and then stepping on the divot? Or think only of swinging the right way and then ask your caddie where the ball landed. He probably won't know? Well, if you lift your head suddenly, the ball still will be hard to find. Remember, no one ever looked up and saw a good shot.

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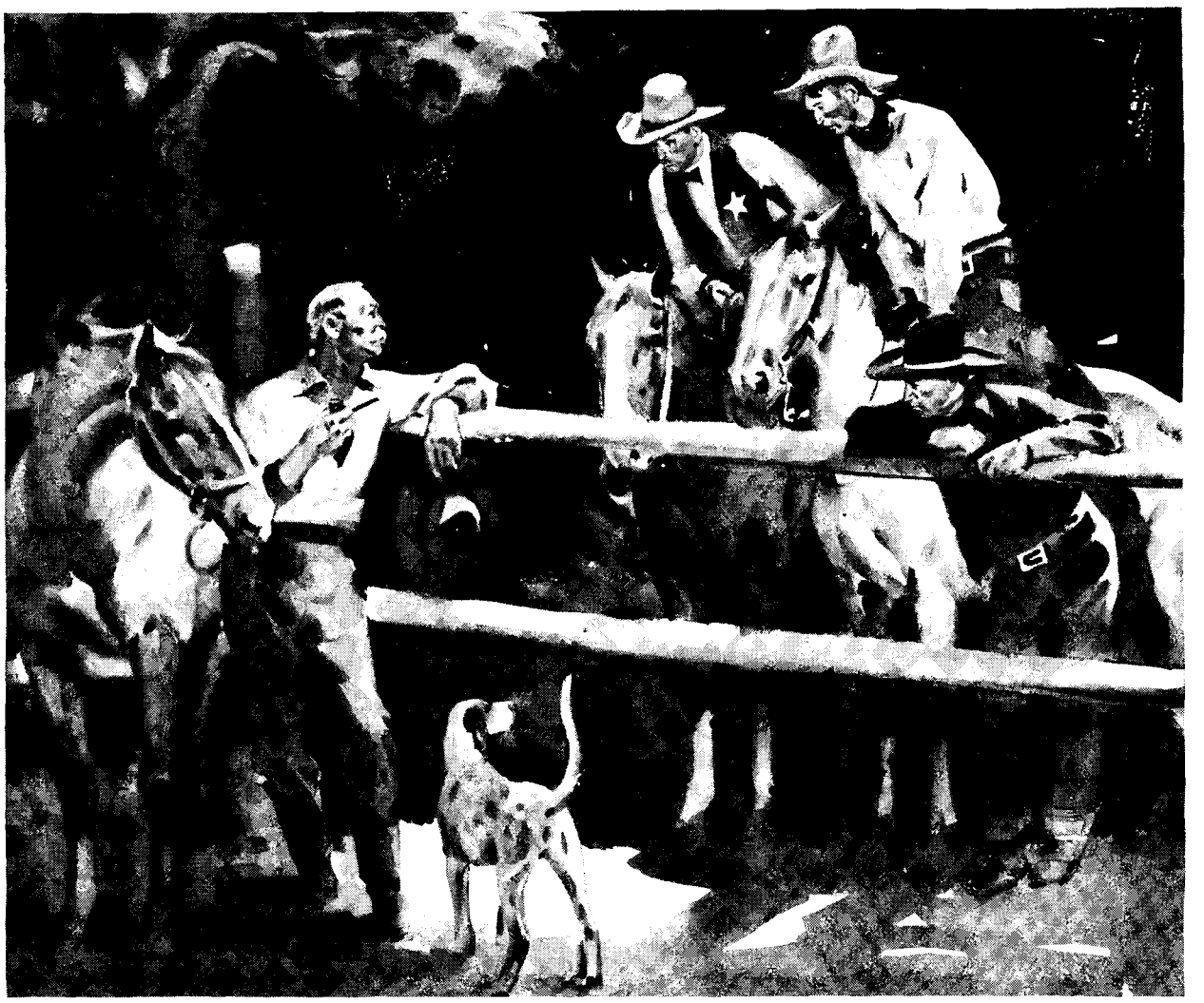

"You think you recognize that horse as from somewhere else?" Sheriff Crabtree asked

A Horse for Sale

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by John Gannam

OLD MAN COFFEE'S three callers did not arrive together. Sheriff Pete Crabtree, with Mart Mosely trailing along behind him, came up the main trail; while Bat Girard, starting from McTarnahan considerably later, took the rough cut-off and by smoky riding was able to arrive a few minutes ahead of the others.

Girard wasted no time in bursting into words.

"Look here, Coffee—look here! That crooked bunch from down-country have framed you up. They're going to make you look like a horse thief!"

"I don't deny," said Old Man Coffee amiably, "a slight facial resemblance to the lower classes. Howsoever—I misdoubt if they can prove it."

"They don't have to prove it," fumed Bat Girard. "You know what they want. They're dead set on sending Billy Johnson up for horse stealing, and you're his only witness! They're fixing to discredit you in front of the jury. And I just now found out what they've done. They've planted evidence on you! They've tooken a horse with Mosely's Feed Box brand on it, and they've tooken a knife and doctored it over into your Rocking-Chair brand."

"Who done the doctoring?"

"I don't know for certain. Mart Mosely himself, most like—he sure must have had experience at it before he was run out of the Panhandle. This horse had one of these light-run brands that just shows as a ruffle in the hair. By curling the hair with your knife you can add onto a brand like that so's you can't hardly tell it."

"I can show up a curled brand in two minutes," said Old Man Coffee contemptuously.

"How does that help you? That's just what *they* aim to do! And they've planted this horse not two miles from here. You know that old corral up Split Canyon? They've hid it there."

"There wasn't no horse there yesterday," said Coffee.

"They hid it last night!"

"WHAT kind of looking horse did they use, I wonder?"

"It's that old sorrel Mosely generally rides to town on."

"Oho," said Coffee. "So that's the one. You *sure* of it?"

"Yes, dead sure, but—"

"Then I've got him!" Coffee exulted. "By God, Johnson goes free!"

"But how the devil—"

His voice was drowned by the hammer of hoofs as Sheriff Crabtree came up. He dismounted, and approached Old Man Coffee.

"There ain't anything personal in this," Crabtree apologized. "A couple of the boys rode in this morning with a crazy fool story, and certain parties have made a howl. So I've just rode up here to satisfy 'em more than anything else."

"That's nice of you," said Coffee.

"It seems a couple fellers rode through Split Canyon yesterday," Pete Crabtree went on, "and they seen one of Mart Mosely's horses hid in that old corral there. They claim they seen your brand on it."

"In short," said Coffee, "it's supposed to look like I stole a horse." He looked pointedly at Crabtree's companion, and Mosely stirred restlessly.

"That's the way certain people seem to make it out."

There was a long, uneasy silence. "I think," said Coffee, "we better go take a look."

A curiously strained procession of riders now wound its way down the tortuous trail to Split Canyon. Presently the gray ancient bars of the disused corral became visible; then, beyond the bars, the shape of a bony sorrel.

An exclamation burst from Mart Mosely. "That's my horse! If Coffee's brand is on that horse—"

"Wait a minute," said Old Man Coffee. "First let's see this Rocking-Chair brand."

He dropped to the ground, crawled through the fence, and caught the horse. He turned the animal, slowly, until the off shoulder was visible to the rest. Then Bat Girard gasped, and Mart Mosely's jaw dropped.

Upon the sorrel hide stood out a single brand, plain and clear; but it was the Feed Box brand of Mosely himself, undoctored and unchanged.

"How come you look so surprised, Mosely, to see your own horse bearing your own brand?"

"Why, durn it—" Mosely began.

COFFEE bore him down. "I'll tell you why. You were scared my testimony would get Billy Johnson off, weren't you? You had to discredit me. So you took this horse of yours, and you took your knife and you curled your brand to look like my own. Then you had this horse hid near my place, and here he is—*but still with your own brand.* Surprise is natural."

It took a moment or two for Sheriff Crabtree to digest that.

"But if he done all that, like you say, where is this fake brand you claim he put on?"

"I can explain that, too," said Old Man Coffee. "There aren't but two ways this horse could have come here last night. One way is the trail past my cabin—but nobody passed there. The other way means swimming Little Bear Creek. Seems like the fellers that Mosely sent with the horse forgot something: a knife-curled brand comes out and is lost altogether as soon as it gets wet. Naturally Mosely didn't know about the fake brand getting spoiled while swimming Little Bear Creek in the dark, and—picture his surprise!"

"It's a bale of horse feathers," Mosely spluttered.

"You've got me mixed up," said Pete Crabtree. "Maybe Mosely did fake your brand onto his horse with the view to getting you in trouble, and maybe the fake brand did wash out while swimming the creek; but it don't look like you can prove it, Coffee, so I guess there the matter rests. I'm free to admit," he concluded, "that there's no evidence against you as the thing stands now."

"You'll admit more in a minute," said Coffee. "Mosely, I offer three hundred for this sorrel horse."

"I didn't come up here to trade no—"

The old lion hunter's eyes bored into Mart Mosely like picket pins. "Maybe I want this horse because he carries my memory back," he said. "Maybe that horse looks to me a whole lot like one I knew a few years back, over in the Panhandle—a horse with what we called the Hog Eye brand. I offer five hundred."

There was a short silence. "You think you recognize that horse as from somewhere else?" Crabtree asked.

"IT'S easy proved if I do," said Coffee. "Leave me remind you something about horse brands. If ever that sorrel horse bore the Hog Eye brand, and later that brand was changed—the original brand will show plain and clear on the inside of the hide, soon as that horse is skun. Maybe I'm buying this horse because I want to read both sides of his hide!"

"What?" Mart Mosely blustered. "Sell a good horse to have him shot—"

Pete Crabtree suddenly laughed. "That's a hot one," he said. "*You* turn down five hundred dollars? Hell!"

Old Man Coffee chuckled grimly. "It's a pretty pickle now," he told Mosely. "You don't dast sell this horse—and you don't dast refuse!" He turned to Sheriff Crabtree. "Yeah, that's right—look at him. He's the man you want in place of Billy Johnson, who's going free!"

For a moment Old Man Coffee watched Crabtree as the sheriff studied the face of Mart Mosely. Then the lion hunter relaxed into a satisfied grin.

Pete Crabtree had reached out and possessed himself of Mart Mosely's gun.

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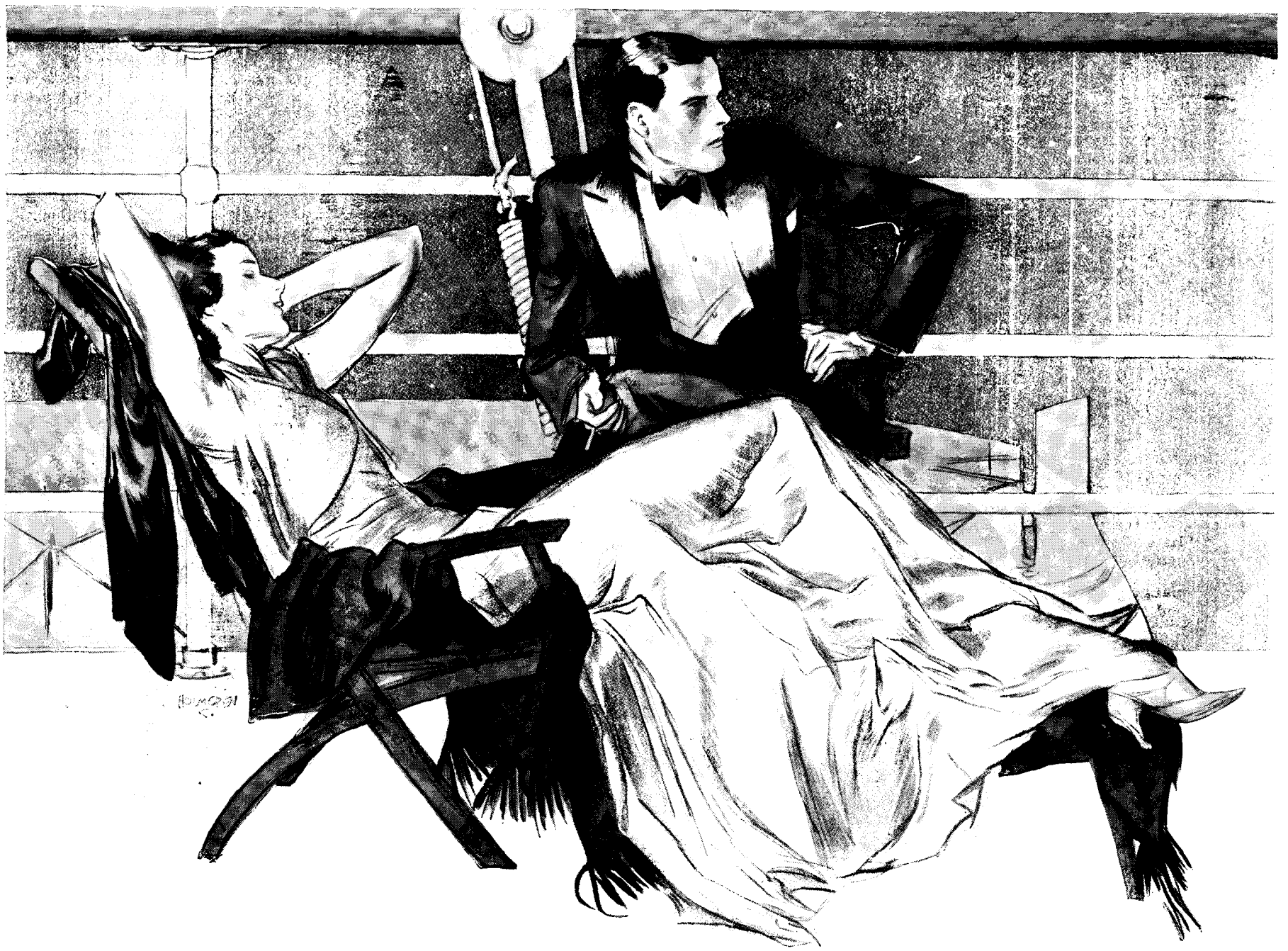

Let's get one in Paris!

If the husband in this story wasn't a wise man, neither was Solomon

By Corey Ford

Illustrated by John Holmgren

THE whistle sounded again, a long thudding howl. The beating of a brass gong drew nearer and passed the door and dwindled, lingering in the distance above the warning monotone of the steward: "All ashore that's going. . . ." In the jammed stateroom, they spilled the last of the champagne into impromptu drinking mugs and paper envelopes and folding cups and cried: "Dolly!"

"And Greg!"

"*Bon voyage!*" "A successful trip, Dolly!" "Good luck. . . ."

"To the handsome couple!" shouted Bill Treadwell into the brief pocket of silence, lifting a thick bathroom tumbler of champagne straight aloft and extending his left arm dramatically. "May they live happily ever after."

Everyone laughed and clinked glasses and drank to Dolly. She perched serenely on the edge of the tiny reading table amid the litter of wrapping papers and flowers and bon-voyage telegrams, with Greg's arm firm about her, and laughed back into the circle of grinning faces that wobbled uncertainly in the gray pall of cigarette smoke. They were all there, all the friends who had been at her wedding, packed together once more in this tiny stateroom. All her ushers in cutaways and gray gloves, precisely as they looked three years ago, except for a slight paunch here or a bald spot there; each with a sprig of spinach solemnly pinned in his buttonhole. Bill Treadwell's idea; he wore a distinguishing sprig of broccoli, himself, for he had been best man.

ALL her bridesmaids, such of them as they had been able to round up for the jolly occasion: Helen on from Toledo, Grace up from Savannah, a wire from Louise in Tacoma. Each of them violently in pink—for they had all worn pink that morning—and each with a corsage of cabbage-head wrapped carefully in purple tinfoil and pinned to her waist. Bright Bill again. Her whole wedding crowded and crushed and telescoped tonight into one compact mob sixteen feet square, gathered together again after three years to wish good luck to Greg and herself, and a speedy divorce in Paris to them both.

The whistle howled again. She shivered with excitement, and Greg's hand slid down her arm and found her hand, and held it with a gentle pulsing pressure.

Dear, solemn Greg; his square, mirthless face made such an effort to grin, his sharp eyes and blue-shaved chin and the two deep clefts beside his determined mouth were so absurdly out of place with this whole gay occasion.

"Like the party, honey?" he whispered. "Greg, *I love it!*" Her familiar husky voice, a sweet, deep chuckle, was a little breathless tonight and hurried out of its usual Southern calm. "You're giving me the dearest, sweetest divorce that any girl ever had."

He squeezed her hand. Her face, above the admiring faces turned up toward her, was flushed and young and very beautiful; her gray eyes were bright with fun, her blond hair rumpled beneath a burlesque bridal veil that dangled in voluminous folds of cheap cheesecloth over her slim arms and the trim lines of her clinging black gown. Bill, of course. The middle finger of her left hand was bawdy with a terrific tin ring and a great glass solitaire that tossed and refracted a hundred red and green lights, as she waved her hand to Bill Treadwell across the crowded room.

"Throw your bouquet, Dolly!" Bill called, coming over to her. "We got to start getting this mob out of here."

"All ready! Everybody!" Dolly climbed on a chair and poised the bride's bouquet over her head. Dear Bill had designed it: a pastel cluster of early spring vegetables, carrots and pink radishes and bright young beets and the oily, crinkled leaves of chard. She hurled it forward just as she slipped and tottered with the sudden motion, and flopped forward breathlessly into Bill's arms.

THE bouquet, flung wildly as she fell, hurtled over the grasping hands in the room, through the open door into the hall. There was an impact and a little gasp. Greg rushed out, as Bill Treadwell carried Dolly, still breathless, into the other room.

A slight, boyish figure in a dark tweed sports suit was leaning against

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She mounted slowly to the sun deck. Greg was there—with Mrs. Titcomb. "You don't mind my joining you?" said Dolly. "Not at all, dear," said Greg

the wall of the corridor, staring a little unconvinced at the wilted bouquet of radishes and beets at her feet.

"I'm dreadfully sorry." Greg picked up her hat and returned it to her. He hesitated. "Really I am."

She raised her eyes slowly; slanting eyes, full of amusement, he was relieved to note. She felt the side of her head gingerly, and patted her dark bobbed hair into place. "I thought it was a very pretty gesture. I love *hors d'œuvres*."

"I mean," said Greg, in embarrassment, "she'd forgotten the door was open. My wife threw it, you see."

"Is your wife given frequently to hurling bunches of radishes?" she inquired idly, cramming her hat down upon her head.

"It was in fun, of course," Greg hurried. "It was supposed to be her bride's bouquet, you see."

"No, frankly?"

"I'm terribly sorry it happened," continued Greg, ignoring the tacit inquiry. "My name is Gregory Nason. If there is anything I can—"

"I am Mrs. Joyce Titcomb," she replied, "and if you do not mind I should like awfully to keep the bouquet. I'm inordinately fond of radishes. Do you like radishes?"

"Yes."

"There is nothing," said Mrs. Titcomb, as she moved vaguely down the corridor, "quite like the crash of a crisp radish."

"No," said Greg slowly, staring after her; and then he turned and went back into the stateroom. Already most of the mob was hastily preparing for departure. "Dolly?" He did not see Dolly. He began to push his way slowly, wading upstream against the current of friends rushing nervously out through the narrow door in that sudden panic which people experience when a ship is sailing, pausing now and then to shake a well-meaning hand—"So long, Greg, we'll be looking for you at the Alimony Club!" "Ask for your wedding ring back, old man, I *always* ask for mine back"—and peering over their heads. "Dolly?" He forced his way to the bedroom door and peered inside. "Dolly?"

Dolly uncoiled unhurriedly from Bill Treadwell's embrace and removed her lips as she answered without concern over a shoulder, "Have they all gone, Greg, dear?" and returned casually to her interrupted kiss.

"After all," Greg pointed out after a moment, as much confused by the duration of the kiss as he was by a certain lack of precedent which the present emergency afforded, "you're still my wife, you know."

Dolly straightened and smiled pleasantly. "Of course, dear. For two whole weeks yet. It all depends on how quick they are in Paris."

"Sometimes it takes a month," remarked Bill Treadwell, arranging his rumpled tie. "I had a friend who spent six weeks in Paris before he could get them to take any action at all."

"I suppose it all depends," Dolly replied.

"LOOK here," pointed out Greg, determined to lend the situation some degree of dignity, "I don't like your kissing my wife."

"Honey, don't be so married," laughed Dolly.

"I don't care," insisted Greg. "It isn't right. While you're still my wife, I object to it."

"Why, say, Greg," apologized Bill, "I had no idea you'd take this whole business so literally. What difference does a week or two make?"

"You said that it might take a month," pointed out Greg, who felt that his grip of the situation was slipping a little.

"It all depends, dear," said Dolly.

There was a meditative silence.

"As a matter of fact," said Bill, "I'd been thinking of booking passage on this boat myself, and crossing with you."

"I'd rather you didn't, you know," said Greg sullenly.

"Oh, it's all right. I couldn't anyway, thanks. I asked the purser and he said there isn't a bed left. Not a single bunk on the boat. Unless you and I doubled up, Greg," he suggested.

"You've got some nerve, come to think of it," said Greg, very suddenly angry. "I mean it. Some nerve!"

"Now, honey," said Dolly, "after our nice party, dear. Please."

"I want this bird to get out," stated Greg, "and damned quick."

"Why, sure, Greg," said Bill quietly. "Of course."

"Making love to my wife," explained Greg, half to himself. He had startled himself a little, just then, and he felt that his attitude needed backing up.

"I'm very sorry, Bill," apologized Dolly, without glancing at Greg.

"No, but, I tell you," Greg insisted. "After all, when we've got our decree, that's different. That's another thing. But as long as I'm married to Dolly, you know, and Dolly's married to me—well, you see how it is, Bill—"

"Of course I do," said Bill, pulling on his overcoat. "Don't say any more about it, Greg."

"Good-by, dear," said Dolly.

"YOU understand my attitude, don't you, old man?" pleaded Greg, shaking his best man by the hand. "Don't you, Bill?"

"Why, sure, Greg," said Bill very casually. "Good-by, Dolly. So long, Greg." He left the cabin politely.

"So long, Bill," moaned Greg, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"My," said Dolly, returning briskly. "This cabin's a perfect wreck. I'll ring for the steward; he'll clean up things a little."

Greg put his head in his hands.

"Dolly," he groaned, " I never should have said all that to Bill."

"You didn't think."

"I did think. I meant it; that's the trouble."

Dolly came and sat on his lap, and lifted his chin with her finger. "Now, honey, we won't say any more about it. It's been a perfectly lovely divorce so far, and everything is fine, and we just won't let a little thing like this spoil our nice party. Will we? Now look at me."

He looked up at her gratefully. "Did you really like the party, dear?"

"Darling. You've done absolutely everything to make me happy. I've never been so happy in all my life."

He smiled twistedly: "That makes me feel fine."

"Greg?"

"On your way to get a divorce from me in Paris."

"NOW, honey, now, Greg, we're not going way back to the beginning of all those arguments again."

"But it does seem odd, you know."

"Not at all. I love you."

"Do you, dear?"

"Of course I love you, imbecile. And you love me. But you wouldn't want to go through all that long, tedious, being-married business again?"

"I suppose not."

"We'll be free, dear. You'll be free to do what you want and I'll be free to do what I want, and we'll never be getting in each other's hair. So if I want to kiss a man, or you want to kiss a woman, neither of us will have the slightest objection. That makes it so much nicer."

"I'd never kiss another woman," said Greg pointedly, "while I was still married to you. And I hate this sneaking off to Paris."

"We've tried everywhere else, dear. We lived in Reno six weeks. But there was that silly technicality—I don't see why—"

"Livingston said it was something about collusion, and it would take a lot of arguing."

"Livingston's an ass."

"He's a good lawyer, dear. And he said he was going to appeal it, but that is a slim chance to count on."

"There was no use waiting for that."

There was a knock on the door.

"It's the steward," said Dolly. "I'll go, dear."

Greg knocked out his pipe wearily and dropped it in his pocket. He heard her voice in the next room: "Oh . . . thank you. I'll sign for it; I'm Mrs. Nason.

(Continued on page 31)

"Look here," Greg insisted, "I don't like your kissing my wife"

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Twilight of a Demigod

At eighty-three Paul von Hindenburg, president of the German Republic, longs for peace. He is in the seventh and last year of his term of office. When that's over will the people let him rest? Already some are demanding a change in the constitution which would make him president for life. "Save the Fatherland!" they cry, as they cried to Field Marshal von Hindenburg in 1914 and to Candidate von Hindenburg in 1924. It's become a habit. But the man is old: he's tired of being deified by the people

By T. R. Ybarra

THEY stand, ever expectant, peering through the iron bars separating a certain eighteenth-century palace from Berlin's famous Wilhelmstrasse. Men, women and children are among them, most of them in garments betraying their poverty. The two big policemen stationed at the gateway eye them good-humoredly; the two soldiers mounting guard before the inner entrance to the palace face them in stolid immobility.

Patiently they wait. When the daily round of their lives calls them away, there are always others to take their places—laborers, working women, children with schoolbooks under their arms. Now and then, as they peer through the iron bars, an eager whisper runs through their ranks:

"There he is!"

Usually, however, it is a false alarm—just some government official emerging from the doorway or a secretary showing himself at a window.

So they settle down to wait some more. The chances are that they will be disappointed. But—one never can tell. Hindenburg may suddenly come out. Hindenburg may suddenly look out of one of the windows. Who knows? Hopefully, they clutch the iron bars and wait.

A little farther down the Wilhelmstrasse is another palace, in and out of which, until his labors killed him, went Gustav Stresemann, the statesman who brought Germany back as an equal into the company of nations. Yet, during Stresemann's life, no group of Germans stood in front of the place where he was killing himself working for Germany. They admired his achievements. But there was no magic in his personality.

Germany's Newest Shrine

Also, on the Wilhelmstrasse is another palace, where the German chancellor, Herr Bruening, lives and toils. Already there are people who see in him a budding Bismarck. Yet no group stands outside his headquarters. It is what Bruening does that interests the man in the street—not what Bruening is.

But in front of the palace where lives President von Hindenburg of the German Republic that knot of men and women and children stands hopefully all day. The old man inside that palace has become a demigod. His career has become a legend. His residence is a shrine.

"There he is!"

They straighten up, their eyes shine with eagerness.

Still massive in bulk, still towering in stature, but with just a little sag in his walk, just a little weariness in his eyes. Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, leader of the German Empire's armies in the World War, has entered upon the seventh and last year of his constitutional term as president of Germany.

In October he will be eighty-four years old. He is ripe, one would think, for retirement. Yet, already, some of his fellow countrymen, recalling what a citadel of strength he has proved to the struggling cause of German republicanism and imagining what a calamity his retirement might mean to that cause, are agitating for a change in the German constitution whereby he may remain president for an additional year.

"Or for the rest of his life!" urge others. "After Hindenburg, what?" is a question which conjures up in their perturbed minds answers too dreadful to contemplate.

Their perturbation must cause Hindenburg many a chuckle of satisfaction—as he sits in his palace on the Wilhelmstrasse, hidden from that expectant little throng of hero-worshipers outside, and muses on the extraordinary tricks played upon him by destiny—on the certainty with which, in his case, history repeats itself.

Hindenburg at 83 is Germany's national hero. Below is his daughter-in-law and official hostess, Frau Oskar von Hindenburg, and his granddaughter

International News

Underwood & Underwood

Granite-Face Does His Best

Seventeen years ago two enormous Russian armies poured over Russia's border onto German soil; Germany shivered with terror, and her Kaiser, bethinking himself of a grim old retired general with a frame like that of a mythological giant and a face like a chunk of granite, shot him a telegram which, boiled down to essentials, meant: "Are you ready to save your country?"

"Am ready," old Granite-Face wired back.

A few days later one of those Russian armies had been wiped out of existence. The other had scuttled headlong over Germany's border back into Russia. Old Granite-Face had become to his fellow countrymen a wizard, a superman, a legendary hero. And, as legend wrapped

(*Continued on page 47*)

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The wrecked plane had caught fire and was burning fiercely. A wall of heat struck us

The Look of Scorn

"Don't let your heart run away with your head," say the wiseacres—but they don't always know

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

IT WAS pretty awful, that Saturday afternoon, when Marta drove up with Philip Blake in Philip's swanky sport roadster. For Elsie, my wife, had asked Hugh Stafford to come to our house for cocktails. He was there, pacing restlessly about our living-room, when the car swung up the drive. We were distressed, because we were both fond of Hugh.

We were even fonder of Marta, who was Elsie's cousin and our unofficial ward. Marta was going to marry Phil Blake within a fortnight (they'd been engaged for six months) and Hugh was in love with Marta. He had fallen in love with her after the announcement of her engagement to Phil, which was utterly ridiculous of him. But there you are. And there, on this sad September Saturday, we all were.

It was a miserable day, close and clammy, with a heavy fog lying over the Connecticut countryside. Such a day, my wife had thought, as to depress unbearably a young man in love and alone in the gloomy smother. So she had telephoned Hugh, who had a shack in Silvermine, not far from where we lived, to come over for a drink. He had dropped the play he was trying to force himself to write (it had landed, he said, in the wastebasket, which he took to be an omen) and had come literally running. . . . "You've saved my life!" he panted, plunging in out of the fog with that half-wild look of his; and throwing his arms around Elsie, he kissed her.

MY WIFE, of course, hadn't known that Marta and Phil would drive out that week-end. Their coming was an accident. In fact, the whole situation had that cockeyed, accidental quality that distinguishes life from, let us say, a work of fiction. In fiction you arrange your accidents to look orderly. In life, the accidents arrange themselves; and if the resulting pattern is a mess, you must accept it just the same; which is probably why Hugh Stafford, being both a fictionist and a young man alive, had such a distracted look about him. It showed in his hair and in his eyes.

He stood clutching the back of a chair and listening with a ferocious indifference to Marta's voice in the hall.

"Angel! I hope you don't mind! We drove out to look at a house and got caught in this beastly fog. Can you give us tea or something?"

Elsie said she could give them something. "It's all mixed and in the shaker. Hello, Phil!"

Philip Blake's voice was exuberant. It had been ever since Marta had said she'd marry him.

"Hello, Elsie! Glad to see you! Are we crashing a party?"

"No. It's just family," said Elsie; and as they filed into the living-room she added, superfluously: "Hugh Stafford's here."

I thought: This would be effective in the theater, but it's darned embarrassing in the home.

Then Hugh sneezed violently. It was a fine sneeze, and relieved the situation at once.

"Hello," said Marta. She walked over to him, gave him her hand. "You've got a cold."

"I haven't. I've been smoking too much."

"That's right," I said, inanely, "he has. You know Hugh Stafford, don't you, Phil?"

"Oh, sure!" replied Philip, with a smile and a nod. "How are you, Stafford?"

"I'm fine," said Hugh briefly.

Elsie seized the cocktail shaker. . . . It gave off its warning rattle, and soon we were all pleasantly poisoned. Philip Blake sat down beside Elsie. He was an attractive chap, well set up physically, well-groomed, good-looking. A New Yorker of the most recognizable and—to me, a provincial—most enviable type. I have always secretly admired that successful stockbroker, Racquet Club, upper Park Avenue or lower Connecticut brand of American male animal. Phil Blake was all hearty animal. There was no vegetable or mineral about him.

"WE'VE found a house in Darien," he said to Elsie.

"A darling house," put in Marta from across the room.

"Is it on a peak?" asked Hugh.

"Well, it's on a sort of rise," answered Philip, somewhat dubiously. "Why?"

"I was thinking," said Hugh, "of a certain poem. . . . But it doesn't matter."

"It's a poem by Keats," explained my wife, "and it describes Cortez standing silent upon a peak in Darien."

"Oh!" said Phil Blake.

"He was gazing at the Pacific," I continued hastily. "Though as a matter of fact it wasn't Cortez who—"

"Never mind, dear," said Elsie.

Philip beamed at her.

"We can see the Sound from our living-room windows," he announced, and smiled that peculiar smile—that proud, possessive smile—of those who by virtue of geographical and social eminence are able to see the Sound.

"You're lucky," I said. "We can't see the Sound from here because of that hill across the road."

"Today we can't even see the hill," remarked Elsie. "The fog's so thick."

"It's a rotten fog," said Phil. "I could hardly keep the car on the road. Dangerous driving, really."

"Bad for flying, too," I said, wishing to keep the conversation on impersonal grounds. My wife, similarly minded, picked up the cue.

(*Continued on page 46*)

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Sir Hugo looked from one to the other. He seemed stunned. "You love this girl?" he gasped

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

The Medicine Girl

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

BILL BANNISTER, Hampshire pig-raucher, is in peril. Mrs. Lottie Higginbotham, a sinister blonde, is angling for him; has almost hooked him. Whereupon Sir Hugo Drake, Bill's uncle, goes into action—and rescues the victim from the Blond Menace.

Bill needs a rest. His old friend "Squiffy" (Lord Tidmouth, one of Mrs. Higginbotham's ex-husbands) and Sir Hugo escort him to his pig-ranch. But Bill cannot rest. During the recent unpleasantness he had met Sally Smith, a girl doctor. One look, and he was hers. He must—he simply must—see her again. But how? Ha—an inspiration! He telephones her. "I," he declaims, "am Mr. Bannister's valet. Mr. Bannister is seriously ill. He is sending his car for you. Can you come at once?"

"I can," says Doctor Smith—and she does. Arrived, she examines the patient. "You're not ill," she announces. "I know it," confesses Bill. "Then why—" she begins. But Bill interrupts her. "I just wanted to see you," he says. "I love you."

Doctor Smith is indignant. But the hour is late; she cannot return until morning. She selects a room, and retires. . . . Visitor No. 2 arrives. The Blond Menace—Mrs. Higginbotham! Sir Hugo, hoping Bill will see her in her true colors against the background of the ancestral manor, has sent for her.

"My dear woman," Sir Hugo growls, "can't you see that this match is *impossible?*"

Mrs. Higginbotham draws herself up.

"I've a good mind," she announces, "to paste you one in the eye." Sir Hugo draws a deep breath—and prepares for battle.

Conclusion

MY DEAR young lady," said Sir Hugo, "have you really reflected what marriage to William would be like? My nephew, you must remember, my dear Mrs. Higginbotham, is a Bannister. And, without meaning to be in any way offensive, I think you will admit that your social position is scarcely equal to that of a Bannister. I fear the County would resent it bitterly if William should be considered to have married beneath him. Cannot you see how unpleasant it would be for you, received by nobody, ignored by all? Your proud, generous spirit would never endure it. And, believe me," said Sir Hugo feelingly, "this damn' out-of-the-way place is quite dull enough even when you have got a neighbor or two to talk to. My dear girl, you would be bored stiff in a week."

Lottie frowned thoughtfully. Hers was a mind that could face facts, and she had to admit that she had never considered this aspect of the matter before.

"I never thought of that," she said.

"Think of it now," urged Sir Hugo. "Think of it very carefully. In fact, in order to enable you to think the better, I will leave you. Just sit quietly in one of these chairs, and try to picture to yourself what it would be like for you here during—say—the months of January and February, with no amusements, no friends—in short, nothing to entertain you but William. Think it over, Mrs. Higginbotham," said Sir Hugo. "And, if you wish to secure me for a further consultation, you will find me walking among the raspberry bushes."

He bustled out, and Lottie, taking his advice, sat down in a chair and began to think. He had opened up a new line of thought.

PRESENTLY, there was a sound behind her, the sound of one meditatively singing "I fear no foe in shining armor," and she was aware that she had been joined by Lord Tidmouth.

"Hullo, old egg," said Lord Tidmouth.

"Hullo, Squiffy," said Lottie.

She was pleased to see him. Although, some years earlier, she had been compelled to sever the matrimonial bond that linked them, she had always thought kindly of dear old Squiffy. He was her sort. He liked dancing and noisy parties and going to the races and breezing to and fro about London. Theirs, in short, was a spiritual affinity.

"Squiffy," she said, "I've just been having a talk with old what's-his-name."

"Sir Hugo?"

"Yes. Do you know what he said?"

"I can tell you *verbatim*," replied Lord Tidmouth confidently. "He said that, while fair off the tee, he had a lot of trouble with his mashie shots, and this he attributed to . . ."

"No. He was talking about Bill."

"What about Bill?"

"Well, what would happen if I married Bill."

"What did the old boy predict?"

"He said I would be bored stiff."

Lord Tidmouth considered.

"Well," he said, "I'm not saying he wasn't right. Bill is a stout fellow, one of the best, but you can't get away from the fact that he insists on spending most of his life in this rather moldy spot."

"Is it moldy?"

"Pretty moldy, from what I have seen of it. All right if you care for being buried in the country. . . ."

"It's a pretty place. As far as I've seen—from my window."

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"It *is* pretty," agreed Lord Tidmouth. "Very pretty. You might call it picturesque. Have you seen the river?"

"No."

"It lies at the bottom of the garden. Except during the winter months, when —they tell me—the garden lies at the bottom of the river."

Lottie shivered.

"IT WOULDN'T be a very lively place in winter, would it?"

"Not compared with some such spot as London."

"Are you living in London now, Squiffy?"

Lord Tidmouth nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I've come back to lay my old bones in the metrop, when I've done with them, that's to say. I've got a rather sweetish little flat in the Albany."

"The Albany!" breathed Lottie wistfully.

"Right in the center of things and handy for the theaters, opera houses and places of amusement. All the liveliest joints within a mere biscuit-throw."

"Yes."

"Wasted on me, of course, because I never throw biscuits," said Lord Tidmouth. "You must come and see my little nest."

"I will."

"Do."

"Have you plenty of room there?"

"Eh? Oh, yes, lots of room."

Lottie paused.

"Room for me?"

"Oh, yes."

"I mean—what's the word I want?"

"I don't know, old thing. Where did you see it last?"

"Permanently," said Lottie. "That's it." She came to him and grasped the lapels of his coat. She looked up at him invitingly. "How would you like to have me running around the place, Squiffy?"

Lord Tidmouth wrinkled his forehead.

"I don't think I'm quite getting this," he said. "It seems to be sort of floating past me. If it wasn't for the fact that you're so keen on Bill, I should say you were . . ."

"I'm going to give Bill up."

"No, really?"

"Yes. I couldn't stick it here. The old boy was quite right. It would give me the willies in a week."

"Something in that."

"And the thought crossed my mind . . ."

"Well?"

"It just occurred to me as a passing idea . . ."

"What?"

"Well, you and me . . ."

"What about us?"

Lottie pulled at his coat.

"We always suited each other, Squiffy," she said. "I'm not denying we had our rows, but we're older now and I think we should hit it off. We both like the same things. I think we should be awfully happy if we had another try at it."

Lord Tidmouth stared at her, impressed.

"Perfectly amazing you should say that," he said. "That very same thought occurred to me the moment I saw you at Bingley. I remember saying to myself, 'Squiffy, old man,' I said, 'haven't you rather, as it were, let a dashed good thing slip from your grasp?' And I replied to myself, 'Yes, old man, I have.'"

Lottie beamed at this twin soul.

"I'm awfully fond of you, Squiffy."

"Awfully nice of you to say so."

"After all, what are brains?"

"Quite."

"Or looks?"

"Exactly."

"Kiss me."

"Right ho."

"Nice?"

"Fine."

"Have another."

"Thanks."

"Once again?"

"In one moment, old thing," said Lord Tidmouth. "We will go into this matter later, when we have a spot more privacy. I observe our genial host approaching."

He waved his hand at the Last of the Bannisters, who was coming in through the French windows from the lawn.

BILL was peevish.

"Oh, there you are!" he said, sighting Lottie.

"Yes, here I am."

"'Morning, Bill," said Lord Tidmouth agreeably.

"Go to hell!" said Bill.

"Right ho," said his lordship.

Bill turned to Lottie.

"Are you proposing to stay here long?" he asked.

"No," said Lottie. "I'm going off to London with my future husband."

"Your—who?"

"Me," said Lord Tidmouth.

Bill digested the news. It did not seem to relieve his gloom.

"Oh?" he said. "Well, a fat lot of use that is—now."

Lottie looked hurt.

"Bill! I believe you're cross with me."

"Cross!"

"Isn't he cross?" asked Lottie, turning to her betrothed for support.

Lord Tidmouth adjusted his monocle and surveyed Bill keenly.

"Yes," he said, having completed the inspection, "I think he's cross."

Bill quivered with righteous wrath.

"You've only ruined my life, that's all."

"Oh, don't say that, old top."

"I just met her in the garden." Bill's face twisted. "She wouldn't look at me."

"Who wouldn't?" asked Lord Tidmouth.

Bill brooded a moment. Then he turned to Lottie.

"Breakfast is ready in the morning-room," he said. "I should be much obliged if you would get yours quick —and go."

"Well, I must say you're a darned fine host!"

"Oh, get along."

"All right," said Lottie proudly. "I'm going."

"Save the brown egg for me," said Lord Tidmouth. "I must remain here a while and reason with this bird. Bill," he said reproachfully, as Lottie left the room, "you're very hard on that poor little girl, Bill. You show a nasty, domineering, sheik-y spirit which I don't like to see."

"I could wring her neck. What did she want to come here for—and last night of all nights?"

"But be fair, old man. She was sent for. Telegrams were dispatched."

"Sent for?"

"Yes. By the aged relative. He wired to her to come."

Bill stared.

"Do you mean my uncle sent for her?"

"Yes."

"Why on earth?"

"Well, it was like this . . ."

Bill blazed into fury.

"I'd like to wring *his* neck. Where is he? I'll go and have a heart-to-heart talk with the old fool. What the devil does he mean by it? *I'll* talk to him."

Lord Tidmouth followed him to the door.

"Steady, old man. Be judicious. Exercise discretion."

HE REALIZED that his audience had walked out on him and was now beyond earshot. He came back into the room, and was debating within himself whether it were best to breakfast now or to postpone that feast till after one or two of the murders which seemed imminent had taken place, when Sally came in from the garden.

"Oh, hullo," he said. "So you got here?"

"Yes," said Sally shortly.

"Well—er—good morning and so forth."

"Good morning."

Lord Tidmouth may not have been one of the world's great thinkers, but he could put two and two together. This female, he reasoned, had turned up, after all, last night, and had presumably seen instantly through poor old Bill's pretense of illness. This would account, in his opinion, for her air of pronounced shirtiness.

"Nice day," he said, for want of a better remark.

"Is it?"

"If you're looking for Bill," said Lord Tidmouth, perseveringly, "he's gone out to murder his uncle."

"I am not looking for Mr. Bannister."

"Oh?" said Lord Tidmouth. "Oh? Well, in that case, right ho. Coming in to breakfast?"

"No."

"Oh?"

There was a silence. Lord Tidmouth was not equal to breaking it. Conversationally, he had shot his bolt.

It was Sally who finally spoke.

"Lord Tidmouth."

"On the spot."

Sally choked.

"That woman . . . that —that woman . . . how long has she been here?"

"Lottie?" said Lord Tidmouth.

"I don't know her name."

"WELL, it's Lottie," he assured her. "Short for Charlotte, I believe. Though you never know."

"Has she been living here?"

"Absolutely not. She arrived last night, round about midnight."

"What! Is that true?"

"Oh, rather. The old uncle sent for her."

"Sir Hugo? Sir *Hugo* sent for her?"

"That's right."

"But why?"

"Well, as far as I could follow him, it was something to do with psychology and all that sort of rot."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, it was this way: I gather that he thought old Bill was pining for her, and he fancied it would cure him if he saw her in the old ancestral home. Old Bill had nothing to do

(Continued on page 38)

Lord Tidmouth surveyed Bill keenly. "Yes," he said, "I think he's cross"

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The Wrong Wife

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE the week-end guest of Ex-Senator Carmichael at Lake Warumkeg, Maine, Richard Cordova, Assistant District Attorney of New York, receives the surprise of his life. The politician calmly informs him that if he can win an important case (the Drovers and Builders) he may be the next mayor of New York! . . . Back in New York, Cordova's thoughts revert constantly to two girls he had met during the week-end: Deborah ("Deb") Carmichael and "Del" Carmichael, the senator's fascinating nieces. He admires them both; he *loves* Del—and presently writes to tell her so.

Strange adventures follow; and Cordova learns, to his consternation, that certain politicians, fearing he may win the Drovers and Builders case, are trying to ruin him—force him out of office. Among the plotters is Carmichael! . . .

An even greater shock awaits him. Returning to his apartment one evening, he finds Deb Carmichael—not Del—awaiting him. She informs him that she has received his letter, that she loves him, wants to marry him at once. Again and again Cordova tries to tell the girl the truth. But his chivalry, his kind heart, will not permit him to do so. He simply cannot bring himself to hurt the girl who, so obviously, worships him. And the following day, with Grady, a newspaper man, and Miss Searles, Cordova's secretary, as witnesses, they are married.

Not for one fleeting moment does Cordova suspect the truth: that his letter, addressed somewhat illegibly to Del Carmichael, had *been handed to Deb; that Deb*, well aware of the error, had read it, kept it, gone to New York deliberately to steal Cordova away from her cousin! . . . But on the train, en route to Lake Warumkeg, where their honeymoon is to be spent, the girl confesses, tells her husband the whole strange story. Cordova is shocked, appalled. There is a momentary silence. "I want you to forgive me," the girl begs. "Forgive you?" says Cordova. "I can't!" Furious, he strides to his compartment, enters, shuts the door. Shuts the door—and locks it!

VIII

CORDOVA had vaguely thought, on the morning of his marriage, that the night before would remain as a measure of anguish for the rest of his life. Those had been the hours of the great renunciation, and he had not thought it possible that greater torment could ever visit his mind.

But on that last night of his bachelorhood there had been only anguish at deprivation. Tonight this anguish was combined with rage against the author of his despair. Suffering becomes many times as poignant when it is learned that it had its inception in the deliberate act of another. To lose one's fortune is painful; to be robbed of it by treachery is agonizing.

She had spoken of chivalry. If, he sneered, she knew his thoughts now, could guess his angry contempt, she would never apply the word to him again. He hated her.

Deliberately he told himself this, and reiterated it. Hate! As a boy he had often said that he hated someone, but even his juvenile mind had informed him that the animus he felt could not be as strong as that. Capable of great emotion though he was, the soul-destroying one of hatred had never been aroused in him before.

But tonight he felt it searing him. How dared she? How *dared* she? Because she felt a childish passion, she had entrapped him in the most impossible situation in which any man had ever found himself.

Love. She called it that. To satisfy her whim, she was ready to take over his life, as she had herself phrased it. It would have been bad enough had she, knowing that he didn't love anyone else, managed to trap him into marriage. But knowing that he did love her cousin, the thing she had done was the supreme infamy.

It—it was so *unfair*. He laughed at the futility of words to express what she had done. But the finest thing in man is his unwillingness to do a hurt, and she had played upon this decency in him. She had aroused his pity.

PITY? The word, floating along the torrent of his thoughts, deflected its course for a moment. If she had aroused his pity last night—and today—how much more should she arouse it now? Yesterday she had been a young girl who had been mistaken, through his own fault or carelessness, into taking a position from which he could not, in kindness, dislodge her.

But tonight she was a girl who had done an incredibly wicked thing and whose conscience had forced her to confess. What torments of regret must she be suffering now? She had pride. How that pride must be muddied by her own contempt! It was all very well for him to sneer at what she called love, this emotion that had led her into willingness to wreck his life if thereby she might gain something for herself.

But if it wasn't love, it was probably the nearest thing to it that she would ever know. Even the most unbelievably sel..sh person, the person who ignores others completely in the satisfaction of his own desires, must find moments of devotion when he wants, if not to be good, to seem good in the eyes of his beloved.

Lying there in that next stateroom, shriveled by an anger which he had not phrased, what must be her misery? To have offered one's self, and to have been rejected. . . . But he couldn't dwell on pity. His torn emotions knitted themselves together in one garment of anger.

Then, as the train rumbled and roared through the night, anger gave way to calm. He was in a situation, on a spot, as the picturesque argot of the day had it. It is very well to damn causes, but it is better to face effects. He could not go on indefinitely in mere bemoaning of the situation. What was he to do?

That gesture of closing the door upon her had been sufficient for the moment—and sufficiently melodramatic, too, he told himself. But there was the morning to be faced, the next day, the days to follow. The shutting of a door would not be sufficient to meet the many awkwardnesses that would arise.

"You're absolutely certain Deborah asked. "I'm certain

Awkwardnesses? Again he sneered at the ineptness of his phrasing. The woman in the next compartment was his *wife*. By all the laws of God and man she belonged to him and he belonged to her. There were *rights* involved in the contract of marriage. For a moment something ugly reared itself in his brain, and he felt that surge toward cruelty which unfairness arouses. But he put that from him.

Divorce. Oh, of course. But a divorce can't be applied for twenty-four hours or so after a marriage has been entered into. There were people to whom such an action had been possible, but they must have been utterly lacking in dignity, in restraint.

TO ADVERTISE to the world that marriage had been an instant failure argued a complete lack of pride. It was the immediate future that must concern him now. That later adjustment to be made through the courts could wait.

The train groaningly slowed down, halted. For a moment he was tempted to seize his bags and leave the train. To leave her, definitely and at once, would at least be the beginning of a solution. But doing a thing like that meant leaving her to face the necessity of giving explanations. She deserved little from him, but he would give more than her deserts.

Then another phase of the situation presented itself. He hated gossip, even gossip of the trivial sort, about himself. He had that normal relish for an amusing scandal that all people not too niceynice have. But not when the amusing

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that you don't love me?" enough," he said angrily

By Arthur Somers Roche

scandal was centered about himself.

He had stepped into a marriage which had already attracted more than its share of newspaper space. He could trust Grady, but another bright young man of the press might very well discover that Cordova's acquaintance with his wife had commenced less than a week before he married her. The prominence of Daniel Carmichael, added to the fact that Cordova's was one of the best-known names in the history of Manhattan, made it certain that the press would make every effort to find excuse for headlines. Wherever there is romance among the fortunately placed, there one will find reporters. And how much more avid for news would be the reporters if there were any sign that a rift had instantly developed in the marital bliss of the Cordovas. Cordova, who hated the idea that anyone should know his affairs, shuddered as he contemplated the exposition of his domestic linen on the newspaper wash line.

And so, as far from extrication from his predicament as he had been when he slammed the door upon Deborah, Cordova finally fell asleep. He awoke with the sun streaming upon him. Through the window he could see the rugged Maine landscape. There were hills in the distance, a glimpse of sparkling waters, and forests of pine and birch. He seemed to feel, despite the stuffiness of his compartment, that tang in the air which the mere mention of Maine manages to evoke.

He heard a knocking upon the corridor door, and called a response.

"Las' call for breakfuss," said his porter. "You got a quatah of an hour, suh."

Cordova looked at his wrist watch. It was after eight-thirty, and he smiled whimsically at the thought that the greatest of tragedies merely precedes sleep and breakfast. He shaved and dressed rapidly, and then, with a nervousness not quite comprehensible to himself—*she* should be nervous, not he; but perhaps she was—knocked upon the communicating door.

The gayest of voices called to him. He turned the handle and opened the door. There, her room already made up, a table set between the two seats, with breakfast laid out upon it, sat Deborah.

"Good morning," she greeted him. I told the porter to call you, and then I decided that it would be nicer if we had breakfast together in here."

She was as fresh, debonair, sparkling of eye, as though no regret had broken her sleep last night. Cordova sat down opposite her.

"Did you sleep well?" he asked.

The banality of the remark enraged him. How was it possible that she made him feel awkward, gauche, stupid? It was she who should feel those things. And there was a glint in her eyes that made him realize that she understood his feelings and that they were funny to her.

This was not the girl who last night had made confession; this was an assured woman of the world who was meeting an extraordinarily embarrassing situation as if the embarrassment lay completely on his side.

"Excellently," she said. "And you?" She poured coffee for him. "One lump? Two? Cream?" She went through the domestic motions with a competence that enthralled him. Her hand was steady as her voice, as her eyes. But as she passed him his cup he wondered if the cool frankness of her eyes disclosed her inner self.

"What time do we reach Haydon's Landing?" he asked.

"In a few hours," she replied. "I wonder if the bass have all gone into sulky hiding since I left."

"PERHAPS you can find out this afternoon," he suggested.

"I hope to," she said. "While you and Uncle discuss weighty matters."

"Haven't you and I weightier ones to discuss?" he ventured.

"I think we have," she assented. "But not until you have eaten breakfast. Why is it that buttered toast tastes better on trains than anywhere else?"

"The question is flattering; it implies so much knowledge on my part," he replied. "But I don't know."

"People never know the vital things of life," she said. "They know who start wars and why, and how to speed up production of goods, but they can never tell you the answers to the questions you really are wild to know. I'll bet you don't know why little girls prefer jackstones to mumblety-peg."

"I don't. Do you?" Amazingly, he found himself smiling.

She shook her head.

"I wasn't trying to prove how much I knew."

The waiter from the dining-car came to remove the breakfast things while they were still discussing inconsequentials. After he had gone, Deborah removed the backgammon board which the man had placed for them on the table and rested her elbows on it, cupping her chin in her hands.

"Say it," she said.

"Say what?" he asked.

"The thousand things I deserve to hear," she said.

"Saying things won't alter facts, will it?" he demanded.

"But facts can be replaced by other facts, can't they?"

"For example?"

"Well, marriage by divorce," she replied.

"I've thought of that, of course," he said.

HE WONDERED at her calmness. "Naturally. It's the only solution, isn't it?"

He seemed to sense a challenge in her voice.

"Can you think of any other?" he asked dryly.

She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"I can—but if you haven't, we'll not bother."

"You mean—to go on with our—marriage?"

"People have—rather than confess themselves failures," she answered.

"I don't think I'm confessing I'm a failure," he said.

"Sometimes not to make the best of a bad bargain—not to try to—is to admit failure," she told him.

He stared at her.

"Are you—Deborah—you aren't suggesting that—"

"I'm suggesting nothing," she said. "I'm trying to find out what you want. Evidently—it isn't I."

"Did you think it would be?" he demanded.

She met his eyes frankly.

"I didn't know. After all—I'm attractive. I'm rather pretty. I've brains. Stranger things are imaginable than that you should want me—to remain your wife."

"I thought that last night," he began hoarsely; but she interrupted him.

"Last night was last night," she said. "Today is another day. Last night you were enraged, were suffering. But you have had a night in which to think. All of that night could not have been spent in hating me. There must have been moments when you asked yourself why, if I had any fear that I would confess to you, I did what I have done."

"Well?"

"Because I thought that, even if you knew what I had done, that—well, that very action of mine would make you—well, wonder if my own wish for you

(Continued on page 50)

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Assorted Rôles

The story of Judith Anderson, who played the unknown one in Pirandello's As You Desire Me. So varied, so unlike her, are the parts she creates, that people wonder—and ask, "Who is she?"

By Katharine Roberts

LONG after midnight there comes a woman of lovely form, tousled dark hair, unbalanced step and mad mind—a woman who has been trying to forget the horrors of her experience through the war time of ten years before in the desperate bacchanale of each night. At her heels come men who see in the shimmering sequin-clad body of the dancer only the reckless reach for a gayety that means oblivion. Her identity is gone.

Then one night there comes another man, an artist who, before the war, had painted the portrait of the young Italian bride of his friend. He has been sent to find that bride whom the soldiers carried away while her husband was at the front. He believes that in this strange woman he sees her, that beneath the wild, chaotic exterior lies the reality of the girl he once painted.

The woman herself does not deny or affirm it. The man whose mistress she is scoffs. In spite of what she has become or perhaps because of it, this woman truly knows beauty—longs tragically for tenderness. She begins to consider. Suppose she has been that bride, is this debauched creature the same person, can she rebuild the body that has been drained of all that life means, can she quicken the heart that still beats without her feeling it is there, can she pour into that reborn woman the sweet stainless spirit that belonged to the girl whose husband still wants her? And if she has *not* been that bride—then what? Can she not, even so, become what that lost young soul might have been and so give her back to her husband through the force of a spiritual resurrection? The idea takes hold.

What is the truth? She has gone through the dark of inferno. What may she do? And as the curtain falls on the first act of Pirandello's play, As You Desire Me, this unhappy woman stands—a white flame in a flood of light—crying desperately, "O God, who am I?"

The woman within this woman (but not of her) is Judith Anderson, dramatic crucible of human emotion whose creation of this rôle last winter won the acclaim of critics and audiences.

Looking back a few years to the exotic siren of Cobra, remembering the Mexican girl of The Dove, the heartbroken young lady of Behold the Bridegroom, the introspective Nina of Strange Interlude, and considering the aloof yet warmly compelling soul of her latest play, one recognizes not just the same actress in a series of characterizations, but separate and distinct individuals differing as much from each other as they do from the one who has brought them all into being. It is not to be wondered that the public, accustomed to seeing its stars come forth with new clothes, new lines, new situations and—alas!—the same personalities, year after year, should be pricked by curiosity and interest in her mysterious variety and ask—"But who is she?"

The question is not easily answered.

Judith Anderson has a tremendous interest in discussing everything but herself. This well-poised, sophisticated person goes suddenly shy and cannot be interviewed. Facts about her come out very gradually. The fact-items of who she is become significant only as an underlying structure for the question of *what* she is. For those who must have facts, let them come later. Her own interest is not likely to be with them.

Her acting is like modern music with strange, warm colors running through it. But it is reserved for the stage. The characters that she plays do not go home with her.

If she were asked to play herself, she would find it quite impossible. She would probably hesitate, murmur a few words, and rush from the stage—for exactly the same reason that in actual life few people get past the outer person that is known as Judith Anderson. It is not from a desire to be distant, nor from an indifference with which she is sometimes charged. There is a barrier there made partly of modesty, partly of shyness, and partly of a detachment that is as little understood by the majority as it is essential to a few.

She objects to rôles that have no humor just as she is depressed by gray days that have no light and shade in them. She has a talent for gayety—and a genius for reticence.

Vandamm

Judith Anderson, who has a talent for gayety and a genius for reticence

An Understanding Chuckle

Her interest in others is as great as her difficulty in discussing herself. She does not care to hear where they were born or the Who's Who facts of their lives. It is not "Who is she?" nor "What did she do?" but invariably, "What is she like?" There are tentative little questions and the response of a low, oddly soft, understanding sort of chuckle at the answers.

It is a peculiar part of her—that chuckle. It does not always mean laughter. When she is watching a play, it comes forth in varying intonations as a comment on the drama. One hears it and knows what she thinks more clearly than if there had been words. Her expression is unusually quiet, intently so at times, except for a slight motion at the corner of the mouth and the color behind color in her eyes that are inclined to stay half-closed, hidden within their fringes—and very well worth looking into. She gives a complete interest to what is occurring, or none at all.

This, then—with a dash of loyalty to her friends and an inevitable sudden surprise for those who believe that they know her best—is a partial portrait of Judith Anderson.

But for those unlike herself who must have the facts of existence and who want to know what happened before she seemed suddenly to jump from nowhere into stardom in Cobra—well, she was born in Australia. Her father was Scotch, her mother English. Miss Anderson appears to be neither. Her father at one time had been wealthy. But there was none of that wealth left.

Upon reaching eighteen Judith, the youngest of four, decided to go on the

(*Continued on page 45*)

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The detective lay across the threshold, face down, and Hake looked from him to Trent and gave his brittle laugh

If every State Trooper could think as quickly as Trooper Trent, of this story, we'd have to build some nice new jails—large ones

Snap Judgment

By Frederic F. Van de Water

WHEN they found Stuffy Weber, face down in the alley beside the Weber Democratic Club, material clews were few. There were three spent cartridges in the dust. One of these had been flipped from the automatic pistol in the dead man's fat fist. There was a bullet through his heart.

This was all, yet because Weber had been high in the councils of Tammany, the police worked fast. Thirty-six hours after the killing, First Grade Detective Daniel Wakefield of the Homicide Bureau appeared in the State Trooper substation at Euclid Center, New York, and bayed the trail until Sergeant John Tarleton, commanding the outpost, interrupted him to answer the telephone.

Wakefield's hard little eyes scorned the spruce gray-and-black uniformed figure of Trooper Conway, who lingered in the bedroom doorway, disparaged the bare military order of the office and returned to Tarleton, who hung up the receiver. The sergeant's black brows were drawn into a bar by excitement, but his voice was careful.

"Trooper Williams," he said, "reports a Monroe roadster, 1930 model, dark blue, disk wheels, silver hound on radiator cap, smashed and deserted in a ditch near Reddickville."

"By God," said Wakefield and chewed gum with a violence that rocked his derby. "My tip was right. Tough Tony and him are making for Euclid Center."

Tarleton's smile, as he stared through the front window at the tranquil street of the little hill town stung the detective.

"Listen," he counseled harshly. "Ever hear of Goodtime Andy Hake? Or Albert Walker? No? How about Warren? There's Warrens in this dump, ain't there?"

In the doorway, Conway stirred with a clink of spurs. Tarleton said:

"Old Squire Warren lived here always. His daughter just married a lad from this outfit."

"And lives here still?"

"Both of them," the sergeant confirmed. "Corporal Trent stopped a runaway and got all smashed up. She married him in the hospital and brought him here when they dared move him."

Through the rear window he pointed to a hillside cottage, a white oblong set in the brilliant October foliage.

"THEY live yonder. She teaches school and helps Dick Trent get mended. That's all the Warrens I know."

"That's enough," Wakefield replied. "Andy Hake's her brother."

"A lot of hooey," Tarleton announced.

"You say so," the detective replied and his hat moved in unison with his ruminating jaws.

Tarleton said finally: "That's the last place I'd ever go to look for a crook."

"Maybe," Wakefield offered, "that's why a crook would go there."

The sergeant lifted blouse and gunbelt from a hook.

"Take the desk, Dave," he told Conway. "Phone those descriptions to barracks and all patrols. Come on, Wakefield."

"Where?" the detective demanded, narrow-eyed.

"To the Trents'," Tarleton answered grimly. "And what a goop you'll turn out to be!"

Corporal Richard Trent stirred cautiously in his long chair, looked at the clock and chuckled. The mirth restored vigor to his haggard face. There was a secret zest in its sound. Mary would be surprised. Today, for the first time, the doctor had permitted him to sit up until her return, and each step he made toward recovery was a tribute to her. Tenderness softened his thin face as he thought of her and quickened into delight at her step on the porch. Once again, as she opened the door, he thought happily how much he had purchased for six brief weeks of agony.

He felt, as she stared at him, that he had over-anticipated her joy. Yet it might be astonishment that had blanched her face and hardened her wide gray eyes.

"Why," she stammered. "Why, Dick!"

"I'm getting well fast, honey," he boasted a bit unsteadily. Thereafter he despised himself for his momentary disappointment, for she was kneeling beside him and clinging passionately to him. He ran awkward fingers through her short bright curls and touched her wet cheek.

"Why, Mary," he protested. "Don't cry, Mary."

"No," she acknowledged in a muffled voice. "I won't. I'm just—silly." At length she rose with a shy little laugh and closed the door. He said suddenly:

"Something's the matter."

She looked quickly away.

"There isn't," she answered in a voice so obviously dismayed that he laughed.

"Aw come on," he urged. "We promised to split fifty-fifty. Tell your troubles to the state trooper."

His raillery seemed to hurt her. She said at last: "Sometimes a policeman isn't any help when—"

THE trample of feet on the porch made her jump. His laugh rose above the rapping on the door.

"We're pinched," he told her and, as the portal opened and revealed Tarleton's lean gray form, crowed: "I said so. Come in, Jack."

But Tarleton lingered uneasily on the threshold and said with distaste in his voice:

"This is Detective Wakefield of New York City. He's got fewer ideas than most city cops. Will it be all right if he asks Mary some questions?"

As though she sought protection, his wife pressed close to Trent's chair. He looked from her face to the man whose thick body filled the doorway and said to Tarleton:

"What's all this about?" The sergeant's raised eyebrows and barely perceptible shrug reassured him.

"All right with you, honey?" Trent asked.

"Yes," his wife replied steadily. "It's all right. Will you close the door, Jack?"

Wakefield forestalled him and placed his bulk against it as though to block escape. Thereafter, he considered the inside of his derby.

"Go ahead," Tarleton derided. Wakefield asked deliberately:

"You know a guy named Andy Hake, Mis' Trent?"

"Andy Hake?" she repeated, "Andy

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Hake?" and Tarleton, interpreting her distress as bewilderment, muttered to himself.

"Andy Hake," Wakefield confirmed with ominous good nature. "'Good-time Andy,' Alfred Walker, Andrew Warren. He's used them all. Know him?"

"No."

"I'm after him," Wakefield pursued with a lurking threat. "Your name was Warren, the sergeant here tells me."

She said more clearly: "It was."

"You got a brother Andrew, ain't you?" the detective queried, looking steadily past her.

"No."

"You mean," he blustered, "you haven't any brother? You mean you don't know any Andrew Warren?"

Trent spoke quietly: "My wife said 'No,' Wakefield."

The detective stared at him an instant.

"I see," he said at last. "Well, we all make mistakes, eh? Guess I just got the wrong steer. G'by."

He nodded abruptly and departed. Tarleton hesitated and then, with a grin and gesture of mock despair, followed. Trent seemed entirely occupied in chafing his thin hands. His wife rearranged the blanket over his legs.

"Tell me all about it," Trent said gravely. When she made no reply, he asked:

"Why did you lie about your brother?"

"He isn't my brother," she said passionately.

"Your stepbrother, then," her husband amended. "Wakefield knew you were lying."

"He didn't," she exclaimed. He shook his head.

"Where are your eyes?" he asked. "Didn't you see him stare at the mantelpiece? At the photograph of the man he wants? You've never told me anything about your—stepbrother, Mary."

"I told you," she returned miserably, "that I had one in New York. I didn't know anything more myself. I only—worried."

"Where is he now?" Trent's voice was so calm that she stared with a sudden hope. At length, she shook her head silently.

He watched the sunlight fade from the wall, and broke the tense silence:

"Mary, go tell Jack I want to see him."

She sprang up.

"Dick, Dick, please listen. Andy's always turned to me in trouble. He was a baby when my stepmother died. I've been mother and sister to him. I've got to help him now. All he wants is to get away. And he didn't do it, Dick. He swears he didn't. This afternoon at the schoolhouse—"

THE rush of words choked her. He avoided the appeal in her eyes and asked grimly: "What's he running away for?"

"He's been framed," she cried. He shrugged ever so slightly.

"They all are," he commented.

His skepticism made her wince. She begged:

"Dick, you're my own dear husband. You can't—"

"I was a trooper before I was your husband," he said.

In the gathering shadows, she spoke at last.

"And that means more to you—than I do?"

He did not answer. She rushed on: "You're still a trooper because I've nursed you, because I've saved your life. You say so yourself."

His grave voice weighed the problem.

"Did you save it so that I could double-cross the service? Only two promises I ever made mean anything. What is our marriage worth if it makes me break my enlistment oath?"

She turned to the table. A match spurted flame and the lamp chimney tinkled. By the kindling glow, he watched her half-averted face.

"Promises," he offered, "are sort of —sacred, aren't they, Mary? One of them ties you and me together. We can't go different ways. You're handcuffed to me. Get Jack Tarleton."

She did not seem to hear but stared past him toward the kitchen door. From there, a voice spoke dryly:

"Yeah. I been here quite a while, baby."

"Andy," she faltered.

"Correct," her stepbrother agreed, advancing. "Came in the back way and forgot to knock. Pull down those shades."

Her quick obedience gratified him. His laugh was a dry barking. Across the table, Trent surveyed the precociously canny face with its blur of unshorn beard, the wilted jauntiness of the slim body in its grease-soiled, dust-powdered shepherd's plaid. The intruder bore his scrutiny with a silent vigilance. The trooper said:

"You're under arrest, Hake"—he could not give this flashy apparition his wife's name— "You better quit before you're hurt."

The fugitive's mirth was like a terrier's yapping. Alarm that had flickered in his weary eyes turned into mockery.

"Says you!" he exclaimed. He dismissed Trent with a gesture, and spoke to the girl.

"Where's that car you promised? Get it. And listen. Tony's still in the schoolhouse. Send him here before you go for the bus. And make it fast. There's a bull after us. I saw him."

Trent said coldly: "She's not going." Hake considered him with narrowed eyes.

"Listen," he counseled. "You'll tire yourself all out talking so much."

"She's not going." Trent repeated more firmly. His voice checked his wife as she turned toward the door. She looked tragically from her husband's pale resolution to Hake, whose mouth drew into a crooked snarl.

"Andy," she begged, "perhaps Dick is right. Isn't it better to face it than run?"

"Oh, yeah? Married, aren't ya, Molly? Can't give your brother a break without an O. K.?"

"That's not true," she cried. "Only, if you didn't—do it, Andy, why sneak away because a policeman says you did?"

Trent said quietly: "It's because he did do it, Mary. Don't you see?"

Hake's quick breathing was loud in the silence.

"Turned on me, eh, you?" he asked, considering the woman once more. "Now listen. You'll come through and like it."

"Just bluff," Trent told his wife loudly. Hake grinned.

"In one half hour," he told the girl, "Tony'll be here and the car you promised us will be waiting on the back road, or else—"

"Bluff," Trent said again. Hake's laugh crackled like splintering wood.

"THEY can't put me twice on the hot seat," he jeered. "You come through, Molly, and we'll blow, Tony and I. Or you can stay here and watch me kick the plaster off that leg, or you can double-cross me when you leave here and see how you like being a widow. And don't," he advised, "think I don't mean it."

"Bluff," the invalid sneered. "Nothing else. Mary, you—"

"Is it?" Hake asked and struck him heavily in the face. Trent's head snapped back and sagged slowly forward again. The girl gave a sound half scream, half gasp, and started forward. Her stepbrother thrust her back.

"You got just a half hour," he told her, glancing at the clock.

"You rat," the trooper said distinctly and wiped a trickle of blood from his chin.

"Yeah?" Hake asked. "If Molly crosses me, you'll wish you were still out, guy."

A board creaked, and he spun about.

"You ought," Wakefield reproved in

(*Continued on page 49*)

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

Wakefield's hard eyes shifted to her white, still face. Trent spoke quietly: "My wife said 'No,' Wakefield." The detective stared at him an instant

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Under Your Tires

By Frank J. Taylor

That marvelous new highway you drove over the other day probably will be obsolete in ten years. Styles in motor roads change rapidly. And although expert engineers can't predict what the 1941 model will be like, here are the facts to date

I'D CALL it the greatest bargain of all time. You pay your $7.95 and you get in return a billion dollars' worth of new road to travel each year. It's yours just as much as it's John D. Rockefeller's or Henry Ford's or President Hoover's."

Judging by the way they hearken to the call of the open road about this time of year, there must be a few dozens of millions of road rovers who share that view with Dr. Lawrence I. Hewes. When I first talked roads with him, it was out by Cameron Trading Post, which is on the Navahopi Road, at the edge of the Painted Desert, where you turn to the north to Lee's Ferry, Arizona, the only crossing of the Grand Canyon in a hundred miles of breath-taking wilderness.

You don't bother with the ferry any more. Across the formidable gorge they have thrown a slender, graceful bridge, half a mile above the raging waters of the Colorado. Now you can whiz across in a few minutes. One more "tough spot" of the earth's surface has been conquered by man.

Dr. Hewes has directed construction of more tough miles of highway than any individual in history. As deputy chief engineer of the United States Bureau of Roads, he is patron saint of road rovers for the western forty per cent of the country. His domain includes the most formidable mountain ranges, the widest and hottest deserts, the deepest gorges and the most impenetrable forests of the continent. His is the "tough spot of the globe," as the road builder sees it.

Changing Our Living Habits

Ordinarily, road men don't go around wearing the erudite title of Doctor, but this one comes by it fairly. Out where the dusty, groaning road machines are rooting into hills or mountain ranges, he looks like any other weathered road maker. But in his office, in San Francisco, he wears the studious frown of the college professor—which he was before he undertook to remake the map of the western half of the country.

"Good roads have changed the living habits of the nation," he declared. "Each year the multitudes that sweep over our highways are greater than any previous migration in history. The annual movement over our highways makes the gold rush to California, or the invasion of Europe by Attila's Huns, or any other historic human movement, seem puny by comparison.

"In a quarter of a century, the road builder has lifted the United States out of the mud. Twenty-five years ago, the country rated as one of the most backward nations in the world when it came to roads. Today we have more roads and better roads than any other country—in fact, more than any other continent. Three million miles—almost half the road mileage of the earth—is in the United States. You can get an idea of the job the road builder has done when I tell you that each year he has moved more earth than was shifted in the entire construction of the Panama Canal."

Dr. Hewes' remarks took me back to a summer day when I stood on a balcony overlooking the busy scene in a road-information bureau maintained in downtown New York by an oil company. A constant stream of men and women filed up to the counter to consult with the score or more of clerks about the vacation or week-end trips in the offing. Each visitor received a map and as much advice as he wanted as to the best roads for his particular trip.

Three Major Tides of Travel

"Sometimes we plan as many as five thousand trips in a single day," the manager of the bureau told me, "and we have other bureaus in Philadelphia and Chicago. We furnish maps to motorists at six thousand service stations. We supply about four million maps a year to the motoring public."

"Where are these people going?"

"Everywhere," he replied, "but there are three great major tides of motor travel in this country. One is north and south along the Atlantic seaboard. Another is north and south in the Mississippi Valley. The other is east and west across the continent."

Today, almost everywhere the motorist turns, be it the swampy jungles of Florida, the seven-thousand-foot heights of the Rockies or the Sierra Nevadas, the soft, lush prairies of the Middle West, or the sandy reaches of the Southwestern deserts, he finds before him mile after mile of beckoning, tempting open road, smooth enough for forty miles an hour or better.

"As he speeds along, the motorist gives little thought to the problems that made the road man scratch his head and figure," Dr. Hewes continued; "some of the road that looked easiest to build presented some of the toughest construction problems.

"For instance, there is a saying among road builders that 'good corn country doesn't make good roads.' That goes for Iowa, Illinois and much of the Middle West. The soil is deep, soft and lacking in rock or any binding material. When it is thoroughly soaked, it is good for corn and not much else. The road builder

(Continued on page 26)

One of America's finest scenic roads, through the redwood forest of northern California

Californians, Inc.

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Under Your Tires

Continued from page 25

encountered a lot of grief before he learned how to raise a solid grade so that it would drain properly and stay in place.

"The thing that made paving progress possible in the Middle West was the development of portable paving machinery. These big machines, really factories on wheels, crawl across the prairies like prehistoric monsters, leaving behind them trails of smooth, hard-surfaced pavement.

"Everything goes fine until the highway hits the mountains, then the road builder is up against an entirely different proposition. The paving machine isn't so much to him then. What he needs is a mobilization of air drills, steam shovels, trucks, tractors and graders. He has literally to blast his way over or through the rock and granite."

A few summers ago, road builders threw a highway across the Great Salt Basin of Utah. This remnant of an ancient inland sea, now a dry lake bottom the bed of which is a layer of salt several feet thick, is one of the weirdest, most forbidding areas on the surface of the earth.

When the day of speed dawned, road builders were asked to construct forty miles of highway across this sink. With their steam shovels and graders, at first they found it easy going. They built a highway grade on solid salt across the basin, and everybody viewed their work with pride and happiness. The Great Salt Basin was conquered at last.

A Desert Miracle

Then came the winter storms, accompanied by winds which turned the basin into a turbulent sea of brine. The winds blew and the waves lashed relentlessly at the new highway.

Twice the road was rebuilt, each time higher and stronger, but twice again the storms whipped up seas which destroyed it. Finally, there came a road builder who reared not only a high embankment for the road but also a protecting flat slope along the side of the grade. This wide bank he sloped so gradually into the Great Salt Basin that the storm-whipped waves can no longer find anything against which to break. Today the Great Salt Basin cut-off is said to be one of the smoothest, fastest stretches of highway in the land.

Down in Imperial Valley, a few summers ago, a road builder was putting the finishing oiling touches on a fine crushed-rock road across the hot desert sands. The blistering sun broiled down upon men and machines and everyone was eager to complete the job and move for cooler climes.

Before the road was finished, however, the heat and seepage of irrigation had barbecued the macadam into a nice, gooey, wrinkly mass resembling a giant coal-black washboard. The road builder looked at it in disgust, then turned to his tractor men.

"Plow it up," he ordered; "we'll come back when it's cooler and do the job over again, right."

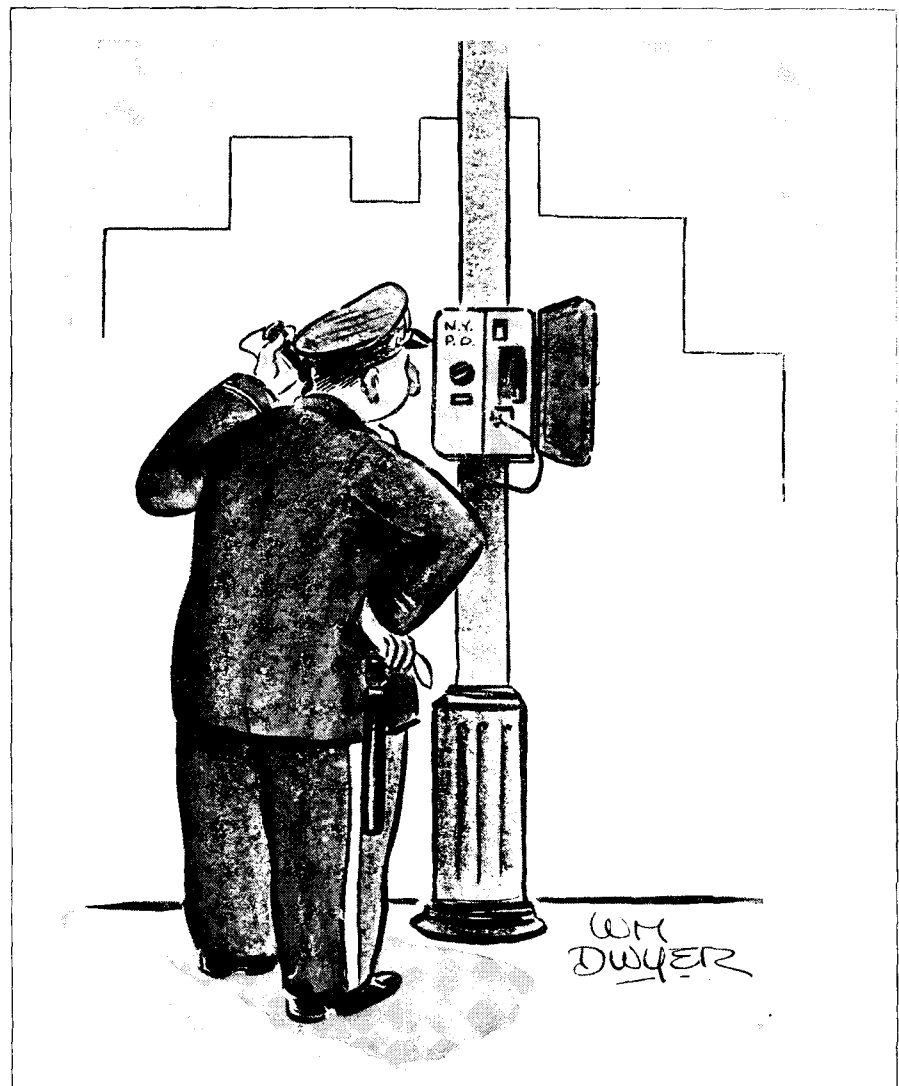
They plowed up the road, smoothed the loose, oily material with a scraper, to make it passable for the summer, and headed for the sea breezes.

When the road builder returned to complete the job, he could hardly believe his eyes. The pounding tires of thousands of automobiles had hammered down the loose materials into as smooth and fast a desert road as any road rover could ask.

That was the origin of "road mix," a system of fast road building that has revolutionized construction in the Western states, where distances are magnificent and taxpayers are far between. A good, smooth, dustless "road mix" road can be built for as little as thirty-five hundred dollars a mile, whereas pavement costs range from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars a mile.

Day by day the job gets harder and harder for the road engineer. The road rover sees to that. One of the reasons is the ever-increasing demand for greater speed. Many a road that was considered a marvel of engineering ten years ago is almost obsolete today because it is not fast enough.

"When the Ridge Route over the Tehachapi Mountains, in southern California, was built," Dr. Hewes said, "it was regarded as one of the most remarkable pieces of road work in the world. It shortened previous routes by many miles. In time came the demand for a faster road, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent straightening the curves. Now a new road is under construction, paralleling the Ridge Route. It will cost $3,500,000 and will save the motorist seven miles, and many curves. That is half a million dollars a mile for speed!



"Come on, Chief, guess again!"

Paying the Bill

During the past quarter of a century, Americans have dug into their pockets and plunked down about $25,000,000,000 (count them) to pay for roads. As much as two billion dollars has been spent in a year on roads. This year of depression will be a two-and-one-half-billion year!

The choicest bonanza for the road builder has been the gasoline tax, which originated as a more or less casual suggestion at a meeting of leading citizens in Portland, Oregon, back in 1917. A group gathered in the office of the public road engineer to discuss ways and means of financing highway construction.

"Oregon needs more money to build roads," the road engineer declared.

"Maybe we do," assented a banker in the group, "but we can't borrow any more without straining the credit of the state."

"Couldn't we tax gasoline and raise some money?" asked a lawyer present.

"It's a fair way to raise road money," agreed the engineer; "let the people who use the roads pay for them. But how they will howl at a gas tax!"

The little group finally agreed to go out and advocate the gas-tax idea before the legislature. They did it so effectively that within ninety days the new tax was on the statute books. Everybody sat back and waited for the public flare-up.

But there was none. All that happened was a golden stream of dollars flowing into the state treasury, each dollar figuratively marked "for road-building purposes only." Oregon built roads, and the more the state built the more motorists used them, and the more gasoline they consumed the greater the revenue from the gas tax became.

Now every state in the country collects a gas tax, ranging from one to six cents per gallon, and the fortune extracted thus painlessly from our 26,523,779 motor vehicle operators amounted last year to $495,000,000. Licenses, fees and fines augmented that sum by $355,000,000, making a grand total of $850,000,000.

As Dr. Hewes points out, the motorist is paying for the roads he uses, and he is paying as he rides. Of course, the amount he pays in gas taxes and fees is matched by counties and cities, through direct taxes, bringing the grand total up to two billions a year.

Ordinarily, a pork barrel of that proportion, open to dispensers chosen through many and devious political channels, would mean much waste, not to mention gravy, but the facts appear to be that the public gets good value for its huge annual investment in roads, due perhaps to the existence of two sets of watchdogs over the pork barrel.

One is the American Association of State Highway Officials, comprising most of the road supervisors of the country. These public servants meet annually and wrestle with road problems and no piece of road legislation which they have backed in the past fifteen years has failed.

The other watchdog is the United States Bureau of Roads, headed by Thos. H. MacDonald, who for eleven years has directed the expenditure of Federal-aid funds.

When the Federal highway system was first authorized in 1916, road building was left largely to counties. There are more than 3,000 counties in the United States, and there were just about that many independent road systems. If one county's highway met the next county's highway at the boundary line, it was good luck for the road rover. If it didn't, it was just too bad.

State and Federal engineers laid a system of highways that would connect up at state and county boundaries. Of the 190,000 miles of roads in the system, nearly 100,000 miles have now been developed into high-type, hard-surface highways. The balance has been improved, but is not yet hard-surfaced.

Compared to the total amount raised by the various counties and states for road building, the $125,000,000 which the bureau of public roads authorized last year was but one drop in fifteen in the bucket. But even in these bonanza days of road building $125,000,000, judiciously used, is a sufficiently tempting tidbit to make the various state highway departments meet the conditions necessary to get their fair share. It has standardized road building in the United States.

Ribbons of Parks

"What are you going to do for a job," I asked Dr. Hewes, "when you get all these highways on this map paved and there is a good road to anywhere a motorist wants to go?"

"They'll be asking for wider roads and more of them," he replied; "no matter how well the road builder builds, he cannot anticipate needs ten years hence. He used to think he could, but today he knows that is impossible. The public's demand for speed is insatiable.

"The operating question is the coming problem in highway construction. There is no quick solution for it. For example, clear vision of highway signals is essential. Suppose a railroad tried to operate, with every conceivable device interfering with the engineer's vision. One of the road builder's next steps is to clarify the motorist's view.

"Another is to make the highways more attractive. There is no sense in having the motorist spend twenty-five thousand dollars to build a mile of road from which he can enjoy a lovely scene and then letting someone else spend twenty-five dollars for roadside nuisances which destroy the beauty of that scene.

"Already the Federal government is going fifty-fifty with the states to plant trees and landscape the Federal highway system. It doesn't take much imagination to visualize the major highways as great ribbons of parks stretching across the entire continent."

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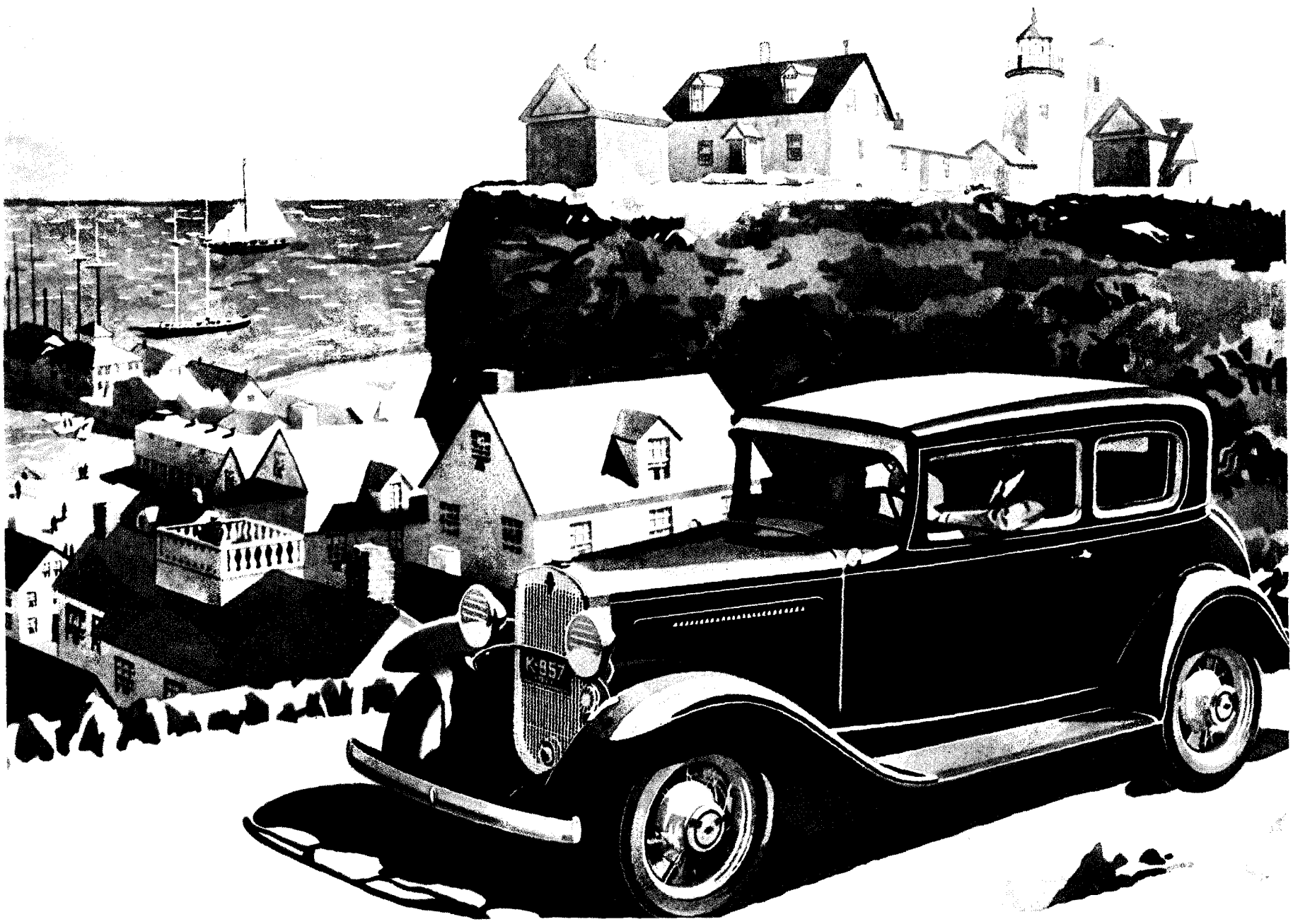

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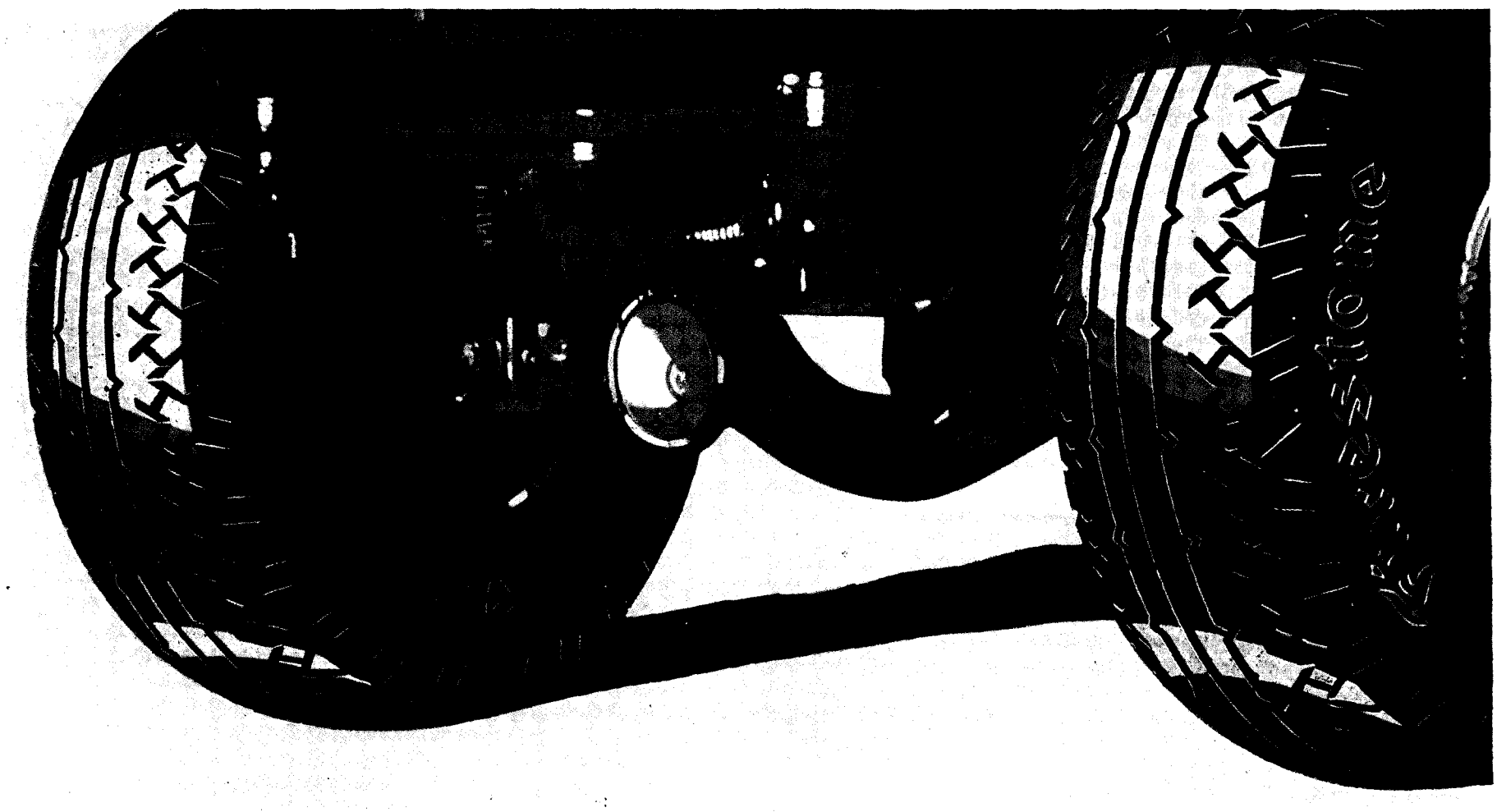

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Firestone BALLOONS

Those are the requirements of Safeway Stores, Inc., and the following letter tells how Firestone Truck Tires and Firestone Dealer Service have met them:

> "In reviewing the operations of our automotive equipment for last year, we find what we believe is one of the most astounding records of tire performance ever established on any fleet.
>
> In a total of more than 1,500,000 miles traveled by our 150 trucks on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires last year, moving approximately 500 tons of food stuffs a day, 30% of which is perishable, we did not lose as much as one hour on the road for the entire fleet because of tire trouble.
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> We are glad to acknowledge this remarkable tire performance that is made possible by Firestone inbuilt quality and the highly efficient service rendered us by our Firestone Dealer."

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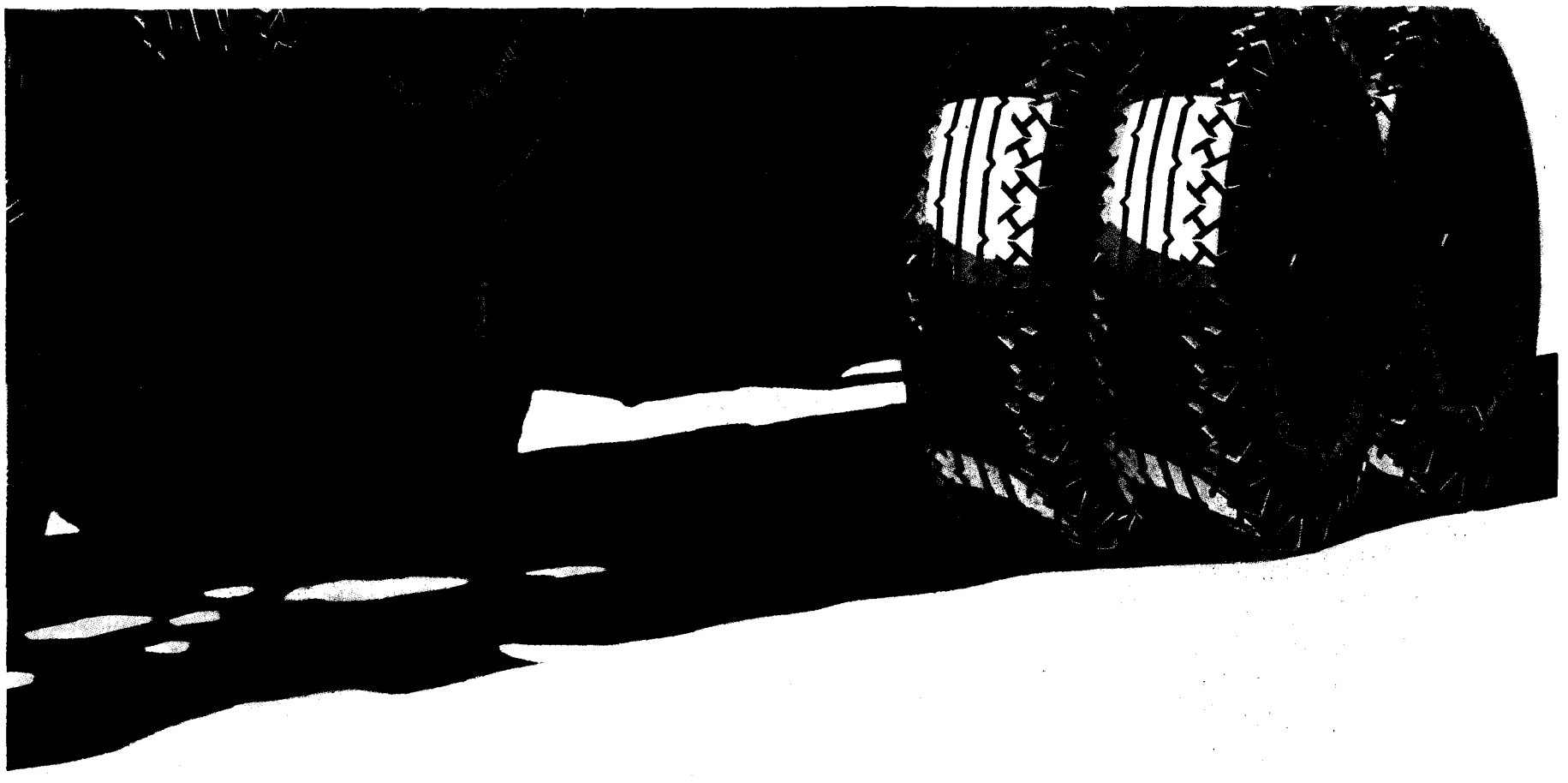

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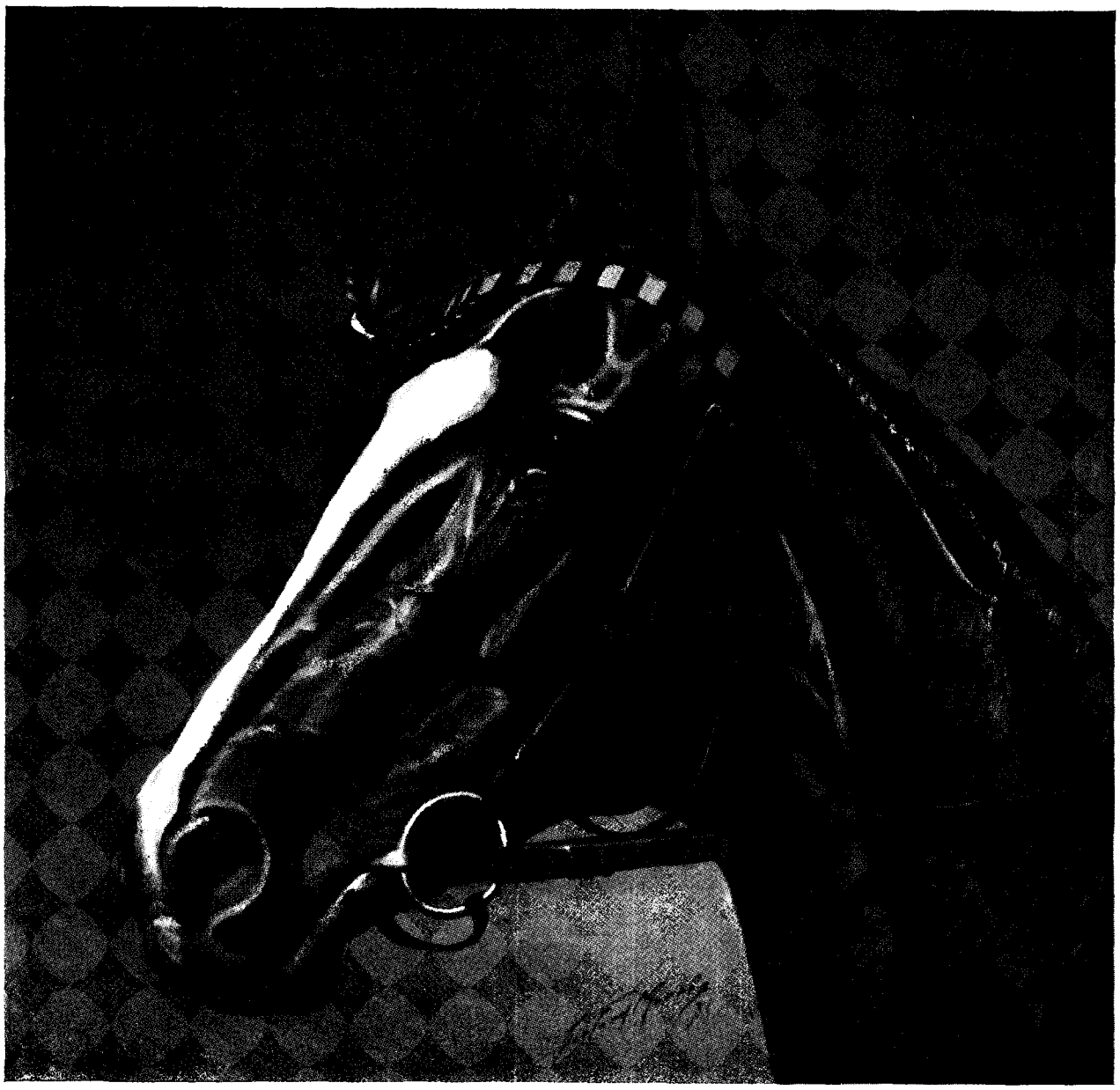
Collier's, *The National Weekly*

THE EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT



A full color reproduction of this painting by George Ford Morris, suitable for framing, will be sent free on request. Department C1., Buick Motor Co., Flint, Michigan.

Repeated triumphs alone make the winner

A stalwart three-year-old thoroughbred wins a great race—the Preakness. Excellent! This record alone, however, does not place him among the racing idols. But he repeats! He wins the Kentucky Derby—he wins the Lawrence Realization—he wins the Dwyer Stakes. This makes him an undisputed champion. The *extra margin* of quality is there, and a winner must have this extra margin.

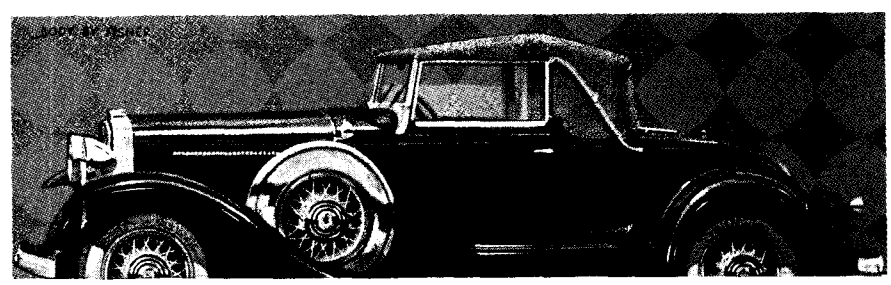
Pre-eminence in golf has been accorded, not to the winner of one or two titles, but to the man whose prowess enabled him to win four major championships during 1930. And here is still another repeat winner with a record in which over two million thinking people have played a part:

There are 14 builders of straight eight motor cars in the Buick field, and yet Buick alone sells more than all the 13 others combined. Buick alone with its new Eight sells four times as many as the next company in its field. Buick alone has 750,000 more cars in operation than the second company.

And now, do you think that Buick could have won this pre-eminent position more than ten years ago and could repeat every single year since, if Buick did not build that extra margin of quality into Buick cars?

The repeat winner on the turf—the repeat winner in golf—the repeat winner in business capture the interest of the world, and the world is quick to respond, because everybody loves a winner.

The new Buick Straight Eights, in four series and four price ranges, are offered in 22 luxurious models, from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM , , A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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Let's get one in Paris!

Continued from page 15

Just a moment. Greg," she called, "got a quarter?"

He flipped it to her as she popped her head through the bedroom door: "Just another radio, Greg."

Greg straightened his tie and stepped out into the other room.

"More congratulations?" he asked offhand.

She was staring at the paper in her hand.

"News, dear?"

SHE held the message toward him. He read the signature "Livingston" and his eye ran backward mechanically up the message: " . . . granted Reno today congratulations complete divorce . . ." to the address: "J. Gregory Nason, Ile de France." He could only say: "Ile de France? But how did Livingston know we were on the Ile de—"

"Someone radioed the telegram from the office, of course," said Dolly listlessly.

"Yes, that must have been it," he said. "It must have been telegraphed to me at the office, and Miss Stimson or somebody there radioed it to the ship. That was undoubtedly how it—"

"Greg," said Dolly softly, "Livingston's a better lawyer than I thought he was. He's gotten our divorce after all!"

He stared at her: "That's true."

"It's granted. It's all over. Aren't you happy?"

"Are you?"

"Of course I'm happy," she laughed. "Silly; after looking forward to it for a year? And to think that suddenly it's here—like that! We're free, Mr. Nason, darling."

He took out his pipe and ran the bowl around the interior of a leather pouch, cramming in tobacco absently with his thumb.

"You're not saying very much, Greg," said Dolly.

"I was thinking." He struck a match and held it over the bowl of his pipe. "You know," he said jerkily, between puffs, "this makes—things a little different with—us, doesn't it? I think I'd better get another cabin at once."

"Greg, you can't," Dolly remembered. "Bill Treadwell tried. The purser said there wasn't another bed on the boat."

"In that case," said Greg, a trifle taken aback but determined to stick to his point, "I shall spend the night in the bar."

"I shan't close my eyes all night. You'll catch your death of cold—"

"Darling, you're very, very tired, and so am I," said Greg, "and I'm sure everything will look brighter in the morning." He kissed her with dignity. "Now, good night, precious."

"Greg," cried Dolly, as the door shut.

She rose wearily and crossed the room to the door. She turned the key impatiently. All right, let him go. Obstinate fool. Absently she puttered about the room in aimless circles, shedding her clothes, and paused before the full-length mirror. She stood with her arms crossed before her, clasping her cool white shoulders and studying her reflection in the glass.

Poor stupid, wholesome Greg. And a silly, spoiled baby, you are. She surveyed herself contemptuously. A great, silly, blond, pretty, spoiled baby. Oh, yes, you wanted this divorce, of course you did; and now you've got it, haven't you? So what? How does it feel to be free? Great, hey? I hope you'll be very happy, you big, selfish baby. Look at your nose. . . . She stamped indignantly into her pajamas, snapped out the light over her bed, and lay staring into the dark.

POOR Greg. And she was so comfortable. She thought of his tired, thin face; he had been working, worrying about her, and she had not even noticed until now. Poor Greg, slaving for her, just to buy her this silly little divorce she wanted. She remembered his strained, tired mouth; even his kisses were businesslike, quick, harsh. She had never taken care of him, really; she was so selfish, and he was so thoughtful and kind and uncomplaining. Lying there now on a hard bench, without a word of complaint. Probably his neck would be broken in two by tomorrow. Probably he would catch all sorts of sniffling colds and chills. Probably his blanket had fallen off already. . . .

She was sitting bolt upright in bed, switching on the light. She couldn't let him do it. Not another instant. If he wouldn't come to bed and be sensible, she'd just sit up all night with him. She shoved her feet determinedly into her blue slippers, pulled her blue dressing-gown about her, and walked to the smoking-room. The bar was closed, the room dim. She stepped silently over the threshold.

Greg was there, seated on a hard leather cushion at the opposite side of the room. And with him was a slight, boyish figure in a dark tweed sports suit. A woman!

Dolly turned and made her way back thoughtfully to the cabin again.

She greeted him brightly next morning at breakfast. "You're looking very fit."

"I feel fit, thanks." Greg rubbed a freshly shaved chin and beamed at her briskly. "Bath, clean linen, and now an appetite. It must be the sea air."

"It must be," said Dolly.

"It's a gorgeous morning."

"Did you sleep well, dear?"

"Perfectly. Did you?"

"Yes. I didn't open my eyes once my head touched the pillow."

"Ah." He settled back comfortably in his chair.

"But I don't like your sleeping in that bar," she continued guardedly. "You mustn't do it again."

"As a matter of fact, I plan to sleep there again tonight."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," she said. "I forbid it."

"I'm sorry, dear," he reminded her gently. "Perhaps you've forgotten. We're not married this morning."

"Greg, it's foolhardy, you're just being stubborn," she began, then looked up in astonishment as he rose with a bright smile and nodded to someone behind her.

"Good morning," said a quiet voice over her shoulder. "Perhaps I'm intruding?"

"Not at all," assured Greg heartily. "Dolly, this is Mrs. Titcomb. This is my—this is Mrs. Nason."

"How do you do, Mrs. Nason," smiled Mrs. Titcomb, slipping calmly into the vacant chair which Greg held for her. "Wasn't the steward sweet to assign me here? It's so nice to be at table with someone you know."

"Isn't it?" said Dolly.

"MR. NASON and I are old friends," laughed Mrs. Titcomb.

"Mrs. Titcomb," explained Greg with vast amusement, "is the lady who caught your bridal bouquet last night, dear. On the left ear," he added.

"My dear Mrs. Nason," said Mrs. Titcomb, leaning across the table intimately, "do let me be the first one to congratulate you. I'm so glad for you both."

"That's sweet of you."

"It sounds so thrilling," she sighed. "I never had a divorce of my own. My husband died, poor dear, two days before we got our decree." She dabbed her eyes. "I felt so cheated."

"Greg," said Dolly suddenly, "I'm sure you and Mrs. Titcomb will pardon me if I wait on deck. I feel just a little ill."

"Is there anything I can get you?" asked Greg anxiously.

"Eat radishes, plenty of radishes," called Mrs. Titcomb after her. "They're the very best thing."

Greg did not find her on deck, an hour later. She did not show up for lunch, either; her cabin door was locked and she did not respond. When he woke, after sleeping most of the afternoon in a deck-chair, she still was nowhere to be found, and he drank his evening cocktail alone at the bar. At last the steward let him into the stateroom with a pass-key. Dolly, half-dressed, stared at him as he entered.

"I'm so sorry." He halted. "I had no idea you were in here. You didn't answer when I knocked."

"I was asleep," she said. Her eyes were red.

"You're feeling better?"

"Quite."

"Just wanted to dress for dinner," he explained casually. "I'll wait for you above."

IT WAS a solemn dinner. Dolly had all the chummy intimacy of the lobby of a first national bank; Greg was gloomily concerned over her lack of appetite and ate very little himself in sympathy; their companion at table, a Mr. Messersmith, used the wrong fork for his oysters and frightened himself into a panicky silence for the rest of the meal. Mrs. Titcomb arrived to make a late fourth at the party, a little bit determined not to speak for fear she should hiccough. They all sat in austere silence. After dessert they drifted away gloomily and took coffee and liqueurs in the bar.

"Would you care to dance?" Greg asked Dolly perfunctorily.

"I have a little headache, dear," she lied. "Perhaps Mrs. Titcomb would like to."

"I'd love it," said Mrs. Titcomb.

Dolly finished her coffee alone, and ordered another benedictine, and got it all over her fingers. She tapped her foot impatiently. She was rapidly thinking herself into a real headache, after all. At last she rose with considerable dignity and went on deck for a breath of air. She mounted the stairs slowly to the deserted sun deck.

Greg was there—with Mrs. Titcomb.

"You don't mind my joining you?" said Dolly.

"Not at all, dear," said Greg pleasantly.

Dolly sat down.

"A perfect night," Mrs. Titcomb said

(*Continued on page 32*)

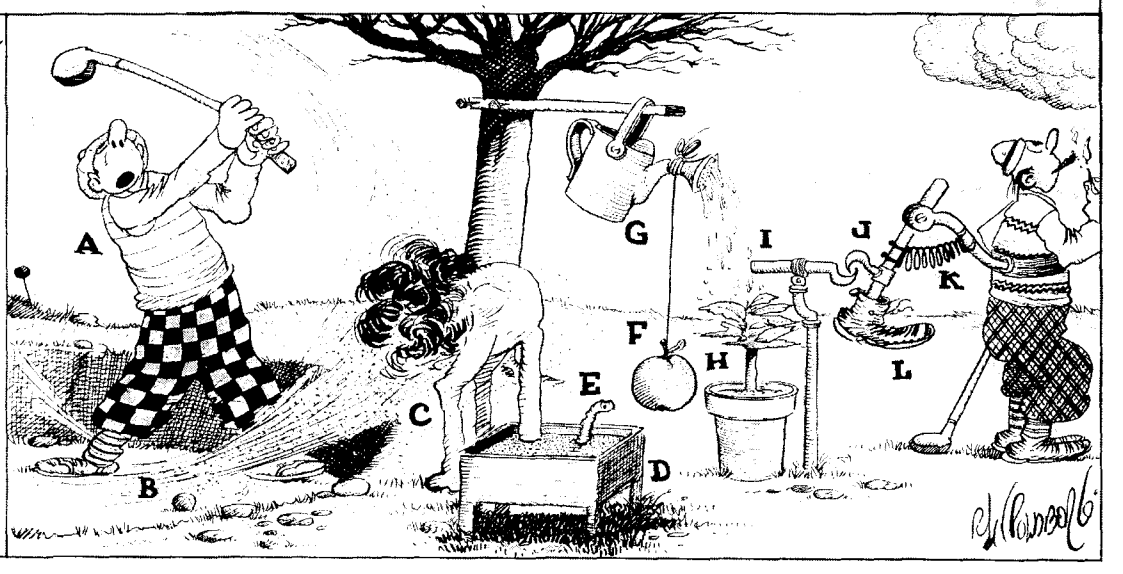
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS BUILDS HIMSELF A NEW COUNTRY HOME AND FORGETS TO PUT IN THE STAIRS. WHILE HE IS DROPPING INTO THE BASEMENT HE CONCEIVES AN IDEA TO KEEP YOUR GOLF OPPONENT FROM CHEATING.

AS OPPONENT (A) SWINGS CLUB AND MISSES BALL (B) HE FILLS AIR WITH SAND. OSTRICH (C) MISTAKES UPHEAVAL FOR SAND STORM AND BURIES HIS HEAD IN BOX (D), FRIGHTENING WORM (E) WHICH CRAWLS OUT AND ENTERS APPLE (F). ADDED WEIGHT OF APPLE CAUSES WATERING-CAN (G) TO TILT AND SPRAY PLANT (H) MAKING IT GROW AND PUSH AGAINST PADDLE (I). AS PADDLE RAISES, IT RELEASES HOOK (J) ALLOWING SPRING (K) TO FLY BACK, CAUSING SHOE (L) TO KICK YOU SHARPLY, INDICATING THAT YOUR OPPONENT HAS TAKEN A STROKE.

WHILE YOUR OPPONENT IS BUSY GETTING SAND OUT OF HIS EYES YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO SET THE APPARATUS FOR HIS NEXT STROKE.



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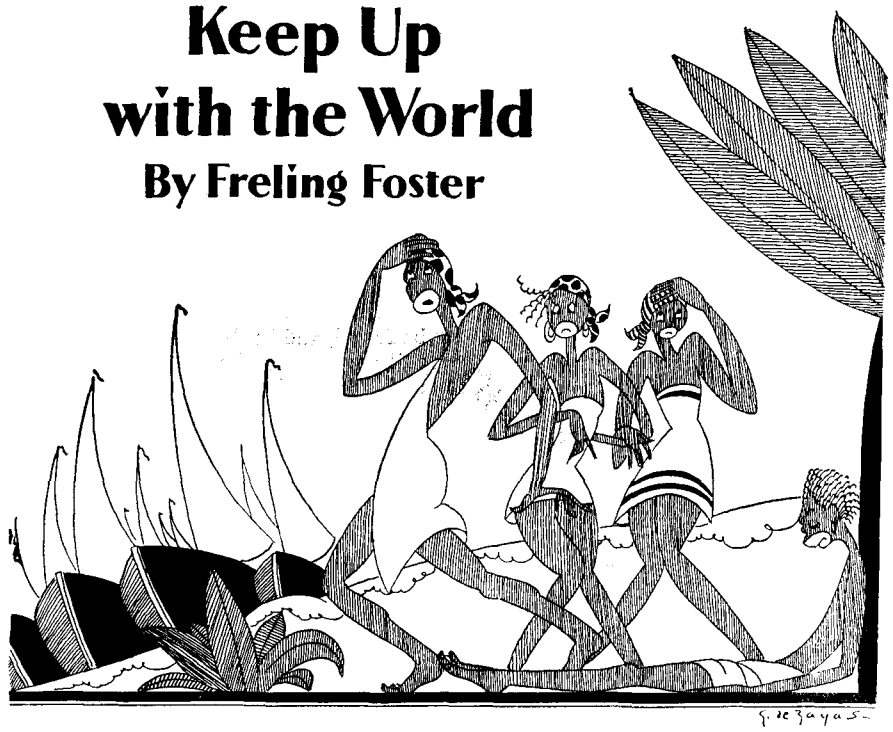
Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster



The Bajaos, a tribe of sea gypsies living on thousands of small boats in the Sulu Sea, have been on land so seldom that walking on solid ground makes them dizzy.

The reason why hundreds of worthless patent medicines "get by" in the United States today is because only the label and not the advertising matter is under the jurisdiction of the present Federal Food and Drug Act.

The purpose of the chain dragging under gasoline trucks is to ground the dangerous static electricity attending the vehicle's motion. —*By C. Gundlach, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Next to the United States, Japan produces today more motion pictures than any other country.

The oldest inscribed monument existing in the world today is a beer sign, carved in Babylonia about 7,000 years ago, and now preserved in the Museum of the Louvre, Paris.

Chinese theaters pass hot towels to members of the audience, who rub the steaming cloths over their faces to refresh themselves.

American book reading is increasing rapidly; for example, from 1923 to 1930 the number of books in public, society and school libraries increased 26% and the number of books borrowed annually increased 45%.

The body of a drowned man usually floats face downward and that of a woman face upward.—*By I. L. Gaddis, Omaha, Neb.*

In Japan, broken dolls are buried with Buddhist ceremony during a national festival every June, the purpose being to renew the tenderness that the Japanese desire their children to feel toward all things which have been a source of joy.

The average length of jail sentences for liquor law violations from July 1, 1930, to May 31, 1931, was 222.6 days or about 7½ months.

In Germany today, 90% of the working population earns less than $12 a week.

The average age of our urban population is several years greater than that of our rural population.

Scientists, who have calculated the percentage of human incapacity wrought by 23 physical disabilities, rate total blindness 100%, loss of one whole leg 75%, loss of one hand or one foot 40%, loss of hearing in both ears 50%, in one ear 10%, and loss of one eye 30%.

Hosiery news: One company now has a trade-in policy which allows a credit of from 10c to 15c on old pairs, and another company is putting perfumed oil into its thread to give its product a pleasant odor.

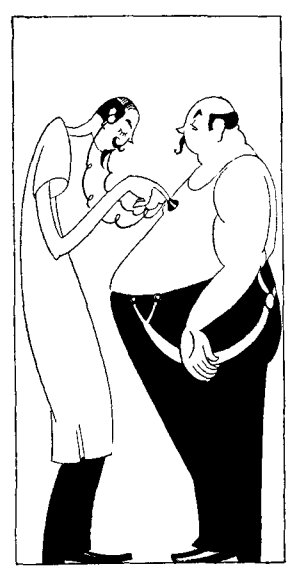
China sends more students to American colleges than any other foreign country.

The Annuaire Telephonique International is a world telephone directory that is published in English, French, German and Spanish and contains the names of about 50,000 firms in more than 2,700 cities in 38 countries.—*By F. L. Wilson, Bellevue, Pa.*

Only 19 states impose a state income tax on their citizens.

In a number of European countries today persons applying for an auto driver's license must submit to a complete physical examination.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



(Continued from page 31)

to Greg, as he stooped over slightly and lit his cigarette from the tip of hers.

"Perfect," replied Greg, looking up and smiling.

"As a matter of fact," Dolly remarked in a stifled voice, "I resent all this."

"What did you say, dear?" asked Greg, looking at her.

"I said," repeated Dolly in a thin, shrill scream, "that I resent your being with this woman."

"Why, darling," said Greg with surprised concern, "I had no idea."

"Perhaps I'd better leave," said Mrs. Titcomb, with the tactful amusement of a guest who has inadvertently started the baby crying.

"I want you to hear this," yelled Dolly unevenly. "You've got no right to act as if Greg were your personal property."

"But, Dolly, you said—"

"I don't care," she sobbed. "It's so sordid, having an affair with the first woman you see."

"But you told me—"

"You mustn't blame Greg, Mrs. Nason," interrupted Joyce Titcomb judicially. "Really, the poor lamb is only being consistent. When he's married, he acts married; when he's free, he acts free. It's only natural."

"Darling," pleaded Greg, "we *are* divorced, you know."

"We're nothing of the sort," cried Dolly.

"But the cable!"

"It was a fake," she howled. "I wrote it myself. I had Bill Treadwell send it from shore. And you were so stupid, you believed it," she sneered, "you *wanted* to believe it, that's why. You're a beast. I hate you. I never want to speak to you again."

"Dolly!"

"I hate you. I'll get a divorce as soon as ever I get to Paris."

"But, Dolly!"

"Making love to another woman," she wept, leaping to her feet, "right in front of your own wife. Making a fool of your own wife!" She was running wildly down the stairs to the deck below. "Oh, yes, marriage is sacred to you. Oh, yes, you're so honest and decent and high-minded. Leave me alone—"

"But, darling," said Greg pursuing her down the corridor.

"Leave me alone. Take your hands off me!" She flung open the door of their cabin. "Get out of my room."

"But, Dolly," he pleaded, his foot in the crack, "now that we're still married—"

"Go sleep in the bar," she yelled, and slammed the door.

GREG, staring moodily at the approaching shoreline of France, rubbed the three days' growth of blue-black stubble on his chin, and scowled. He was not, he realized, a dapper figure. His wrinkled suit, in addition to looking as though it had been slept in for three nights—an understandable phenomenon, since this was precisely what had happened—was obviously adapted to the more rotund outlines of the bar steward and did not lend itself gracefully to his own tall and slender frame. Several reefs had been taken in the coat and vest, and still they hung loosely; and the trouser-cuffs cleared the tops of his black patent-leather evening shoes by several inches of blue cotton socks. He felt absently in his pocket for his pipe, and then swore softly and lit another cigarette. That was what he resented most: he had had to go three days without a pipe. At least she might have sent him out his pipe.

"Oh, Greg?"

He turned without enthusiasm and nodded to Mrs. Titcomb. "How do you do, Mrs. Titcomb."

"We're almost to Havre. You're all packed?"

"I don't know," he said bitterly.

"I've scarcely seen you the past few days," she remarked casually. "You haven't been to meals, have you?"

"I've eaten odd hours," he explained sullenly.

She glanced at his baggy coat and formless trousers, and bit her lip. "I—don't suppose I shall see you in Paris?"

"I've no idea where we shall be staying, of course," he said politely. "It would be nice to get together."

"You must look me up," she said. "I shall be at the Ritz."

"Thank you."

"So nice to have met you," she smiled. "Remember me to Mrs. Nason."

"Good-by, Mrs. Titcomb."

"Good-by, Mr. Nason."

HE RESUMED his blank study of the horizon.

"Greg."

"Yes," he said mechanically.

"Greg, dear . . ."

He whirled in astonishment. "Dolly!"

She slipped her arm through his. "Greg, I've packed our trunks, darling. We're all ready to—Greg!" she cried suddenly, "where on earth did you get those awful clothes?"

"I traded my dinner coat with the bar steward."

"It's a perfect sight. All brown checks."

"It isn't precisely my taste, either," he said thinly, "but I've no doubt the steward was very fond of it."

"You've got his shirt on, too."

"You'd scarcely expect me to sleep three nights in a boiled shirt."

"Greg," she said gently, "I brought you out your pipe."

"Thank you," he said with a little more warmth. "That was thoughtful of you." He lit it and blew a cloud of blue smoke appreciatively.

"Greg," she said after a little pause, "there's something I did want to tell you before we landed."

"Ah?"

"I lied to you, Greg."

"Ah?"

"I lied to you about the cable. Greg, I couldn't bear your carrying on with that awful woman. I knew you wouldn't do it if you believed we were still married. I knew I could trust you as long as you thought I was your wife. Greg, I heard you say good-by to—her, just now. You'll never see her again?"

He shrugged.

"Greg, dear," she said in a low voice, "that radio was perfectly true. We're divorced."

"I know."

"You know!" said Dolly.

"Of course I know. I knew right along. If you'd come out of your cabin for half a jiffy, the last couple of days, you'd have seen it yourself, scribbled all over the radio dispatches. Everyone else knew on the boat."

"But, then—" She looked at him. "But that woman—"

"After all, I was perfectly free," he assured her with dignity. "I was under no obligation to her or to anyone else. I could do what I chose. I chose to wait for you, if you want to know."

"But we weren't married."

"We're not married now," he said, with his arm about her.

They stared in silence at the horizon of France.

"Greg."

"Yes?"

"Greg, how soon could we get married in Paris?"

"Right off, I suppose."

"I mean," she said, "it does seem a shame to have taken this long trip all for nothing."

He nodded.

"If we hurry," she said, "we could catch the boat back."

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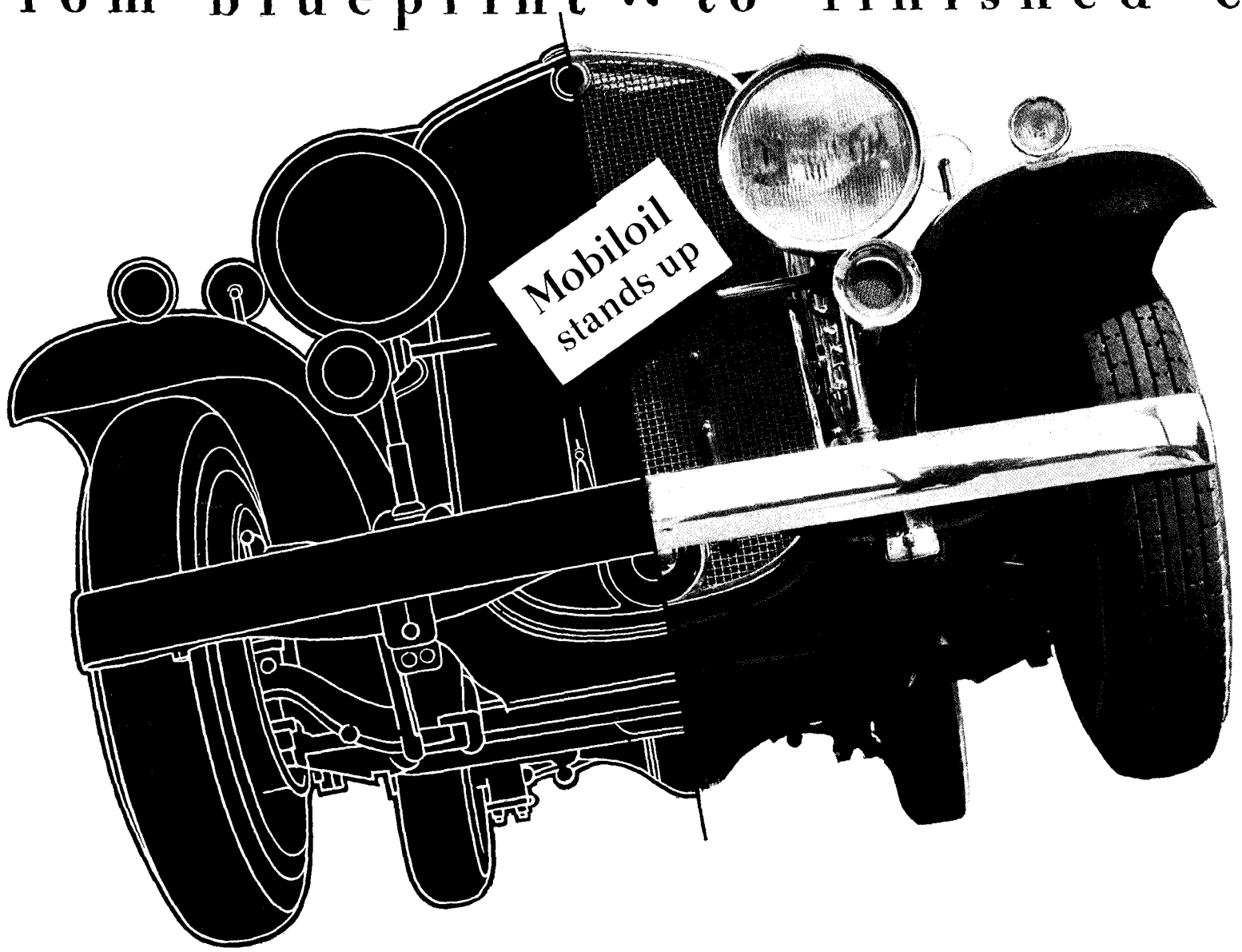
From blueprint .. to finished car



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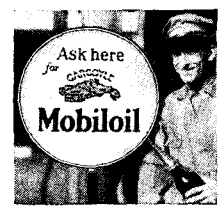

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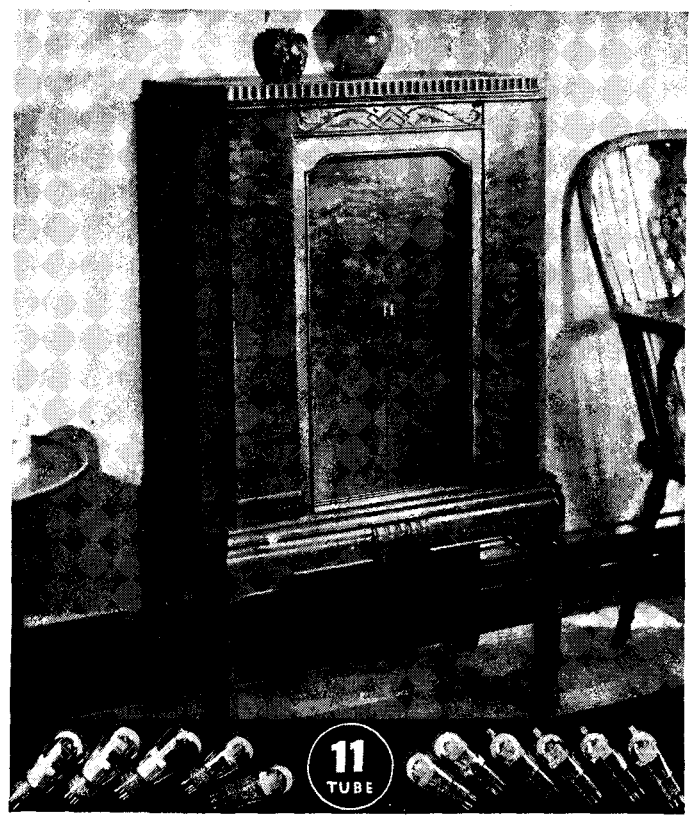
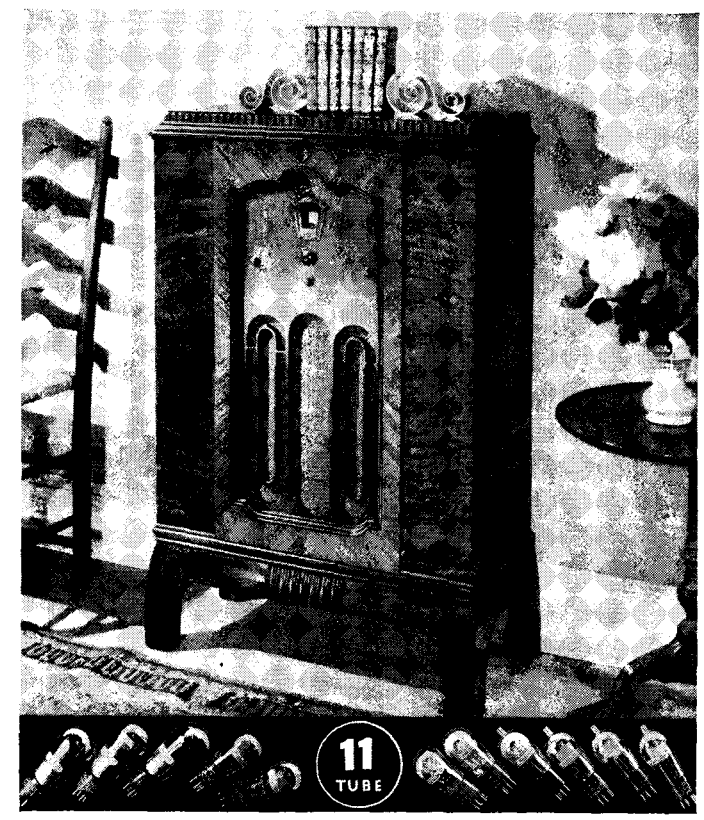


COMPLETE WITH TUBES, $169.50

HIGHBOY, a furniture masterpiece by Norman Bel Geddes. Exquisite Walnut, hand-rubbed finish. Tone-Control. New Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Automatic Volume Control. Station Recording Dial. Also in a RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, with Automatic Record Changer, $295.00.



COMPLETE WITH TUBES, $149.50

LOWBOY, a new standard in furniture beauty by Norman Bel Geddes. Cabinet gracefully executed in hand-rubbed Walnut in handsome contrasts. New Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Tone-Control. Automatic Volume Control. Illuminated Station Recording Dial.

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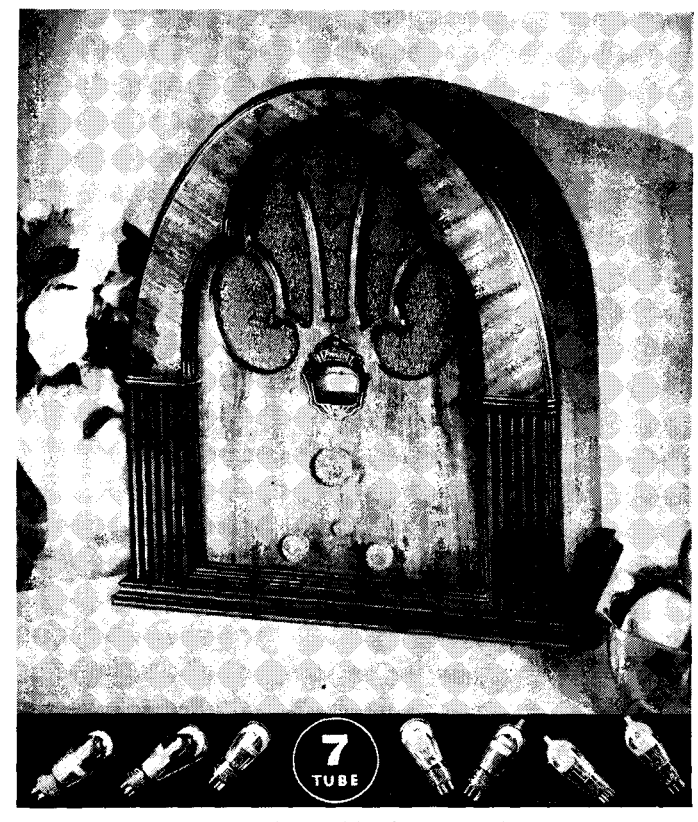
HIGHBOY, with half-doors, exquisitely done in figured Black Walnut and Oriental Wood. Hand-rubbed finish. New Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Tone-Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial. Also in a LOWBOY at $89.75, and a Baby Grand model at $69.50.



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PHILCO BALANCED TUBES BETTER THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

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WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

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PHILCO SALES PROVE THAT IT TAKES A *Balanced* SUPERHETERODYNE *to meet present-day broadcasting conditions*

Just as the picture above represents the *distorted* tone, the blurred reception of an unbalanced radio — the "station strip" at the right shows the gaps, the over-lapping of stations found on an ordinary set

Here you see the *undistorted* tone plus selectivity secured with every Philco Superheterodyne built with balanced units. Each station is distinct and separate — each program clear and vivid on the new Philco

NEVER before in history has the same radio — for the third consecutive season — been FIRST. First in performance, first in sales and first in VALUE! And all by a wide margin.

From the day of their introduction, sales of the new Philco Balanced Superheterodynes have been twice as great as Philco sales for the same period in 1930 — and more than three times as great as in 1929.

In every radio salesroom, in thousands and thousands of homes — wherever radio is discussed, Philco and what Philco has done is on every lip.

"Philco alone builds Balanced-Unit Superheterodyne." "Philco equips and prices every set *with tubes.*" "Philco cabinets are a furniture sensation." "Philco has conquered distance." "Philco 11-tube Superheterodyne-Plus is built and balanced to surpass any other set in performance."

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IT TAKES A BALANCED SUPERHETERODYNE TO MEET PRESENT-DAY CROWDED BROADCASTING CONDITIONS

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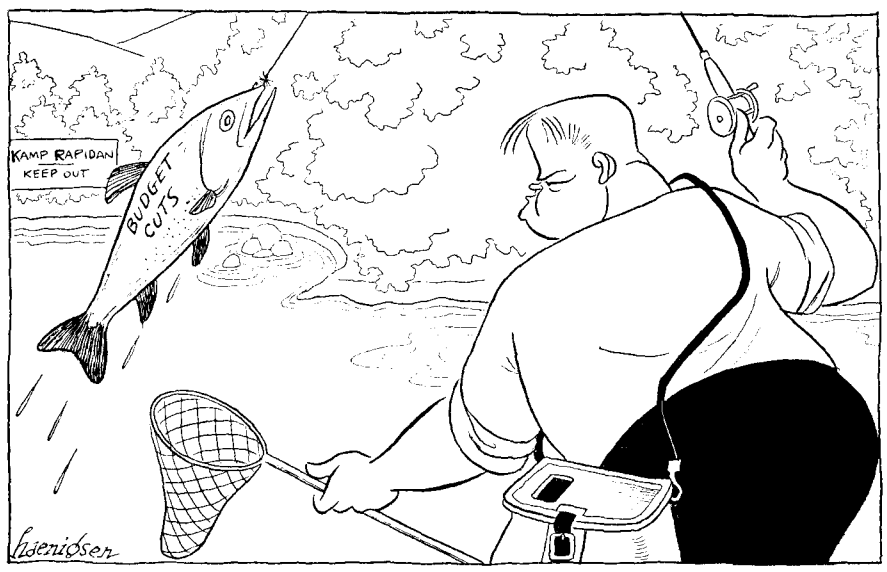

Rapidan Calculation

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

EVERY President should have a Rapidan camp. It is a place where magic is accomplished.

Everybody will remember how President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald, one sitting on one end of a log and the other on the other end, achieved a very considerable disarmament. This disarmament in the end involved a billion-dollar building program for the United States. But that expense, as has been explained to us many, many times by eloquent persons like Senator David A. Reed and Senator Joseph T. Robinson, was due to the fact that we hadn't armed fast enough before we began to disarm.

If we had only spent enough money in armament before we began to disarm we might have saved a good deal as a result of the Rapidan conferences. And then think of all the potential savings! We might have armed a great deal more heavily than we now arm by international agreement, if that agreement survives the quarrels between France and Italy.

Now we are witnessing weekly savings in government expenditures on the Rapidan. One week it is one department of the government which has its expenses cut to the bone. The next week it is another department.

A story in the press reveals that the head of a department and all his chief lieutenants have been summoned to the Rapidan. There is a dramatic dash by automobile to this picturesque spot. A few hours are spent on the lower slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains. And, easy as rolling off a log, ten, fifteen, twenty, or forty millions are lopped off the cost of the department.

Then there is the inevitable speculation in the press about how the miracle has been accomplished.

Our Treasury Watchdogs

Now in spite of the belief that the Federal government spends money like water, economies never have been accomplished before. They are not easy to accomplish, for the reason that government appropriations undergo a severe scrutiny before they are granted.

In the first place, a department prepares estimates of its needs for the coming financial year. These estimates are prepared by men who know that they will have to defend them before vigilant critics. First, the estimates go to the budget director whose sole business it is to cut them down to the limit. From him they go to the appropriations committee of both houses of Congress, which are zealous to show that they are better guardians of the public treasury than the budget director is.

Congress has the reputation of being a wastrel. But actually Congress hates general expenditures, so as to have some money left to spend in its own districts. Congress loves the pork barrel, but hates the departments. Congress always cuts departmental appropriations below the figure approved by the budget director. So, in the light of all the cutting that is done, the large economies of the Rapidan seem all the more magical.

It Isn't a Miracle

Let us consider the Post Office Department, where the very handsome saving of $38,000,000 for next year was achieved on the Rapidan. The Post Office always runs at a loss. It always has a deficit, due to the fact that practically everybody who buys a postage stamp has a vote and is reluctant to pay enough for his postage stamp to balance the Post Office budget.

It is the ambition of every Postmaster-General to wipe out the deficit. Naturally it is not a place where extravagance is encouraged, conceding that the character of mail service which the government gives is in every respect necessary and justifiable.

Let us see how this large sum *was* saved in this penny-pinching department. The estimates for the Post Office Department for the current year were based on the business done in the boom year of 1929.

The boom stopped suddenly. Additional clerks and carriers to handle increasing mail were not required. So, with business prospects as they are, that $38,000,000 can be cut off.

The government is hard put to it with a deficit of one billion dollars this year and the possibility of another just as large next year. Increased taxes are dangerous to the administration responsible for them. So the administration does not wish to provide additional revenue by raising taxes.

The Democrats also oppose tax increase, which is very generous of them, since if they get the Presidency in 1932 they may have to raise the taxes themselves. Mr. Mellon, looking far ahead and wishing to guard against higher taxes on big incomes, thinks that perhaps a favorable moment is being lost for putting on a sales or consumption tax for everybody to pay, which would make that evil he dreads unnecessary.

Sweet and Low

Continued from page 11

each country will be permitted to export the following amounts:

Cuba	650,000 tons
Java	2,300,000 tons
Germany	500,000 tons
Czechoslovakia	570,000 tons
Poland	308,000 tons
Hungary	84,000 tons
Belgium	30,275 tons

"The quota for Cuba seems small because it does not include the sugar which Cuba exports to the United States.

"The figures given are for the first year. Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and Belgium will have the same quotas for the life of the agreement. But Germany's quota will be less after the first year—300,000 tons instead of 500,000. Her quota was increased the first year to enable her to get rid of her present large surplus. Java's quota will increase each year by 100,000 tons. Cuba's quota is given as 650,000 tons the first year. Each succeeding year it will be 850,000 tons. The 200,000 tons added to Germany's quota the first year was subtracted from Cuba's."

Keeping It Flexible

These, briefly, are the main features of what may be regarded as the first extensive international commodity agreement to limit exports. There have been other so-called international commodity agreements. France and Germany had an agreement on potash for fixing prices; the copper producers of the world recently reached an agreement on price; but this is the first commodity agreement made to limit the trade in any commodity produced in so many countries through an absolute control of exports.

But the plan briefly given here leaves many points to be cleared up. Suppose the world needs more sugar. With these quotas fixed, if demand should increase in the next few years, what would happen?

Suppose the price of sugar should go up very high as a result of the agreement, would not other countries increase their production?

Isn't there danger of international irritation—the sort that has followed every other commodity agreement when other nations have had to foot the bills?

And how is the agreement to be enforced?

And what about the United States in this situation?

I put these questions to Mr. Chadbourne. Here are his answers:

"Of course we foresaw that, with a return of prosperity, the world might enlarge its appetite for sugar. How can we tell when the world wants more sugar? Very simply. It will go into the market to buy, and the price will go up. When that happens the agreement provides a means of increasing the export quotas of all the countries in order to provide more sugar.

"When we sat down to work out this plan we felt profoundly that to succeed it must enjoy the confidence of world opinion as a plan, not to profiteer, but to protect the interest of producers while at the same time it guarded consumers against excessive prices. So we carefully planned against prices going too high. This is the way we did it:

"When we completed the agreement sugar was selling around 1.2 cents a pound. We hope it will go to at least two cents a pound. This will be taken as evidence that the world wants more sugar and export quotas will be increased by five per cent. When the price reaches 2¼ cents the quotas *may* be increased by another 2½ per cent. But if this is not done and the price goes to 2½ cents, then the quotas *must* be increased by 2½ per cent.

"Only once in a year are these increases obligatory. If the price goes above 2½ cents then the International Sugar Council will have power to make further increases in export quotas if it finds them necessary, so that as prices tend to go up the supplies of sugar will be increased immediately as a means of checking any rise in prices which would encourage other countries to develop sugar plantations in a world which already has too many of them.

"Finally, how do we propose to enforce the agreement? The answer to that question answers another which is doubtless in your mind, namely, What is the International Sugar Council just referred to? This council is a body which has been set up to exercise supervision over the agreement. Each country will have three delegates and each delegation will have a fixed number of votes in the Council—Cuba 35, Java 30, Czechoslovakia 8, Germany and Poland 6 each, Hungary 3 and Belgium 2. A majority of 55 votes will be needed to authorize action. The headquarters of the council will be at The Hague, and $150,000 a year has been provided for its expenses. Over it will preside a chairman who will be a sort of Judge Landis of the sugar-business world.

"Besides this, the plan will have the support of the governments of each country involved in the agreement.

"As to international irritation resulting from this attempt to manage the trade in a commodity which every home must have, I feel sure this will not develop. First of all, no attempt to restrict competition will be made. Each country is at liberty to sell its sugar anywhere in competition with every other country. We have merely attempted to limit overproduction so that planters will get a *price sufficient to cover the cost of* production plus a very moderate profit."

And now what is all this going to cost us—the people who buy sugar in America? Why are American sugar producers not in the agreement? We are not in it because we do not sell any sugar in the markets of the world. We are buyers of sugar. Producers in the United States account for only one sixth of our sugar needs.

Where We Come In

Will this raise the price of sugar in America? If it succeeds it will certainly raise the price of raw sugar by at least a cent a pound. Whether it ought to justify an increase in the price of refined sugar is a subject which the government will perhaps study when the plan gets into effect. If the price goes up, doubtless we will hear an outcry against the wicked foreign sugar combination, which is boosting the price of sugar to our people. In that case we will do well to remember that our own solicitous government has boosted the price of all the sugar we buy at least 2 or 2½ cents in order to protect a handful of sugar growers in this country who furnish us with only one sixth of our sugar.

In any case the agreement is one of the most important ever negotiated. If it raises the price of sugar and if the numerous other agreements now being formed succeed in raising the price of various other raw materials the effect on our business will be quickly noticed.

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Have you a razor blade complex? Do you think—(from sad experience)—that no blade can come between you and your whiskers more than two or three times—without begging for help? • All right. Here's a proposition. Switch to Ammcos for one whole week. Present your stropper, or your honing machine, to Junior and his pals. (*You don't have to strop Ammcos!*) Then slide the *same* Ammco blade 'round your chin, not for just two or three mornings, but for FIVE mornings!—yes, FIVE mornings in a row! And if you don't greet your mirror the fifth time with a happy grin, and say, "Boy, I'm sold! A blade like this makes shaving faster—cheaper—*pleasanter!*"—then a $28,000,000 surety company says, "Return the blades and we return your purchase money!" • Is that fair enough? You have nothing to lose—but your morning grouch—and a lifetime of cleaner, smoother shaves to gain! • Let's go! To the nearest independent dealer. *Now!*

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Ammco blades fit perfectly the type of holder shown here.

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DELICIOUS and invigorating, Hires Root Beer has won first place as a beverage in millions of homes.

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Here is our acquaintance offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients. Absolutely pure—free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

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The Medicine Girl

Continued from page 19

with it. He got the shock of his life when he saw her."

Sally drew a deep breath.

"Oh! Well, that's a relief."

"Glad you're pleased," said Lord Tidmouth politely.

"I thought my patient had had a relapse. Which, after I had been working on him for three weeks, would have been too bad."

Lord Tidmouth was seeing deeper and deeper into this business every moment.

"Old Bill's potty about you," he said.

"Really?"

"And, as for Lottie, if that's the trouble, don't give her another thought. If it's of any interest, she's going to marry *me*."

Sally was surprised.

"You? But that's very rapid, isn't it?"

"Rapid?"

"I mean, you've only seen her about twice, haven't you?"

Lord Tidmouth laughed indulgently.

"My dear old soul," he said, "the above and self were man and wife for years and years and years. . . . Well, at least eighteen months. I am speaking now of some time ago, when I was in my prime."

"You mean, you used to be married to—her?"

"Absolutely. And we've decided to give it another try. You never know but what these things will take better a second time. I think we'll be like the paper on the wall. I can honestly say I've never married a woman I felt more pally towards than Lottie."

SALLY held out her hand.

"I hope you'll be very happy, Lord Tidmouth," she said.

"Thanks," said his lordship. "Thanks frightfully. And you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, my dear old thing . . . I mean, now that you know that Bill's relations with Lottie were strictly on the up-and-up, and realizing, as you must do, that he's perfectly goofy about you, what I'm driving at is, why don't you marry the poor old blighter and put him out of his misery?"

"He's just a rich waster."

"Handsome. . . ."

"Mere conventional good looks."

"Kind to animals."

"Well, I'm not an animal. If ever I fall in love, Lord Tidmouth, it will be with someone who is of some use in the world. Mr. Bannister is not my sort. If he had ever done one decent stroke of work in his life . . ."

"You're pretty strong on work, aren't you?"

"It's my gospel. A man who doesn't work is simply an excrescence on the social fabric."

Lord Tidmouth's monocle fell from its resting-place.

"Pardon me while I wince once more," he said. "That one found a chink in the Tidmouth armor."

"Oh, you!" said Sally, smiling. "One doesn't expect you to work. You're a mere butterfly."

"Pardon me. I may be a butterfly, but I am not mere."

"You're not a bad sort, anyway."

"Dear lady, your words are as music to my ears. Exit rapidly before you change your mind. Teuf-teuf!" said Lord Tidmouth, disappearing in the direction of the breakfast-room.

Sir Hugo came bustling in from the garden. A recent glance at his watch, taken in conjunction with a sense of emptiness, had told him that it was time he breakfasted.

At the sight of Sally, he stopped, astonished.

He peered at her, blinking. He seemed to be wondering whether much anxiety of mind had affected his eyesight.

"Doctor Smith!"

"Good morning, Sir Hugo."

"I had no notion you were here."

"I was sent for—last night—professionally."

"Somebody ill?"

"Not now."

"Are you making a long stay?"

"No. I shall leave almost immediately. I have to be in London for my hospital rounds."

"Oh? Have you seen my nephew William?"

"Not since last night. Lord Tidmouth says he went out to look for you."

"I am most anxious to find him. I have something of the most vital importance to say to him."

"Yes?" said Sally indifferently.

"I am endeavoring to save him from making a ghastly blunder and ruining his whole life. He is on the very verge of taking a step which can only result in the most terrible disaster. . . . By the way, I knew there was something I wanted to ask you. When you putt, which leg do you rest the weight on?"

"I always putt off the left leg."

"Indeed? Now, that's most interesting. The left, eh?"

"Yes."

"Some people say the right."

"Yes. J. H. Taylor says the right."

"Still, Walter Hagen prefers the left."

"He ought to know."

"Yes. I remember seeing Walter Hagen hole a most remarkable putt. He was fully thirty feet from the hole on an undulating green. He . . ." Sir Hugo broke off. Something with the general aspect of a thundercloud had loomed through the French windows. "Ah, William," he said, "I was looking for you."

Bill gazed at him blackly.

"Oh, you were?" he said. "Well, I was looking for *you*. What's all this that Tidmouth tells me?"

"Tidmouth tells you?"

"Yes, Tidmouth tells me."

"Tidmouth tells you?"

A spasm shook Bill.

"Will you stop that cross-talk stuff!" he cried. "What Tidmouth told me was that you had got hold of some asinine idea that I'm in love with Lottie Higginbotham."

"Quite correct. And what I say, William—and I say this very seriously—"

Bill cut in on his oration.

"There's only one woman in the world that I love or ever shall love," he said, "and that's Sally."

"Sally?" said Sir Hugo, blinking.

"I'm Sally," said Sally.

SIR HUGO looked from one to the other. He seemed stunned.

"You love this girl?" he gasped, at length.

"Yes."

Sir Hugo raised both hands, like a minor prophet blessing the people. His mauve face was lit up with a happiness which, as a rule, was only to be found there on the rare occasions when he laid an approach-putt dead.

"My dear boy!" he boomed. "My dear young lady! This is the most wonderful news I have ever had. Bless you, bless you. My dear Doctor, take him! Take him, I say, and may he be as happy as I should be in his place. I'll leave you. Naturally you wish to be alone. Dear me, this is splendid news. William, you have made me a very happy man. What did you say your handicap was, my dear?"

"Six—at Garden City."

"Six at Garden City! Wonderful! What the Bannisters need," said Sir Hugo, "is a golfer like you in the family."

He toddled off, rejoicing, to his breakfast.

BILL laughed nervously.

"I'm afraid," he said, "Uncle was a little premature."

"A little, perhaps."

"But don't you think . . ."

"No, I'm afraid not."

"I had nothing to do with Lottie's being here last night."

"I know that."

"And doesn't it make any difference?"

"No."

"But, Sally . . ."

"No. I'm afraid you're not my sort of man."

"I love you."

"Is love everything?"

"Yes."

"No," said Sally. "Respect matters, too."

"I see. You despise me?"

"Not despise. But I can't take you seriously."

"I see."

She thought that he was going to say more, but he stopped there. He walked to the desk and sat down.

"I'm sorry," said Sally.

"Don't mention it," said Bill coldly. "Have you had breakfast?"

"Not yet."

"You'd better go along and have it, then. It's in the morning-room."

"Aren't you having any?"

"I had a cup of coffee just now in the kitchen. I don't want any more."

"Have I spoiled your appetite?" asked Sally demurely.

"Not at all," said Bill with dignity. "I very seldom eat much breakfast."

"Nor do I. A very healthful plan."

Bill had opened the drawer of the desk, and was pulling papers out of it. He spoke without looking up, and his tone was frigid.

"You will excuse me, won't you?" he said formally.

Sally was curious.

"What are you doing?"

"I thought of doing a little work."

Sally gasped.

"Work?" she cried, astounded.

She drew a step nearer, her eyes round.

"Yes," said Bill, aloofly. "Business connected with the estate. I've been neglecting it."

"Work!" said Sally, in a whisper.

Bill regarded her coldly.

"You won't think me rude? I've got rather behindhand. I've been a little worried lately."

"I didn't know you ever did any work!"

"Oh? Well, I do. A considerable amount of work. Do you suppose a place like this runs itself?"

"But I never dreamed of this," said Sally, still in the same hushed voice. "Do you mind if I sit here? I won't disturb you."

"Please do," said Bill indifferently.

She settled herself in a chair, and sat watching him. Ostentatiously ignoring her presence, he started to busy himself with the papers.

Some moments passed.

"How are you getting on?" she asked.

"All right, thanks."

"I won't disturb you."

(Continued on page 40)

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QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN TOO!
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan.

SHE SPENT HER VACATION IN A PORCH-CHAIR BECAUSE SHE NEGLECTED "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● All summer she had counted on making her vacation one continual set of tennis. But now, when the men begged her to play, she had to refuse and watch them from the porch-chair.

In other words, she had a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." Between four toes the skin was cracked, red, raw and had begun to peel—just because she didn't know this infection might cause real trouble when neglected.

Only two short weeks ago there was just a tiny wet spot beneath one toe. At night it itched a little, the skin looked unpleasantly moist and dead. Not serious *then*, she passed these symptoms* without a second thought.

Don't YOU take chances with this infection

If you want to enjoy your favorite sports, your week-end jaunts this summer, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet at the slightest symptom* of "Athlete's Foot," which is caused by a tiny parasite called *tinea trichophyton*.

It may attack you any time, any place, for the startling reason that it lurks *simply everywhere*—on the edges of swimming pools, on beach walks, bathhouses, locker- and dressing-rooms—even on the tile floor of your spotless bathroom. And, according to thousands of newspapers, which have published warning time and again against this parasite, it has infected at least 10,000,000 people in America today!

Use Absorbine Jr.; it kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Strange to say this germ, *tinea trichophyton*, thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, once it is imbedded. But at the first sign of this stubborn infection, you can rub Absorbine Jr. well between your toes, morning and night, and after every bath.

Laboratory tests have shown that it kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it can reach the parasite causing "Athlete's Foot." Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign*—itching skin between the toes, cracks, redness, or moist white spots—douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep dousing it on*, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time, after every exposure of bare feet to damp surfaces.

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for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

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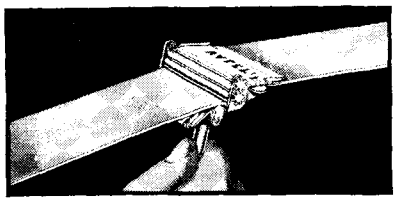
MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET
—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

A little more precision . . A lot better result

RADIO programs are perfectly timed—click through like clock-work when an alert engineer is at the controls. In radio broadcasting—as in most activities—precision is vital. The new Valet blade is built to the highest known precision standards. Its exactness in manufacture and finish has won the preference of metallurgists and dermatologists—men who know steel and those who know faces. Join the world's most discriminating class of shavers. Shave with the blade that's easy on the face—helps keep the skin healthy and clear.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel



VALET AutoStrop
RAZORS AND BLADES

The Medicine Girl

Continued from page 38

"That's all right."

"You don't mind my sitting here?" said Sally.

"Not at all."

"Just go on as if I were not here."

"Very well."

"I would hate to feel I was disturbing you."

"Kind of you."

"So I won't say another word."

"All right."

There was a brief interval of silence. Then Sally got up and stood behind him.

"What are you working at?" she asked.

Bill looked up and answered distantly:

"Well, if the information conveys anything to you, I am writing out an order for some new Alpha separators."

"Alpha . . . what?"

"Separators. They are machines you use to separate the cream from the milk."

"HOW interesting!" She came closer. "Why do you want Alpha separators?"

"Because I happen to own a dairy farm."

"You do? Tell me more."

"More what?"

"More about your dairy farm."

Bill raised his eyebrows.

"Why? Does it interest you?"

"Tremendously," said Sally. "Anything to do with work interests me. . . . An Alpha separator; it sounds complicated."

"Why?"

"Well, it does."

"It isn't. If you're really interested. . . ."

"Oh, I am."

Bill's manner lost something of its frigidity. His dairy farm was very near to his heart. He had fussed over it for years, as if it had been a baby sister, and he welcomed the chance of holding forth on the subject. So few people ever allowed him to do so.

"It's based on centrifugal force," he said.

"Yes?"

"Here's a diagram." An ardent note came into his voice. "That thing there is the reservoir."

"I see."

"Below it," proceeded Bill emotionally, "is the regulator with a float valve. . . ."

"Go on," said Sally thrilled.

All the coldness had now left Bill Bannister's demeanor and speech. An almost fanatical note had replaced it. He spoke with a loving warmth which would have excited the respectful envy of the author of the Song of Solomon.

"As soon as the regulator is full," he said, his eyes shining with a strange light, "the float valve shuts off the influx."

Sally was all enthusiasm.

"How frightfully clever of it!"

"Shall I tell you something?" said Bill, growing still more ardent.

"Do!"

"That machine," said Bill devoutly, "can separate two thousand seven hundred and twenty-four quarts of milk in an hour!"

Sally closed her eyes ecstatically.

"Two thousand . . ."

". . . seven hundred and twenty-four."

They looked at each other in silence.

"It's the most wonderful thing I ever heard," whispered Sally.

Bill beamed.

"I thought you'd be pleased."

"Oh, I *am!*" She pointed. "And what's that little ninctobinkus?"

"That?" Bill paused, the better to prepare her for the big news. "That," he said passionately, "is the Holstein butter churner."

"O-o-oh!" breathed Sally.

He looked at her anxiously.

"Is anything the matter?"

"No, no. Go on talking."

"About milk?"

Sally nodded.

"Yes," she said. "I never knew it could be so exciting. Do you get your milk from contented cows?"

"They've never complained to me yet," said Bill. He placed his finger on the paper. "See that thing? The sterilizer!"

"Wonderful!" said Sally.

"That's the boiler there. At seventy degrees centigrade the obligatory and optional bacteria are destroyed."

"Serve them right!" said Sally. She looked at him with almost uncontrollable excitement. "Do you mean seriously to tell me," she asked, "that you are familiar with the bacteria of milk?"

"Of course I am."

Sally's eyes danced delightedly.

"But this is extraordinary!" she cried. "The cavillus acidi-lactici. . . ."

"The bacillus lactis acidi. . . ."

"The bacterium koli. . . ."

"The bacillus erogenes. . . ."

"The proteus vulgaris. . . ."

"The streptococci. . . ."

"The colosiridium butyricum. . . ."

"The bacillus butyricus," cried Bill, rolling the words round his tongue in an ecstasy. "The bacillus sluorovenus. *And* the penicillium glaucum!"

Sally leaned on the desk. She felt weak.

"Great heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"It can't be possible!"

"What?"

"That you actually do know something about something, after all," said Sally, staring at him. "You really do do work—decent, honest, respectable work!"

THE fanatic milk-gleam died out of Bill's eyes. Her words had reminded him that this was no congenial crony who stood before him, but the girl who had flouted his deepest feelings; who had laughed and mocked at his protestations of love; who had told him in so many words that he was not a person to be taken seriously.

He stiffened. His manner took on a cold hostility once more.

"I do," he said. "And from now on I'm going to work harder than ever. Don't you imagine," he went on, his eyes stony and forbidding, "that, just because you've turned me down, I'm going to sit moaning and fussing over my broken heart. I'm going to *work*, and not think about you any more."

Sally beamed.

"That's the stuff!"

"I shall forget you."

"Fine!"

"Completely."

"Splendid!"

"Put you right out of my mind forever."

"Magnificent!"

Bill thumped the desk with a hamlike fist.

"As soon as you have left this house," he said, "I shall order new tractors."

"Yes, do," said Sally.

"New harrows," said Bill, remorselessly.

"Bravo!"

"And fertilizers."

Sally's eyes were shining.

"Fertilizers, too!"

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"Also," thundered Bill, "Chile saltpetre and Thomas tap-cinders."

"*Not* Thomas tap-cinders?"

"Yes. Thomas tap-cinders," said Bill uncompromisingly.

"I never heard anything so absolutely glorious in my life," said Sally.

The telephone rang sharply. Bill took up the receiver.

"Hullo? This is Mr. Bannister. . . . For you," he said, handing her the instrument.

Sally sat on the desk.

"Hello?" she said. "Yes, speaking. . . . Now? . . . Quite impossible, I'm afraid. . . . You might try Doctor Borstal. He substitutes for me . . . I can't possibly leave here now. The case I am attending is very serious. Much more serious than I thought. . . . Good-by."

THE interruption had caused another radical alteration in Bill Bannister's feelings. Forgotten were the stout-hearted words of a moment ago. Looking hungrily at Sally, as she sat swinging her feet from the desk, he melted again. Forget her? Put her right out of his mind? He couldn't do it in a million years.

"Sally . . ." he cried.

She had jumped off the desk and was fumbling in her bag.

"One moment," she said. "I'm looking for my thermometer."

"Are you feverish?"

"That's just what I want to find out."

"Sally . . ."

"Go on," she said. "I'm listening."

She put the thermometer in her mouth. Bill stood over her, though every instinct urged him to grovel on the floor. He was desperate now. The thought that soon she would be gone—right out of his life—lent him an unusual eloquence.

"Sally . . . Sally . . . Sally . . . I love you. I know you're sick of hearing me say it, but I can't help myself. I love you. I love you."

Sally nodded encouragingly.

"M'hm," she said.

"I never knew how much I loved you till I saw you here—among my things—sitting on my desk— Won't you marry me, Sally? Think of all the fun we'd have. You would love this place. We would ride every morning through the fields, with the clean, fresh wind blowing in our faces."

"M'hm."

"And all around us there would be life and movement . . . things growing . . . human beings like carved statues against the morning sky. . . . The good smell of the earth. . . . Animals. . . . Benzine and crude oil. . . . Benzine and crude oil, Sally!"

"M'hm!"

"It's summer. The fields would be like gold in the morning. Sparkling in the sun. Harvest time. Ripe wheat. Do you hear, Sally? Ripe wheat shining in the summer sun, and you and I riding together . . . oh, Sally!"

She drew the thermometer from her mouth.

"I have no fever," she said.

"Sally . . ."

"But I'm trembling, and my pulse is a hundred and ten. And—do you know—?"

"What?"

"I've lost control of my vascular motors."

"Sally!"

"One moment. I am faced with the most difficult diagnosis of my career. I ascertain the following: The organs are intact. I have no pain. No fever. But the pulse is a hundred and ten. The reflexes are heightened. On the periphery of the skin I note a strong radiation of warmth. A slight twitching in the nape of the neck. The hands tremble. The heart action is quickened. Every symptom points to something serious . . . something very serious indeed."

"You're ill!"

"I'm not ill. I'm in love. Yes, that is what I diagnose. . . . Acute love!"

She looked at him.

"Do you remember what I said to you that day we met? If ever I found a man I could love I would tell him so as frankly as if I were saying good morning."

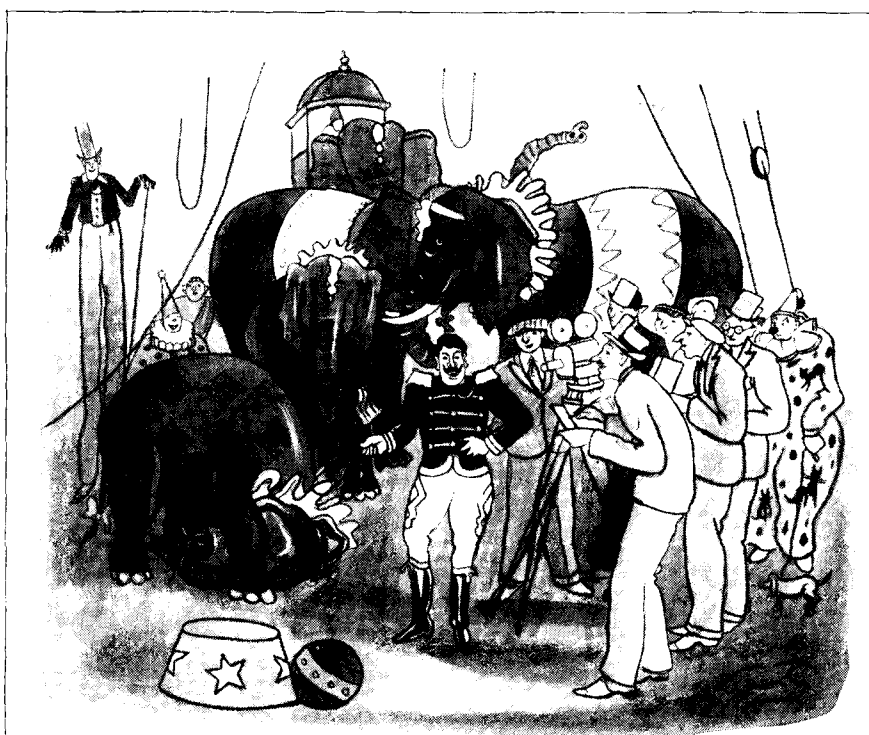
SHE came towards him, holding out her hands.

"Good morning, Bill!"

"I say," said Lord Tidmouth, manifesting himself suddenly in the doorway, "do you two know that breakfast . . ." He broke off. His educated eye, trained by years of marrying one woman after another with scarcely a breathing space in between, had taken in the situation at a glance. "Sorry!" he said. "Excuse it, please!"

The door closed. From the passage beyond they heard his voice announcing that he feared no foe in shining armor.

THE END



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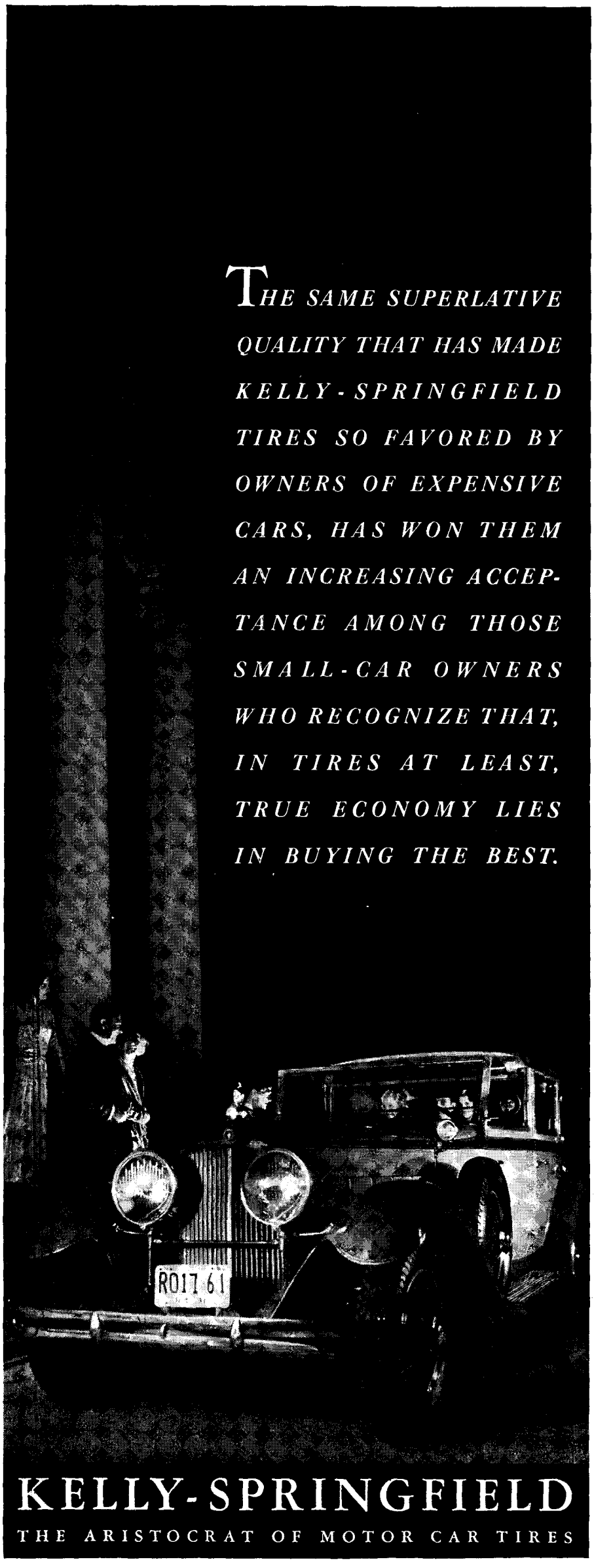
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KELLY-SPRINGFIELD
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTOR CAR TIRES

"See here, my man—do you know you're holding up the game?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North	
	S. Q-J-10-3-2	
	H. K-Q-6-4	
	D. A-2	
	C. A-Q	
West		*East*
S. A-7-4		S. K-8-6-5
H. 5-3		H. 8-2
D. 9-7-4-3		D. 10-8-6-5
C. 10-8-5-2		C. K-7-4
	South (Dealer)	
	S. 9	
	H. A-J-10-9-7	
	D. K-Q-J	
	C. J-9-6-3	

IF THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, had been dealt in a game of Auction Bridge, the bidding would be quite tame as South would obtain an uncontested contract with a bid of one Heart.

At Contract Bridge, the bidding might proceed along either of two lines after South had started with one Heart. West would pass, and North would then have the option of developing the hand slowly or jumping at once to the slam suggesting five Hearts. His hand for Hearts contains 2½ raisers in the Heart suit, ½ in Spades, 1½ in Diamonds, and 2 in Clubs—a total of 6½.

In counting the raisers, length in the Heart suit and shortness in the minor suits are included. Six and a half raisers is just the amount which justifies the slam-suggesting five-bid over partner's bid of one, and asks partner to bid the slam if his hand contains anything more than a minimum one-bid. So if North should bid five Hearts, South would bid six.

The other method of bidding was adopted when the hand was played. North bid two Spades over South's one Heart which, being a jump-shift into another suit, was a forcing bid and required South to keep the bidding open. South responded by bidding three Hearts, showing that he had five Hearts and ample strength to play with that suit the trump. North's second bid was five Hearts, and South, having more than a minimum one-bid, then called six.

The play developed interest as soon as the first card was led. West, with no advantageous lead, preferred the four-card minor headed by the Ten and led with the Deuce of Clubs. Declarer, playing for twelve tricks, now realized that there was no possible way in which he could avoid losing one Spade and so he could not afford to lose any other trick. The loss of a Club would be fatal. While West might have been leading from the King and three other Clubs, that is the sort of suit which a leader avoids opening and the King of Clubs probably was held by East. West's lead of the Deuce showed that East held exactly three Clubs, and North could discard his Queen of Clubs on a Diamond lead by South; so Declarer played the Ace instead of the tempting Queen.

To tricks 2 and 3 the Ace and Deuce of Diamonds were led, South winning the latter and immediately leading a third Diamond on which North discarded his Queen of Clubs. Declarer now had all the good trumps, a Spade that must lose, and Clubs that dummy could ruff. To trick 5 South led the Six of Clubs and, knowing from the original Deuce-lead by West that East still had two Clubs, ruffed with the Four in dummy.

A trump lead would have been perfectly safe, supposing East to hold the King of Clubs, but if West had led from the King and a second Club ruff would not make South's Club a winner, this lead might be unfortunate.

At trick 6 North led the Spade Deuce and South played the singleton Nine which was won by West's Ace; but that did not mean necessarily that West did not hold the King of Spades. With Ace and King he would doubtless have false-carded.

West now led a trump, that seeming to be his best defense. North played the Six, East the Eight, South won with the Jack and the game had developed into a cinch for Declarer. South next led his Nine of Clubs and dummy ruffed. When the King of Clubs fell from the East hand, making South's Jack good, the adverse trumps were all dropped, North leading the King of trumps and South overtaking. Declarer then had a showdown. If the King of Clubs had not dropped, the slam would still have been scored as a Spade could have been led, trumped by South and then the last Club led on which North would have played the King of Hearts, leaving South with three trumps, all winners.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 10-8-6	S. K-7-4
H. Q-7-4	H. K-J-6-5-2
D. J-7-4-2	D. Q
C. K-8-5	C. J-9-4-2
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. A-9-5-3-2	S. Q-J
H. 9-8	H. A-10-3
D. 9-8-6-5	D. A-K-10-3
C. Q-10	C. A-7-6-3

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Irish Eyes

Continued from page 9

had rarely gone ahead farther than the next meal, the next month's twenty-seven and a half dollars for rent.

During the war the rent had jumped to forty-two dollars, and Joe and Marg'ret, mere children, had gone stanchly to work to help Mamma. But now the rent was lower than it had ever been, and Marg'ret and the second son, Neely, were both married, and times were different. The broad, flushed face that was turned with a smile to welcome Sheila had no wrinkles in it, the teeth were still white.

"It's a terrible night, isn't it?" she said.

"Awful!" Sheila agreed. Her mother made the tut-tutting sound that was her contribution to every conversation, soon or late. Cheerful and brave, she yet found much in life to deplore. She turned back to the stove.

A black-haired young man was buried in a newspaper at the table. Sheila's brother Joe. She addressed him:

"Aren't you home early, Joe?"

HER mother caught her attention by a waving hand, signaled silence.

"Leave him be!" her lips said soundlessly. Sheila raised her dark eyebrows.

With no further word, but with an elaborately bewildered expression, she went into the middle room, added her hat and coat to the general congestion there, and returned to the kitchen, moving her tired forehead and her silky hair with ten firmly pressed fingers. She sank into a chair at the table.

Plates, pepper and salt, spoons and forks had been languidly distributed here and there; the mother immediately put on a large teapot. Butter appeared, and cream, thick and yellow, occupying two thirds of a crusted and streaked bottle.

"Come on, Joe!" Sheila said suddenly; "let's eat!"

Her sister Angela, seventeen and delicate, came limping in just before they began, and smiled at Sheila as she slipped into her chair. Angela had been a "posthumious" child, according to her mother; she had been born in the very center of the infantile paralysis panic, war clouds had gathered about her fatherless little downy head. But Angela radiated sweetness, happiness, content.

"I've been over at Mrs. Burke's," she explained to Sheila.

"Expectin' company!" the mother added, with deep significance, and a warning glance at the absorbed Joe.

"Already!" Sheila exclaimed, pouring tea. "I thought it wasn't until next month. Poor thing—"

Joe put aside his paper, was suddenly with them. His face was dark.

"Joe," Angela said, pushing his cup toward him, "why don't you try Ragan's again? They liked you, when you substituted there three years ago."

"Ragan's is shut down; I was 'round there this afternoon," Joe answered. Nobody ever spoke roughly to Angela, but he spoke surlily enough, without looking up.

Sheila sent a wide-eyed glance about the circle, nodded; Joe had been fired, eh? Joe—the incomparable one—

"What do you know?" she asked, "*I* was fired this afternoon, too!" Suddenly she didn't care. Let the skies fall!

"What!" Joe exclaimed. Their mother looked up, with her ready tut-tutting noise.

"It's a terrible winter; there's many worse off than ourselves," she said, vaguely moralizing.

"We're going to be bad enough off," Joe told her, darkly, going on with his meal.

"Sheila, they never fired you!" Angela's grieved, sweet little voice said sadly.

"Indeed they did, then. He said I was too fresh."

Mrs. Carscadden was pouring tea in her turn. She looked at her daughter patiently.

"You'd be saucy to the boss," she observed mildly.

"Oh, well, this is only Wednesday, and I'm there till Saturday," Sheila said lazily.

"There's hard times coming to this city that you don't know the meaning of," Joe observed, without looking up.

"But *you'll* get another job, Joe," Angela said, anxiously.

"Oh, sure I will!" he answered, glancing up with an effort. "But it gripes me," he added resentfully, "to have Sheila here act as if it was all a joke."

"Well, it is," Sheila assured him, good-naturedly.

She was relaxed and lazy, her senses dulled by the food and warmth and leisure into a pleasant sort of torpor.

Joe looked at her, and her blue-and-cream-and-copper beauty blazed back at him like a star. There was a faint stain of color in her cheeks now, her eyes smoldered with smoky sapphire shadows, the film of silky hair was sprayed once more across her forehead.

"Sure, I'll get a job, all right," Joe grumbled, mollified. He was secretly proud of Sheila and even comforted, deep in his heart, by the spirit she showed. But he was tired, angry, jobless, young and in love. He thought of Cecilia.

As if she read his thoughts—indeed, she often seemed to do so—Sheila's next words were of Cecilia.

"We came home together, Cecilia and I."

"None of you'll ever know the har'rd times I've known," the mother's voice said, dreamily.

"I'm going down to see her, now."

"Going to tell her, Joe?"

"Ford," Joe said, brooding, "asked me would I take a steward's job on a fruit boat. A swell chance!"

"Oh, heavens, what fun!" Sheila exclaimed, her eyes dancing.

"Forty a month," he muttered.

"But all your expenses, Joe!"

"I TURNED it down. I'm going to get forty a week, or nothing," he said stubbornly.

"Eight pound a month would be big money, at home," Mrs. Carscadden mused.

"Mrs. Carscadden, me dear'r," said a gentle voice at the door. A neighbor had unceremoniously opened it. "Mrs. Bur'rke have a kind of t'umpin' and t'robbin' that do hur'rt her head very bad on her—" she announced apologetically.

"Oh, God help the poor soul—and me ating me supper!" the other woman exclaimed, instantly rising. Immediately she was gone, and Joe had disappeared, too, leaping downstairs on his long legs, to see his Cecilia.

Sheila and Angela finished their tea peacefully, cleared the kitchen and then sat on lazily, chatting, laughing.

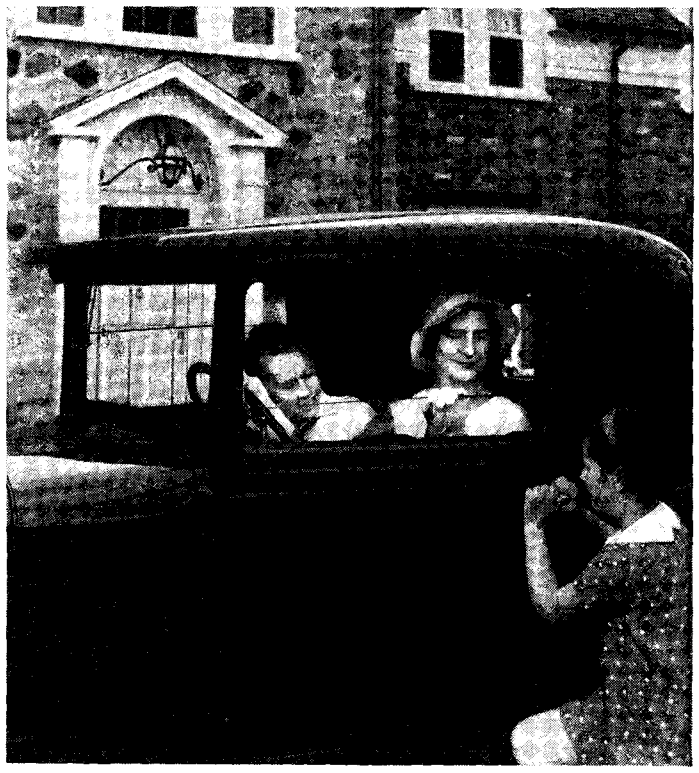
"Oh, wait until I show you my new purse, Angela!"

Sheila went to get it. She returned to the kitchen and put it into her sister's hands, and Angela turned the dark smooth beauty of the leather back and forth admiringly.

(Continued on page 44)

COMMON SENSE DEMANDS SAFETY GLASS

PROTECTION FOR YOUR FAMILY



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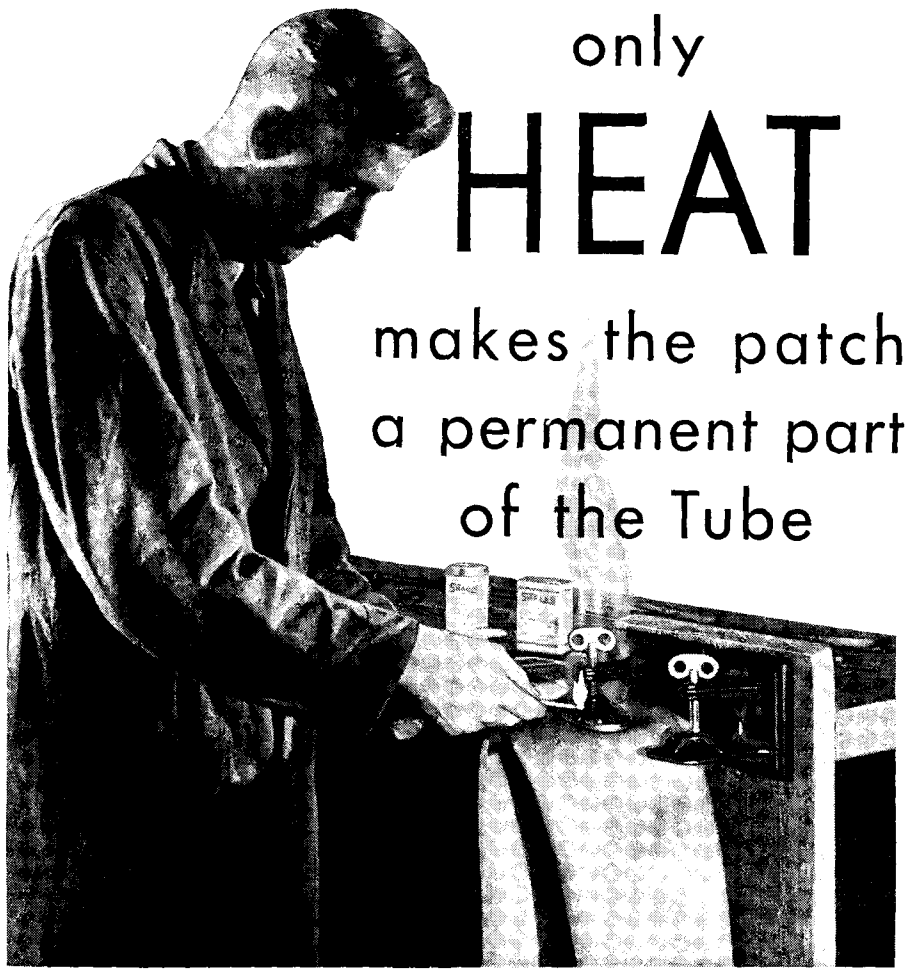

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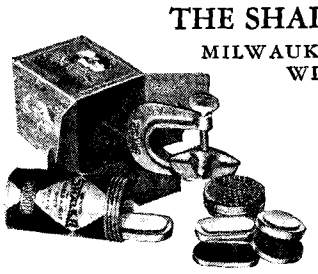

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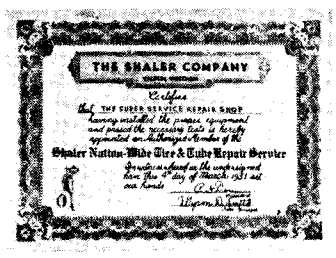

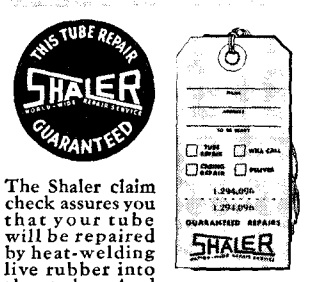

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Dealers: Join with us in this nation-wide repair service. Write *today* for details.

SHALER
NATION-WIDE REPAIR SERVICE

(Continued from page 43)

"Guess what I paid for it. Ten cents."

"You didn't!"

"I did. At the rummage sale at St. Leo's. I went in there at noon."

"Ten cents!"

"It has initials on it—they're inside. That's why it was cheap. But what do I care about that? I'll bet it cost a lot, once."

Angela opened the flap, looked at the three initials.

"G. C. K.," she read aloud, and then a number on East Eighty-eighth Street.

"It's a swell—it's a grand—it's some address," Sheila commented.

"I'll bet," Angela said dreamily, "that she's a society girl. It looks as if it went with—with clothes—"

"I'll bet you," Sheila took it up, as her sister paused, "she had a dark-blue suit from Blainstynes and a blue felt hat and gardenias—about four in a line, you know—and white gloves and net stockings and new patent-leathers."

"I'll bet she had a sable fur."

"I'll bet she did."

"SHEILA, what do you suppose it feels like?"

"To be rich?"

"Well. To have everything."

Sheila sighed.

"I've often looked at those big apartments—"

"Complex, you mean," Angela supplied eagerly.

"Duplex, yes. And at those big brownstone houses, the old-fashioned kind. I've often wondered how it felt to just walk in—"

"Sheila, have you ever been in a house, a regular city house, with an upstairs and downstairs?"

Sheila pondered.

"Doctor Kelly's has an upstairs, but I've never seen anything but the office," she suggested, after a minute.

"Oh, sure it has! I remember his wife came downstairs once, with a little boy. And Josie's place has upstairs—her place at Rockaway—because she said she was going to rent her upstairs rooms. But I've never seen it," the younger sister said.

"Angela, here's what I want to know—" Sheila began suddenly, and stopped. Angela looked at her curiously; there was an odd expression on Sheila's face.

"Here's what I was thinking," Sheila said, and hesitated again. "I was thinking," she pursued, "that—that there must be something—*something* in some girls that makes them different from the others—that lifts them out—out of it."

"Out of what?" Angela asked intently.

"Well, everything. Poverty, hard work—this," Sheila answered, with a gesture that included the kitchen, and the poor apartment, and the house that contained them. "Lots of the women who are rich today were poor once; they were office girls once," she explained. "What I want to know is, what got them out of it, what changed things?"

"Prayer," Angela answered instantly.

"Oh, prayer! I might have known you'd say prayer!" Sheila exclaimed, disappointed. Tears stood in her laughing eyes. "But I mean something else than prayer," she explained.

"There *is* nothing else but prayer," Angela stated solemnly.

"You can't tell me that all the rich women whose pictures are in the society sections on Sundays got there by prayer!"

"Oh, no, Sheila, of course not. But what have they got, after all? How much does the honor and glory of God—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Sheila interrupted. And suddenly covering her face with her hands, she was crying.

Angela knew these tears. The stormy, brilliant older sister gave way to them almost as readily as to laughter, if less often. But they always wrung Angela's heart, nevertheless.

She moved her chair next to Sheila's chair, put her hand persuasively on Sheila's arm, murmured the old, old comfort. Sheila was going to get out of all this—they all were—packs of people did. The Mooneys and the Drakes and the Wolfes—why, hadn't they all been the poor, obscure sons of Irish immigrants a few years ago? And Sheila had something none of them had, and everyone knew it. Sister Cleodine had said that Sheila was the most brilliant girl who ever went to St. Damien's, hadn't she? And hadn't Sheila won the evening newspaper prize for getting words out of the letters in "Daily Sunset"?

Presently Sheila stopped crying as abruptly as she had begun and, straightening up, dried her eyes firmly, sniffed, gulped, and smiled at her sister.

"This girl," she said, touching the blue purse and speaking in a voice made rich and thick from tears, "this girl probably spends three months in the country every year. If she meets a man, all she has to do is ask him to come to dinner. Chicken, ice cream, clean tablecloth—she has 'em every day. If I meet a man I like, what break do I get? I don't even know his last name!"

"You mean Peter?" Angela asked, timidly.

"Peter—what?" Sheila said, blowing her nose again, looking defiantly at her sister, with a reddened nose and wet eyes. "I met him my last night of vacation, at a barbecue. I had to leave next morning. There are seven million people in this city; there are five hundred thousand women working. A swell chance I have of ever finding him again!"

Angela's expression was one of infinite distress. But she spoke courageously.

"God could do it."

"Well, then, why doesn't He?" the other girl demanded. "I walk up a different street every day at noon. I look at every boy I see in the subway. I've never seen him."

"Maybe you do too much," Angela suggested unexpectedly. "Maybe you ought to just—trust."

"And then he'd open the door of the kitchen and put his head in?"

"It mightn't—happen that way."

"How would it happen?"

"In some way we couldn't see coming, Sheila." Angela was very serious. Sheila stared at her: spoke impulsively.

"Well, will *you* pray about it, Angela, if I stop?"

"I *am* praying about it!" Angela said, her cheeks red.

"What, now?"

"Right now. And I'm remembering," said Angela, "that without this kitchen door opening—without anyone coming in—it could begin."

THERE was a pause. "It's one minute to nine," Sheila said, then, yawning and smiling and stretching, "and when the clock strikes, I'm going to bed."

The kitchen door did not open; there was no telephone to ring; the radio was still. Yet, before the clock struck, the beginning of the miracle was upon them, and the current of Sheila Carscadden's life had changed forever. Long afterward, she was to look back upon this quiet evening with Angela, look back upon the rebellious, copper-headed girl who had been laughing and crying in the chair opposite Angela, and ask herself, if she *could* call back that too-potent prayer from her innocent little sister, whether she would do so or no.

(To be continued next week)

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Assorted Rôles

Continued from page 22

stage and accordingly wrote to a manager who was about to produce the play concerning Napoleon called The Royal Divorce. Naïvely she proposed playing no less a part than Josephine. She was given instead the ingénue lead.

Immediately her mind was set on America. It was the heaven of actresses. She played in her own country for a time, touring in a repertory company.

In 1918 she and her mother landed in California with a letter or two to "some people in motion pictures."

"They didn't want me," is Miss Anderson's only comment on that, and then, "I must have been a strange oddment—too thin, didn't know how to wear clothes or what to do with my hair."

Going the Rounds

New York was their only hope. In Chicago they broke their last hundred-dollar bill to buy tickets east.

She had heard of Belasco. She would see him—all would be well. For the first night they stopped in a hotel near the Belasco Theater. But Mr. Belasco had no need of Judith Anderson—not till later when she played for him through two seasons in The Dove. Then they sought another place to live. For a year she walked up and down the stairs to managers' offices—"Nothing today"—"Come in in about six weeks"—"You're not the type." Her mother, who knew nothing of sewing, sewed—and they ate, perhaps not too much.

It was a bad year. Influenza hit town. It hit both her and her mother. Then she got up and went out again, to hunt for a job. Going up Broadway and feeling too weak to go farther, she crossed the street to an office where the people had been rather kind. She thought she could sit and rest there a while. Someone did not know she had come only to rest—he came out and gave her a job.

The engagement was with a stock company in Fourteenth Street—second leads, forty dollars a week and supply your own clothes. The next season she advanced to leads and ten dollars more. Then came a part in the road company of Dear Brutus and, following that, a chance in Peter Weston, which ran a short time in New York and a longer time in Chicago. She came back to New York again.

Finally a hurry call arrived from an office where they were casting. Looking about for something to wear to the interview, she realized that the most possible dress was not her own but a yellow silk one that a friend had left in her room. How it came to be there she didn't know, but the friend said she could wear it. It was much too large. She pinned it more tightly around her.

"The part turned out to be that of a vamp. They looked at me and said 'No,' then they looked at the line of the yellow dress and said there might be possibilities."

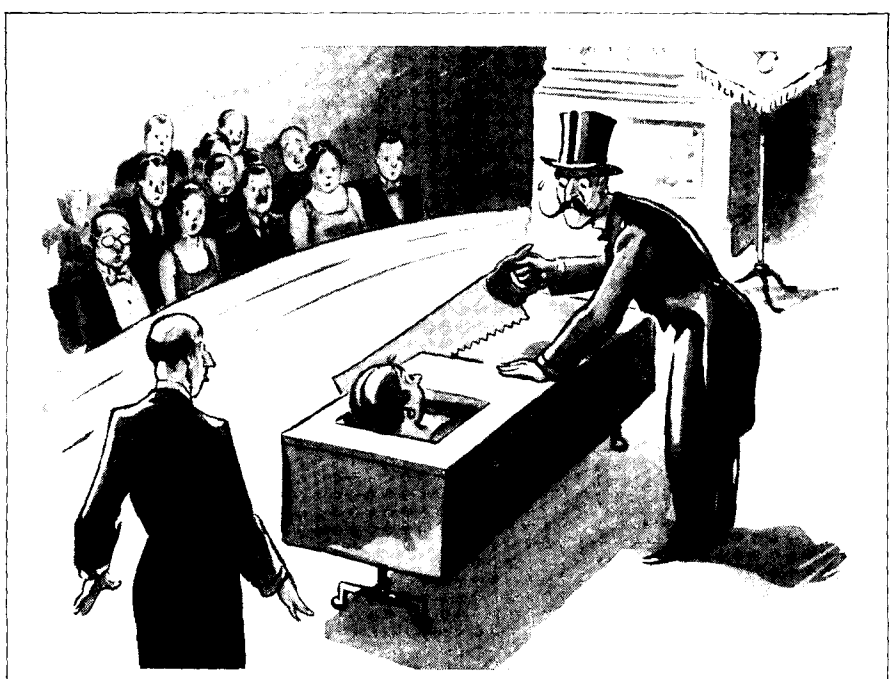
That, with a slightly sardonic smile, is Miss Anderson's explanation of her engagement for Cobra. She didn't know much about vamping then. Her mother's careful training had fitted her chiefly for being shocked at the offer of the rôle of a vamp.

Perhaps Judith Anderson had had no training in the ways of a siren, but she had magnetism, a richly toned voice, and a body whose line was beautiful even in a dress not made for it; she knew human beings, and instinctively she knew more about acting than many actresses whose names were in lights at that moment. New York burst into cheers. She raised Cobra from a mediocre play to a sensation.

"Who Am I?"

From Cobra to As You Desire Me, she has followed a peculiar and varied path of progression. This year, with one voice the critics hailed her characterization of Pirandello's mysterious lady as the most outstanding performance of the season.

But all these facts do not account for Judith Anderson. They exist only as parts of the background of a pattern woven of the vivid hues of an emotional grace and the strong threads of inherent sincerity. Judith Anderson, actress, was *not* born in Australia, nor does she live in New York. She belongs to no single locale. She is not the heartbroken girl of Behold the Bridegroom, nor the strange woman of As You Desire Me. She may look back at the parts she has played; she may look in the mirror at home and, unless that mirror is cosmic in its answer, she may—but her sense of humor won't let her, so let's say she *might*—stand, a white flame in a flood of light, quite logically and a little quizzically ask, "O God, who am I?"



"Good heavens, woman, are you wearing corsets?"

Winner

. . . not by a hair, but a head of hair

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• • •

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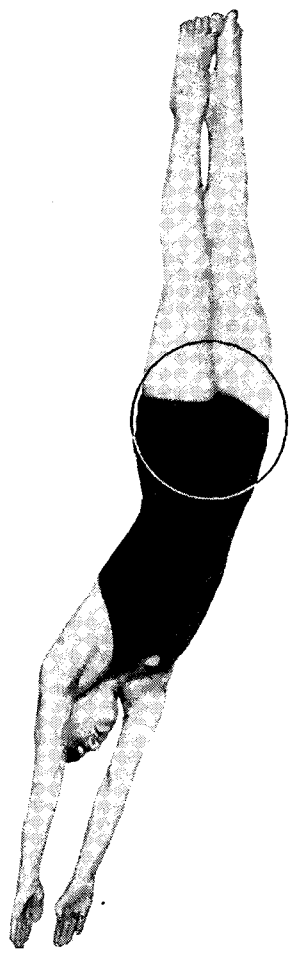

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A *good* supporter. That certainly describes PAL, favorite of college and big-league athletes. There is *de luxe* quality in PAL—exclusive features like the stout, rubber-cored ribs reinforcing its soft knitted pouch—the utmost in safety, comfort, and long-service economy. In three styles at two prices, $1.00 and $1.50.

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The Look of Scorn

Continued from page 17

"Well, at least we won't have the usual pest of airplanes buzzing around this week-end."

"There's a mail-plane goes right over the house every night about dinner-time."

"You must all stay to dinner," said Elsie.

Hugh got up abruptly. He looked thin and fierce and tall; unusually tall.

"Thanks," he said. "I've got to be going. Work to do. Thanks for the drink, Elsie."

"You're welcome, always, Hugh."

The boy turned to Marta.

"Good-by, Marta," he said.

"Not like that," said Marta.

She rose from her chair. There was neither apology nor bravado in her manner. She did not even glance at Philip as she said simply to Hugh: "I'll walk out to the road with you."

"All right," said the boy. He nodded to Philip and me, took Marta's arm, and together they walked out of the house into the fog.

THE next half hour was a painful duet of dissimulation between Philip Blake and me. Elsie had left us to assemble the buffet supper on the dining-room table. Philip and I talked. We talked of everything from the decline and fall of the stock market to the revised rules of squash. We mentioned the weather—frequently; and at least three times I gave it as my mature opinion that the mail-plane would not roar down our chimney that evening.

At last Elsie rejoined us. She had the relieved expression that housewives wear when they've made sure there's enough food in the house for unexpected guests. (Marta and Phil would certainly stay for supper.) I gave my wife a loving look, poured her a dividend from the cocktail shaker and said I guessed I'd go out and see what had happened to Marta.

"I'll go," said Phil.

"Oh, no," I said. "You stay here and talk to Elsie. She wants to know what's happened to her telephone stocks. Neither of them has been well lately."

It was almost night and the garden was drowned in mist. I had to grope my way along the path. It gave me a sense of strangeness, of being lost in a world whose profoundest realities—for all our childish assumptions of familiarity with them—would always remain a mystery. I was lost in my own garden.

Marta was sitting on a bench by the outer gate. I sat down beside her and took her hand. For a while neither of us spoke. Then she said suddenly: "I can't smash everything because of one look on a boy's face! I can't change my life because of a look—!"

"Tell me, Marta."

"I don't know how. It's so little, so tiny, so—so tremendously nothing. I'm cracked, I guess."

"What did he say?"

"It isn't what he said."

"But what?"

"Oh, the usual things. . . . That he loved me and wanted me, even now. He said he'd no doubt my marriage would be successful, in a way, but that it wasn't my way and never would be. He said I belonged to him and—please don't laugh, darling—and to God."

"To—? Does Hugh believe in God?"

"He believes in a Being, a Something, a Power. . . . And he said that this Power was in him and in me, that we belonged to it and must acknowledge it to be happy. . . . He said if I married Phil I'd be denying it, that I'd be turning my back on all beauty, all truth, all the growing part of me. . . . He said his love for me was a part of it, and he asked me whether I didn't love him. I said I could, if I let myself go. And I could. I could love him to death. I could lose myself in my love for him."

"But you don't want to lose yourself?"

"No. I want to find myself. I want peace and security and—! Oh, it's so hard to say! But I want to stop looking at the sky!"

"At the sky, Marta?"

Her hand gripped mine, tightly.

"All my life," she said, "I've been looking at the sky, actually looking at it, waiting for a sign from heaven to tell me what I am and why I am and how to decide my life. . . . I guess we all do that when we're young—"

"Most of us do," I said.

"But the sign doesn't come. It can't, I suppose. But I wanted it so. I wanted to belong to the Power, to feel it in my mind and in my body, guiding me. But I was left, always, with my own decisions to make, and they were always wrong. I've chosen beauty. I've put out my hand to take it, but it has always escaped me. . . . Now I want facts, I want the kind of truth I can see and feel and taste and hold against my heart. I've stopped looking for a sign from the sky. That's why I'm marrying Phil. And that's what I told Hugh just now."

"And then—?"

"Then he looked at me. One look. I'd rather he'd struck me—!"

"Marta! What was it?"

"It was—" She hesitated; then said slowly: "It was a look of scorn."

I didn't say anything. I knew what she meant. I could see Hugh's face, thin and passionate and pale, pressing toward hers in the pallor of the fog. I could see his eyes, contemptuous, blazing. A look of scorn—!

"Come in to supper, Marta," I said.

She got up dutifully, like a well-disciplined child, and, still clinging to my hand, walked with me into the house where lights were now burning.

Marta and Phil Blake and Elsie and I sat down to cold meats and salad and cheese and crackers and coffee. There was a determined air of cheerfulness about the table. Marta was almost gay. Phil looked at her with a tender and contented smile. It was plain that he felt reassured, relieved of any shadowy worry he might have had at her long absence in the garden. I had a sudden sympathy for the man.

"There's the plane, after all," said Elsie.

WE STOPPED eating and listened. Sure enough, from the waste of the night outside our warmth and brightness, there came the faint drumming of a motor.

"A truck on the road," said Phil.

"No," said Marta.

Somehow we knew she was right. And somehow we continued to sit in silence, a trifle startled, a trifle appalled. Apprehensive.

The faint drumming became a roar, a deafening thunder that crashed directly above the roof that covered us.

"God, he's flying low!"

"The fog!"

"He's lost!" cried Marta. "He's lost—!"

Her voice broke on a high, shrill note. We waited, breathless, as if we had been actual spectators of the thing that we knew was going to happen—

And then it happened. We heard it.

A crash, a terrific blow against the earth, a horrible rending and smashing.

It was Marta who ran beside me as we stumbled across the road and over the stone fence and up the slope where hell-fire was raging. The wrecked plane had caught fire and was burning fiercely. It made a wild, incredible glare in the fog.

A wall of heat struck us. We stopped, gasping, and stared at each other. Then Marta gave a cry and pointed with her hand.

"There he is! There on the ground! Oh, save him, we must save him!"

It was a simple thing to dart into the circle of heat and haul the body of the dead aviator out of reach of the flames. It was a dreadful thing, too, for his body was cruelly broken; it dragged limply along the ground as I pulled at it.

But the face was unmarred. By some miracle it shone up at us in the flickering light, unbelievably clear and living and beautiful. The eyes were open. They were not horrible as are most eyes in death. A young man's eyes, a boy's eyes. . . . And the half-parted lips were smiling.

Marta dropped to her knees beside the body. Startled, I put my hand on her shoulder to draw her away, but she brushed my hand aside. For a long moment she knelt there, staring into the dead aviator's face. Then voices sounded behind us, and Marta jumped up and clutched my arm.

"Take me away! You must! I must get away!"

"All right," I said. "All right."

THE next few moments are a blur in my memory. I remember Elsie's face, not so much frightened as profoundly pitying, and Phil's face distorted by a look of awful amazement. I remember speaking to them, saying it was no use, that there was only death here, and to go back to the house. . . . Then Marta and I were standing in the road and she was tugging at my arm and crying words in my ear:

"Take me to him! Where does he live? I don't even know where he lives, but I want to go to him."

"You mean—Hugh?"

"Yes, of course! It's so funny that I don't know where he lives!"

"Stop it, Marta! Stop laughing!"

"I'm not laughing. I'm all right. Is it far to his house?"

"Two miles down this road."

"Take me to him," said Marta.

I made no protest. I had no wish, nor any will, to interfere with whatever forces were directing human destinies this night. Arm in arm, we walked down the road through pools and eddies and drifting shreds of fog. Somewhere above the blotted world an eerie moon had risen, making the mist glow.

There was a light in Hugh's shack when we reached it. Almost on his doorstep I stopped and pulled Marta to a halt beside me.

"Why?" I asked. "What made you decide? For I know that you have decided."

"Yes," she said; then softly: "I saw it. I saw it again, on that dead boy's face. Twice tonight I've seen it, and now I know what it means—that look of scorn! It means that the brave live even in death—and that all their lives long the cowards die. They—die."

She pressed my hand, took a step forward and opened her lover's door. I heard her say: "Hugh!" and saw his tall figure come abruptly into the brightness of the doorway. "Oh, God!" he said.

I turned and walked back up the road in the strange moonlight.

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After the shave—Mennen Talcum for Men—the man's powder that doesn't show. Protects the skin!

2 KINDS • *Original and Menthol-iced*

NEW TUBE
NEW PRICE
35c
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Twilight of a Demigod

Continued from page 16

him in ever more fantastic mists, there was nothing for it but to name him supreme commander over all the German armies locked in furious conflict with those of the Allies.

Old Granite-Face Hindenburg did his best. But he got a drubbing. Beaten to a frazzle, sore in every limb, he dragged himself back to his old place of retirement in the city of Hanover, and composed himself for a short period of repose before going to his grave. "I'm finished," he growled.

Whereupon, suddenly, some of his German friends, now living under a republican régime instead of under the martial sway of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, asked him: "Are you ready to save your country?"

"Leave me alone," he muttered.

"But it's your duty," they insisted.

Six Difficult Years

So out he came, and the voters of Germany, with a glad cry, elected him president of the German Republic—though he was seventy-eight years old!—and he forthwith proceeded to shoulder burdens only second in seriousness to his crushing responsibilities as leader of Imperial Germany's armies.

For more than six years he has borne those burdens on his massive shoulders. Yet there are Germans who still wish to deny him the right to end his days in repose.

"Are you ready to save your country?" Once more they are asking him the question. Calling upon old Granite-Face to save Germany is becoming a habit with the Germans.

Hindenburg, as president of a republic, is the most amazing paradox in Europe. Throughout his military career, which began sixty-five years ago, he proved himself a Prussian soldier to the marrow, narrow of outlook, reactionary in sentiment, a typical Junker. He showed himself an ardent partisan of monarchy, a devoted adherent of the Hohenzollern overlords of his native land. He never showed a trace of liberalism; conservatism was his middle name; he undoubtedly never gave a thought to the possibility of a German Republic. It seemed fair to assume that the German Fatherland and the German emperor were one and the same thing to him.

Hence, when, in the spring of 1925, the wires out of Germany hummed with the sensational news that Hindenburg had been elected Germany's president, people all over the world who had been trying to believe that the Germans meant to forget war and pay war debts shook their heads in sudden doubt. They began to feel that all the peace talk that had come from Berlin since the Armistice was camouflage; that Hindenburg, scowling leader of the Kaiser's armies, would lose no time in handing the country back to exiled Wilhelm or some other scion of Teutonic royalty.

But those who reasoned thus did not know old Granite-Face.

It happened that, in becoming president, he had taken an oath to serve his Fatherland. To him, an oath is a very sacred matter. It admits of no reservations, no subtle quibbling. The Fatherland remained the Fatherland—even without an emperor; to serve that Fatherland to the best of his ability seemed a far more important matter to Paul von Hindenburg—Prussian, soldier and monarchist though he was—than to pay what had become empty allegiance to the imperial play-actor posturing on the little stage of his Dutch place of exile.

So Hindenburg proceeded to serve the German Republic. He placed himself above political parties. He consolidated the weak German post-war state as no other German could have consolidated it. He waved aside fellow Junkers who sought to turn him back to his old paths. He loyally backed up Gustav Stresemann, the Republic's astute and indefatigable Foreign Minister, in his efforts to make the nations which had fought Germany in the war trust her now that there was peace again in Europe.

Recognizing that the Young Plan, although highly unpalatable, was the best that Germany could expect for the time being, he did his part in forcing Germany to accept it. And now and then, when certain political factions got unruly and kicked over the traces and blocked legislation or otherwise hampered the German Republic in its upward struggle, old Granite-Face, with a grunt of satisfaction, got back into something like his old autocratic military stride.

Availing himself of a clause in the new German constitution—the now famous Paragraph Forty-eight—reserved for the most serious emergencies—he dissolved the Reichstag and sent its members back home in disgrace like naughty schoolboys. Another time, when Hitlerite and Communist extremists were threatening to turn government in Germany into a thing of futility and deadlock, Hindenburg brought Paragraph Forty-eight down on their heads with a resounding thump, putting the country under something like a Hindenburg dictatorship until the hard-pressed German chancellor could get his breath again.

"That will teach them!" growled old Granite-Face. And he shook himself like an old mastiff, gave a tug at his fierce mustaches, and calmly composed himself for a nap.

Hindenburg can go to sleep anywhere, any time. During the war it mattered nothing to him what and where his sleeping quarters might be. On the night of his election to the presidency, when returns were pouring in, he suddenly rose from his chair, yawning. "Good night," he said—and strode toward his bedroom.

"Shall we wake you to tell you the result?" asked his son.

"No, tomorrow will be time enough."

In a few minutes he was fast asleep.

Next morning, early, his son, unable to contain himself longer, woke his father.

"You are president of Germany," he said.

"Well, I hope God will bless me in my work," he yawned. "And now—I think I'll sleep another hour."

Germany's "First Lady"

Hindenburg's wife died ten years ago—four years before he became president—so Germany's First Lady of the Land is the president's daughter-in-law, the wife of his son. Major Oskar von Hindenburg, who is now his father's special aide-de-camp. Whenever the president receives guests officially she stands by his side; when there are dinners or luncheons at the presidential mansion to which only male guests are invited she is the only woman present. That hers is a strenuous job is shown by the fact that young Frau von Hindenburg—she is only thirty-one years old—has, every year since she took charge of her father-in-law's official household, gone in a state bordering on nervous exhaustion

(*Continued on page 18*)

out of humor?

for digestion

MANY'S the busy day you've only a minute to swallow your lunch on the jump. That's bad for your digestion—and for your disposition too—!

Try chewing a stick of Beeman's after every meal. It's *the pepsin gum*—the pleasant, convenient digestive aid that Dr. Beeman perfected over 30 years ago.

Millions favor this delicious gum for health, for flavor and for its satisfying smoothness. When you pay your luncheon check, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

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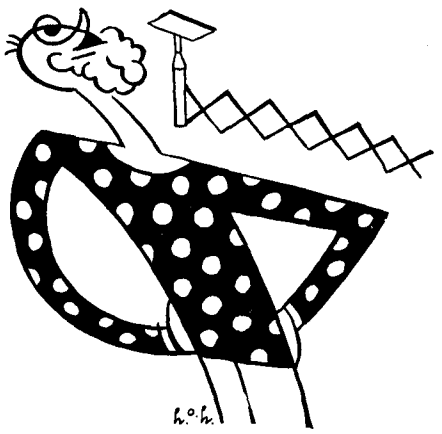
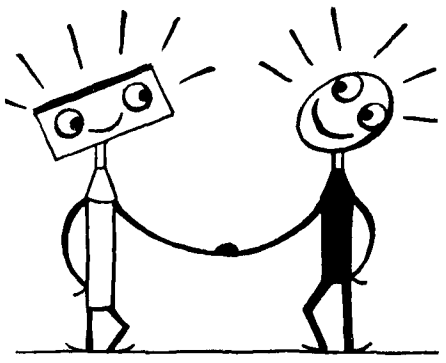


LOST... AND FOUND!

Some one has invented the nice phrase "technological unemployment." It means having a job taken away from you by some labor-saving device.

As, for instance, the Enders Razor. You just hold it between thumb and forefinger, give it a gentle shove, and the little thing goes ahead with human intelligence, over hill and down dale until you say *"Stop!"*



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105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

Name_____

Address_____

(Continued from page 47)

to the home of her mother near Hanover, where she can recuperate before reassuming her duties.

When the aged president is feeling well, he gets up at about six in the morning. Military life accustomed him to early rising and he has not allowed life as a civilian executive to change his habits. After breakfast he takes a walk, weather permitting, in the beautiful garden behind the presidential mansion. Then he gets down to work.

Herr Meissner, his private secretary, reports to him, various undersecretaries of government departments likewise; and he must listen to a digest of the news from the head of the government press bureau. Also, there are letters to answer—since he has become world-famous, Hindenburg's daily mail is enormous—something like 100,000 letters in one year. And thereby hangs a story.

A Hindenburg Joke

Recently, in a chat with the old field marshal, an acquaintance remarked that he would surely have a statue erected to him some day.

"Hang it all, I suppose you're right!" grunted Hindenburg. "Well, if I do get a statue, I hope they won't have me without any clothes on, like a mythological deity, or with nothing on but one of those classic Roman or Greek togas, like a big bath towel. And I hope they'll have no silly inscription on the front of my pedestal. Just 'Hindenburg'—that will be enough."

"And how about the back of the pedestal?"

"Well, if they simply must write something on it, let it be this:

"'Notice! Deliver no mail here!'"

After attending to his correspondence, the president must confer with the chancellor or some other cabinet officer, or some diplomat. After lunch, there is more work.

Recently those around him have tried more and more to spare him unnecessary exertion. It is almost an unwritten law that he must not accept any invitations to dinners or other festivities away from the presidential palace. Now and then an exception is made—notably in the case of an occasional *bierabend*, with old military comrades, when Hindenburg, forgetting his great age, sits drinking beer like a young lieutenant and swapping yarns of bygone days with grizzled old veterans of the same vintage as himself.

At times his natural toughness asserts itself and he resents being coddled. In the first years of his presidential term he used to insist on seeing visitors his entourage wished to send away in disappointment.

"Whoever wishes to see me, shall see me!" old Granite-Face was wont to thunder. Of late, however, he is not so insistent—old age is telling on him—he lets his daughter-in-law and Herr Meissner and the rest of those whose job it is to watch over his health have their way.

Ever since he became Germany's demigod overnight by driving the Russians back to Russia, anecdotes about Hindenburg have sprung up like mushrooms. The crop was most luxuriant during the war; then, during the years of his retirement after defeat, it fell off considerably; in the last six years, however, with Hindenburg in the limelight again as president, anecdotes about him have been sprouting again on every side. Of all these, none is better than this one—which strikes down to the very foundation of his character, both as demigod of war and demigod of peace.

The old field marshal and various acquaintances were discussing what different persons did when they were nervous.

"I whistle," said Hindenburg.

"But, Your Excellency," objected one of those present, greatly puzzled, "I have never known you to whistle."

"I never do."

He has been much bothered—also amused—at the way artists have been importuning him, ever since he became famous, to pose for his picture.

"Listen!" he said to one of them, "for more than sixty years nobody ever told me that my head was magnificent from an artistic point of view. Years ago, when I had plenty of time, not one of you artists wanted to make a picture of me. Now, when I have scarcely a minute to spare, you all want to do it!"

It is the same with photographers. For years Hindenburg has been a marked man among them; they are always trying to photograph him. The day after he accepted the nomination for the presidency a group of photographers approached him respectfully with the request that he spare them a few minutes.

"All right!" he growled. "But, really, gentlemen—I haven't changed a bit since yesterday."

Once a newspaper man asked President von Hindenburg:

"What was the most beautiful day in your life?"

And the old warrior, with a twinkle in his stern old eyes, replied:

"The day when I was a pupil at the Prussian cadet school and got as much cake and cream as I could swallow!"

The decorative part of being Germany's president is anathema to Hindenburg. He hates speech-making. He hates formality. He hates all the "stunts" that are an essential part of official life. They still chuckle in Berlin when they tell about the time when, after an immense amount of persuasion, he was finally persuaded to talk over the radio.

Looking from head to foot like a man doing a job that is intensely disagreeable to him, the president walked up to the microphone. In a stilted, unnatural voice he spoke the piece carefully prepared for the occasion. The man in charge of the "stunt," overwhelmed by the honor of standing so near the most famous personage in all Germany, forgot to switch off the microphone when the speech was ended. So listeners all over the land were either paralyzed with shock or convulsed with merriment to hear, after the close of the speech, in the gruff, natural voice of old Granite-Face:

"Well, thank God, that's over!"

The Pets of the Palace

Hindenburg loves children. He never patronizes them. He never talks down to them. When they confide to him their joys and sorrows he listens gravely, like an equal. His two little granddaughters, the children of his son—aged eight and six respectively—climb all over him, hold long conversations with him, accompany him on his walks in the big garden behind the presidential mansion. Without doubt they have the best time of any of the inmates of the mansion—theirs are all the delights of living there with none of the responsibilities.

Old Granite-Face is happiest when he can escape from official Berlin for a holiday. Hunting is his passion. He hunted even during the war—once in the very midst of battling against the Russians in East Prussia—and whenever possible he steals away from the Wilhelmstrasse to Schorfheide, a village some twenty miles from Berlin, to become a huntsman again.

Better still than the days spent at Schorfheide are President von Hindenburg's regular summer vacations at Dietramszell, tucked away among the mountains of Bavaria—about as far away from Berlin as you can get and still stay on German soil.

Dietramszell used to be a monastery. One wing of it is still a convent school, in charge of nuns. The other passed about a century ago into the possession of the Schilcher family. Baron von Schilcher, a friend of Hindenburg, offered it to him for a summer residence soon after the old marshal returned, defeated, from the war. Ever since, both as retired soldier and German president, he has spent several weeks there each year—except in 1923, when he stayed away out of respect for the memory of the baron, his friend, who had just died.

Dietramszell is as primitive a place as simple-minded old Hindenburg could wish. It is miles from the nearest railroad station, deep in a silent little valley, surrounded by the grand peaks of the Bavarian Alps. Before the windows of the rooms which he occupies each summer Hindenburg can actually see that almost extinct thing, a horse-drawn post-wagon, painted yellow and Bavarian blue, with a postilion enthroned high above the horses, lustily blowing his horn to inform the Dietramszellers that the mail is coming. More than seventy years ago, when Paul von Hindenburg, a boy of eleven, left home to be enrolled in the Prussian cadet school at Wahlstatt, he traveled in just such a post-wagon. What memories the one at Dietramszell must bring to Paul von Hindenburg, octogenarian!

Can Hindenburg Retire?

As at Schorfheide, the main charm of Dietramszell, for him, is hunting. Shooting chamois on the near-by mountain slopes is far more strenuous than deer-hunting around Schorfheide. Hindenburg, the chamois-hunter, must get up before dawn, climb over steep paths amid forbidding rocks. And he must be quick and sure of eye if he is to bring down his quarry. Yet, despite his age, he has many a chamois to his credit—to say nothing of one specimen of that extremely rare beast, a wild boar.

Will the Grand Old Man of Germany be allowed to rest at last after his presidential term is up next May? Will he be allowed to celebrate his eighty-fifth birthday (it will come on October 2, 1932) in the retirement which he has twice sought and twice failed to find?

Already, opponents sneer, he is losing his grip, becoming a mere figurehead, allowing himself to be unduly influenced by scheming politicians. "Let him go! He is useless!"

And those around him, those devoted to him, are getting worried about him. There is a limit, they say, to what can be demanded of a man, even of one with an unbounded sense of duty like Hindenburg.

And he himself—old Granite-Face, indomitable wager of war and compeller of peace—is at last beginning to feel tired. *"Ich will meine Ruhe haben!"* he barks again and again. "I want to be allowed to rest!"

It is all very well to be without nerves, all very well never to worry and to fall asleep at will, but—eighty-four years are eighty-four years!

However, there is still work to do. The old man gets up out of his armchair. This afternoon he must attend an official function. Still massive in bulk, still towering in stature, but just a bit weary, he emerges from the doorway of the presidential palace on the Wilhelmstrasse.

Sentries and policemen spring to attention. And through the little knot of people peering between the iron bars outside runs an electric thrill of excitement and delight.

"There he is!"

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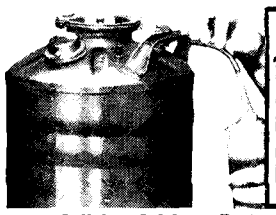

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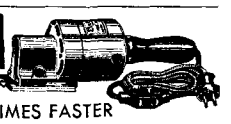

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Snap Judgment

Continued from page 24

a sad voice, "to lock doors behind you, Goodtime."

He stood in the doorway by which Hake had entered and his face was as steadily menacing as the muzzle of the gun he held.

"Still and all," he resumed, advancing cautiously, "they lock doors where you're goin'. Ah-ah, now! No monkey-business. Put them up and turn around."

Rigid on an invisible cross, Hake waited while Wakefield patted expertly, and from his prisoner's jacket pocket drew a compact little pistol. He grunted scornfully and threw it on the table.

"Now," he ordered, stepping back a pace and fumbling at his own hip, "turn around again. Easy. Hold out them paws."

HANDCUFFS clinked and gleamed in the lamplight. Wakefield glanced at them, swore and, with eyes still on his prisoner, tossed them into Trent's lap.

"Jammed," he complained out of a mouth corner, digging a key from his vest pocket and dropping it beside them. "My good-luck cuffs," he continued, "but I'm wearin' 'em out on guys like this. Open 'em for me. I want to get this baby locked up and come back for Tony. Steady, Goodtime, I been listenin' in on you quite a while."

Trent looked up sharply.

"Where's my wife stand on this?" he demanded. Wakefield grinned.

"Aces with me," he returned. "As long as she brings Tony along."

He reached for the manacles. Steel locked on steel with a dry double click. Wakefield thrust his prisoner toward the door. "Get goin'," he bade and followed. By the open portal, he spoke over his shoulder to Trent:

"If Tony shows before I get back, use that gun on—"

Hake's handcuffs rose in a curved streak of light. The lampshade tinkled with the shock of the detective's fall. Wakefield lay across the threshold, face down, and Hake, blackjack in his fettered hands, looked from him to Trent and gave his brittle laugh.

It snapped suddenly and he lunged for the table, dropping the little leather-sheathed bludgeon. He thrust back Trent's arm and swept the little pistol out of reach. They stared at each other for an instant, the invalid white and panting; Hake, crouching with the weapon clasped in one tethered fist. Presently, he stood erect and laughed again.

"When you frisk a guy," he jeered, "don't forget to see if he's got a jack up his sleeve."

TRENT'S mind was racing under the lash of rage but he spoke with dissembling slowness:

"I hear you. How are you going to get those cuffs off?"

"You're going to take 'em off," Hake responded, and trained the pistol on him. "And quick."

"You say so," Trent answered, not stirring. Hake thrust the shackles beneath his nose.

"Quick, I said," he reiterated, "or how'd you like that leg broken all over again?"

There was no hint of mercy in his eyes. Trent shrugged.

"All right," he granted. "Hold 'em lower."

Hake chuckled while the other man struggled with the reluctant left bracelet. It snapped open. The fugitive jerked his hand free.

"For a cop," he said, "you got brains."

"Haven't I?" Trent exclaimed through clenched teeth, and clasped the steel jaws about his own wrist. He gasped at the pain of the pistol muzzle that was jammed against his chest and, pressing his hand to his mouth, met Hake's dazed fury with a bleak smile.

"Shoot," he invited. "Shoot me and then yourself. That's your easiest way out. I've swallowed the key, Hake, and you're staying right here."

The pistol was withdrawn. Hake looked from his shackled wrist to the large bootsoles of Wakefield, shining solemnly in the lamplight.

"I can wait," the fugitive decided aloud, and added venomously: "You'll wish you were that pork yonder when Tony takes that cuff off you."

Trent, with careful indifference, leaned tableward to observe the clock.

"When Tony comes," he began slowly and concluded in sudden ferocity, "we won't—be here." With a quick thrust of his free arm, he overset the table.

Darkness came in a crash of splintering glass. Hake yelped and surged in panic against his tether, half dragging Trent from his chair. The reek of spilled kerosene spread through the blackness. About the wick of the overturned lamp danced a wraith of blue flame.

Hake's lunging pulled Trent to the floor. As his panic-smitten yokemate dragged him doorward, that flame spread in a bright pool across the floor and swarmed up the splashed woodwork.

The room was filled with an uneasy glare but Trent, as he jammed against Wakefield's senseless body and slid no farther despite fierce tuggings, saw only a blackness which, mounting, erased him.

ABOVE Richard Trent, a woman's face wavered like a reflection on water. A voice said softly: "There, it's all right," and Tarleton added, "Lie still," as Trent's hand fumbled with the cold shackle on his wrist.

"Easy. That can come off later, oldtimer. Everything's all right."

Trent's body was one dim, vast ache. Weariness made speech difficult but he asked:

"Where is—" His strength ran out with the query half uttered. Weak coughing shook him. The woman, a stranger in stiff blue and white, slipped a hand beneath his head and wheeled: "Now drink this down."

The nurse muttered in the sergeant's ear. He replied aloud: "He'll keep still when I tell him. Listen, Dick: Wakefield is taking the two mugs and a bump on the head back to New York. We nailed 'em both. The Finches saw the wop in the schoolhouse and phoned us. We got him."

Trent frowned impatiently. "Mary," he said aloud. Tarleton grinned: "Right on the other side of you, sap."

"It's thanks to Mary you weren't cooked," Tarleton pursued. "We were marching Tony to the substation when we heard her scream and saw the sky all red. She got there just behind me. Hake was screeching like a cat and you were lying in the doorway with Wakefield, both dead to the world, with the fire a yard from your feet. Mary and I hauled you out. We thought you were dead, but the doctor says there's nothing new but scrapes and bruises. How you ever thought of—"

The nurse spoke in his ear with sibilant disapproval.

"Will you please go and leave him alone with her? Can't you see he isn't paying the least attention?"

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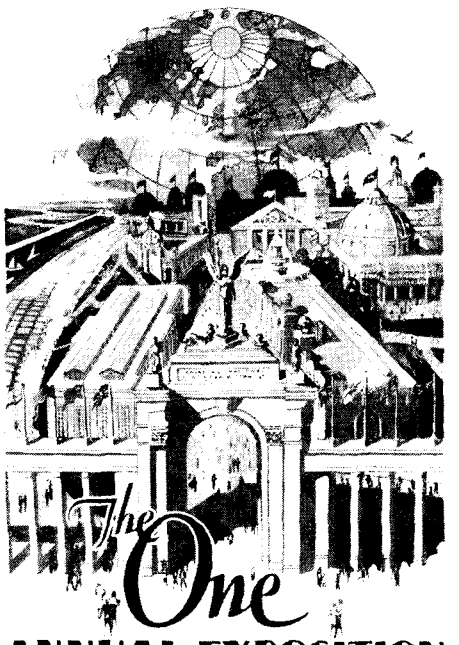

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The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 21

could have had any inspiration from your own unconscious wish for me."

"It seems to me that we're getting deeply into psychology and far away from actualities," he said coldly.

"The latter are so often based on the former," she sighed. "Well, then, I take it that your attitude of last night is your attitude of today."

"Could it really be anything else?" he asked.

"I suppose not," she said. Her eyes lost their recent gravity; they actually twinkled with gayety. "That makes it so simple, doesn't it?"

"SIMPLE?" He almost gasped the word.

"Of course. Yesterday I was a silly little girl. Oh, more than silly—wicked, if you will. But today I'm not silly, at least. You're absolutely certain that you don't love me?"

"I'm certain enough," he said angrily. He was annoyed that somehow she was making him feel ridiculous.

"Because," she said, "I'm certain that I don't love you."

"You're *what?*" he exclaimed.

"Certain that I don't love you. Do you mind?" she asked.

"Mind? How could I mind? I only wish that you'd found this out yesterday—"

"Don't scold me, please," she begged. "I—I couldn't stand that. To have done something wicked—and then to have found out that one didn't want to do it, anyway—that's hard enough to bear, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," he bewilderedly admitted.

"I *know* it is," she said. "To have tricked you into marrying me, to have taken advantage of everything decent in you, and then—last night—to have discovered that I didn't love you at all, to have thanked God that you didn't care for me—"

"You mean that?" he cried.

"Of course I do. Why—why else did I tell you of the trick I'd played on you?"

"I thought it was your conscience," he said. He was amazed at the sulkiness in his tones.

"Could I tell you, in the very minute that I was admitting my dishonesty, that I didn't care for you? Suppose, despite everything, you had decided that"—her eyes avoided his swiftly—"you would try to make a go of this absurd marriage of ours? Could I tell you that *I*, who had tricked you into it, was unwilling to go on with it?"

"YOU found some scruples handy, didn't you?" he jeered.

"I deserve that, I suppose," she replied. "I deserve anything. But, if despite my deserts, you decide to be generous—"

"How generous?" he interrupted.

"I've made a mistake. A terrible—a criminal mistake. But if you can be kind to me—"

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Whatever you wish," she replied. "Only—a mistake has been made. There are ways to treat mistakes. With rage, with unpleasantness. The other way is to be cheerful, and to set about remedying the error as early as possible."

"Divorce, that's what you mean, isn't it?"

"But naturally. Only—no one need know—just now—that we contemplate anything like that. If we behave naturally—and I can, because I've found out I don't care for you, that I was swept with June madness, I guess. And you can, because you never did care, and are going to be released shortly."

"And I suppose your cousin will not mind this little interlude," he said.

"If Del cares—I don't know about that, nor do you—but if she does—the fact that you behaved very generously to a foolish, wicked girl will not hurt you in her eyes."

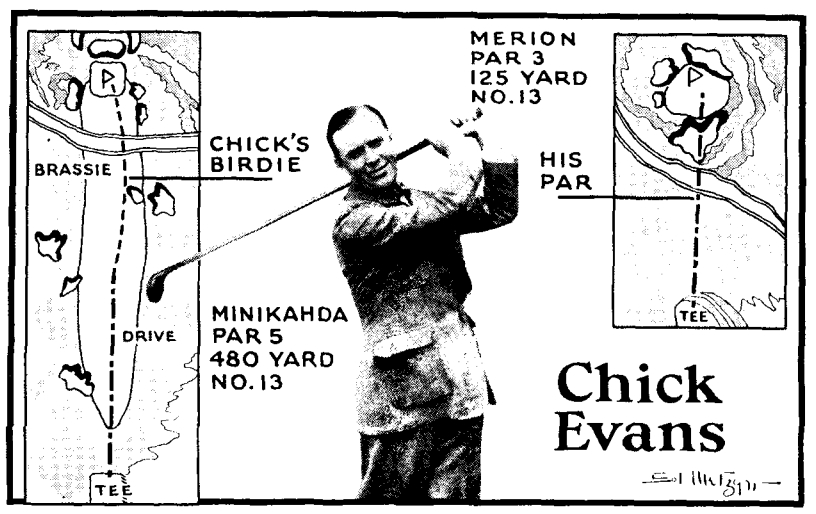
"Do you think I'll ever tell her what you did?" he demanded.

"Why not? I certainly shall."

"You will not," he said.

"Why?"

"Because I don't want you to. I mean



Doubling in Irons

By Sol Metzger

CONSISTENCY is golf's rarest gem. Even the unparalleled Jones possessed it but one year, 1930, his last and fourteenth of major competition. Until then only Chick Evans had won our two national titles the same season.

This was in 1916 when rounds of 70 and 69 at Minikahda put Evans three strokes ahead at the halfway mark in the National Open. Then a mediocre 74 brought Barnes, Hagen and Hutchison thundering at his heels. The nerve-wracking rôle of pacemaker down the home stretch proved too much. On No. 4 a disastrous 7!

Barnes now led by a stroke. But positions were reversed. Long Jim carried the load; Chick, freed of its weight, became the aggressor.

The par 5, 480-yard thirteenth proved the turning point. What better example of the effect of pacemaking and pursuing upon play than this hole? Evans, rarely long from the tee, smashed his drive 255 yards down the fairway softened by the preceding night's rain. It left him far from home, facing a Herculean carry over a guarding creek.

Defying discretion, Chick banged his brassie boldly for the pin. His ball carried the far-off ditch and settled four feet from the flag. Had he possessed a putting touch an eagle 3 might well have adorned his card instead of the birdie 4 that caught Barnes. Long Jim cautiously played safe for his par.

Thereafter Evans' irons clicked in musical cadence to far-off pins, to return him a medal of 286, still the low mark in this event.

In September, 1916, Chick was a finalist with Bob Gardner, defending champion, in the National Amateur at Merion, with opportunity to win both our major titles. The prospect proved a mental hazard that robbed Chick of his greatest asset—boldness. Later Jones encountered the same difficulty thrice ere he came through.

Gardner led at lunch time. Here Evans took stock of himself. Caution was amiss.

Resolute boldness brought Chick on even terms at the turn that afternoon. At No. 10 he holed a ticklish side-hill putt for a half. Immediately, confidence in this stroke, lack of which had been his nemesis for years, was born. No shot ever exacted greater toll of a competitor. Thereafter his newfound touch counted heavily. On No. 11 he dropped a long putt to become one up.

The old 125-yard thirteenth at Merion was a dreaded hoodoo to many, Chick included, what with its elevated green, its sands beyond, its traps and creek guarding the approach. To add to its problem now the flag was at its rear. Facing it, Chick trembled.

Habit is usually our subconscious guide in such a crisis. Thus the boy who had pitched his way with a mashie to and from school over backyard fences instinctively played this shot. At click of blade on ball he knew it was true. He was eight feet from the flag.

The possibility of a birdie by Evans was too much for Gardner, already down. He missed. Thereafter the outcome was certain. Pokes, pitches and putts were machine-like as Chick banged his way to a second national title that season, a new record in American golf. The ability to play consistently and boldly with both woods and irons under all manner of pressure is a quality few linksmen, other than Evans, have possessed.

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—I married you. There are to be no half measures about it. You know why I did it. Well, I'm not going to tell your cousin—or anyone—anything about you."

She shrugged her shoulders, and he marveled at her hardihood of spirit.

"As you will. Only—I wouldn't mind. It isn't as though I loved you, and my feelings could be hurt by the fact that you didn't care. But they can't be hurt by that."

"You've intimated as much," he said stiffly. He felt an inexplicable desire to shake her. Why? He didn't know. He ought to be grateful that his divorce would not be complicated by any compunctions because she would suffer. But instead of gratitude he felt annoyance.

"I'm making it clearer," she said. "Now—knowing that release is waiting for you, can you face Uncle calmly?"

"Why not?" he asked.

"WELL, after all," she replied, "you're his candidate for the mayoralty, and—a divorce, right now, would spoil all that, wouldn't it? I want you to get the nomination. I want you to be elected. I don't want you to lose Uncle's support. Now—you may tell Del what I did."

"Of course I shan't," he said stiffly.

"I don't think she'd tell Uncle."

"That has nothing to do with it. Listen to me, Deborah. You're my wife. How we happened to get married doesn't matter. You're *my wife*. And until we have begun arrangements for a divorce, no one is going to be told the circumstances of our marriage. No one is going to be told then."

"You'd protect me that far—even if Del misunderstood?"

"May I except her?" he asked.

"Nothing that you say is binding upon you, Dick. You want to be kind, to be generous—but if kindness or generosity works a hurt to you, then I want you to think only of yourself."

"And that is generous of you," he said.

"It's common decency, no more," she said. "Then—we're to let Uncle believe that—well, that we're an infatuated young pair?"

He smiled almost gayly.

"It would be difficult to persuade anyone that your husband was not infatuated with you, Deborah."

"Yet cynics maintain that gallantry in the forenoon is impossible," she said.

"Cynics have not seen you in the morning," he retorted.

She sighed gently.

"Do you know, Dick, you're rather fun?"

"You're rather exciting yourself, you know."

She sighed again.

"It's a pity, isn't it? I mean, we both talk nonsense rather charmingly, don't we? We're civilized. I mean, we can meet a situation and profess to forget who was to blame, and concern ourselves only with extrication from it. We're a nice-looking pair, too. Do I sound conceited?"

"Modest as regards yourself, farfetched when you come to me."

"Fisherman," she laughed. "But really, it *is* too bad. We ought to be as madly in love with each other as the world would expect us to be. I consider, Dick," she went on, "that we are a shocking waste of raw material."

He had thought that Del talked well, with a maturity beyond her years. Now he realized that Deborah's angle was one of worldliness, of a sophistication that was not without attraction. She might not have wit; but she sounded as though she did.

"Too bad we're not better economists," he regretted. "Well, then, we're to pretend—"

"It's for Uncle, too," she said. "He loves me. He'd be miserable to know that I had—done something incredibly mean. And if that sounds as if I'm making excuses to protect myself—Dick, I'm *glad* I came to my senses. If I happened to have remained in love with you I'd be miserable."

Their porter came in now to attend to their bags, and in a few minutes the train stopped at Haydon's Landing. As Deborah stood before the mirror, applying the last devastating touch to her lips, Cordova saw that she was pale. That pity which he had dismissed last night came back to his heart now.

Whatever else she was, she was surely courageous. Oh, much more than that. She was tactful to a degree that was unbelievable. She had met the almost impossible situation this morning in the only possible way. She had made him, who hated her, laugh. She had made herself, who was the most distasteful person in the world to him, attractive and charming. And as she started for the corridor, he spoke to her.

"Do you know," he said, "if we weren't married this would have been a delightful morning."

"I found it delightful despite its disadvantages, Dick," she said. And somehow, for no reason that he could comprehend, he felt justly rebuked.

Carmichael was waiting for them on the platform. His arms opened for Deborah, and her face was hidden against his chest. Over her brown hair he smiled at Cordova, and he extended a hand which the younger man grasped. And in another second, without a word of greeting having been spoken, they were on their way from the platform to the dock at the lake, less than a hundred yards from the railroad tracks.

Then, as they drew away from possible auditors, Carmichael spoke.

"Did you *have* to run off, Deborah, dear?" he asked.

Cordova felt himself flushing.

"I had to," was Deborah's simple reply.

"In that case, there seems nothing to be said," said Carmichael, "except to wish you both all happiness, and to assure you, Deborah—and you, too, Cordova—that whatever my niece does is pleasing to me."

The words were stilted, but it seemed to Cordova that behind them was a warm sincerity.

"It's mighty fine of you not to be annoyed with us, Mr. Carmichael," he stammered. "I—we—"

"I was young myself, once, Cordova," said Carmichael. "There's Del."

STANDING up in the same motor boat which had taken Deborah and Cordova to this dock on the previous Sunday, was Delmar Carmichael. She wore no hat, and the breeze from the lake moved, disturbingly, the ash-blond hair. The perfect lips were parted in a smile of greeting.

"Deb, you little rascal," she cried. "And you, Dick, I didn't know you were so sly!"

She leaped, with a grace that made Cordova's heart ache, to the dock. If the kiss she gave Deborah lacked in warmth, Cordova did not know it. Then she turned to him, and held up the mouth that had just saluted Deborah. Cordova, looking into the blue eyes, felt that in their depths he read a mockery and a contempt. Or, if that were too strong a word, an amusement. But as he bent to touch the lips offered to him in so cousinly a fashion, he felt himself burning with quick embarrassment.

The kiss was as fleeting as the fabled touch of the butterfly's wing, but Cordova felt as one who is given a glimpse of Paradise must feel if the gates are closed to him. This was the woman whom he had hoped to marry. This was

(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page 51)

the woman who had assaulted the fortress of his bachelorhood and made him know that if independence is sweet, surrender may be sweeter still. This was the woman who, in the first moment of their meeting, had subjugated him wholly and forever. Seeing her, he realized more fully how much he had lost, how much Deborah had taken from him.

"And who, Dick"—somehow it hurt him that she called him by his first name because he was married to Deborah—"would have guessed you so impetuous?"

She turned to Deborah.

"And you, Miss Sly-Boots, denying your cousin all the excitement of preparation—but young love cannot be denied, can it?"

Deborah, stepping into the boat, her hands held adoringly by a guide, smiled her reply. She looked as though for reassurance to Cordova, and that young man felt a queer thrill at the thought that his wife in some fashion relied on him. He braced himself inwardly for some further attack upon Deborah's security.

Of course, Del didn't mean anything, but questions, just now, might prove embarrassing to Deborah, and he didn't want that to happen, no matter how unintentionally it occurred. But Del Carmichael took her place at the wheel, with her uncle beside her, and Cordova found himself in the stern with his wife.

Surreptitiously Deborah's fingers wound round his hand, and gave it the tiniest of pressures. It was not a caress of affection. Cordova didn't misunderstand it; it was her present way of expressing gratitude to him for being ready to defend her. Only—how had she known his readiness? Was it so plainly written on his face? And how did it happen that Deborah was able to read his thoughts, and how did it further happen that he was able to interpret a pressure of her fingers? And furthermore, still, if she thanked him it was an assumption that Del had meant to be catty, and— He grinned at himself. From thought transference he had progressed to all manner of psychic things. He must be pretty hard hit at sight of Del, if his mind went off into such bizarre and silly wanderings.

"There's Jeb Stone," said Deborah suddenly.

He looked in the direction of her gaze. Far away, against a background of sandy beach and pines, a canoe floated. But beyond the fact that a figure—presumably masculine—sat in it, Cordova could see no reason for his wife's quick identification of its occupant.

"How can you tell?" he asked.

"Jeb sits lower in his canoe than anyone else," she replied.

"Your eyes see a great deal," he said.

"Sometimes," she said, "more than I like."

But she offered no explanation of this cryptic remark, but exclaimed in delight at sight of Carmichael's camp, visible now as the motor boat rounded a headland. And in another five minutes they had reached the landing stage.

TWO menservants, in an obviously repressed mood of excitement, met the boat and took charge of the baggage. They mumbled congratulatory speeches to Deborah, and eyed Cordova with ill-concealed curiosity. Three maids found occasion to be on the porch as the little party made its way toward the house, and two of them frankly wept at sight of the bride.

"Get changed and come down," said Carmichael.

"In about two minutes," said Deborah. "I want to swim before luncheon. How about you, Dick, after that dusty train?"

"It sounds perfect," he said.

"We'll all go in," said Del.

Up the stairway Cordova and his wife went. At the top Deborah paused uncertainly. She spoke to one of the menservants.

"Which rooms?" she asked.

"Miss Delmar told us to get the east apartment ready," was the reply. "She had us move all your things in there, Miss—Mrs. Cordova."

"That's fine," said Deborah. But Cordova, his ears acute, sensed that his wife was annoyed about something.

HOWEVER she led the way to the rooms indicated, and Cordova once again found himself marveling at the incongruous furnishings of Carmichael's place. The rooms themselves—there were two great chambers with a bath between—were beautiful, and through the huge windows all of Warumkeg and the mountains beyond were visible. But they were not rooms for Sheraton chairs and Chippendale tables and Louis Seize desks. Something of his æsthetic horror was visible in his eyes. Deborah watched him a moment.

"Pretty awful, isn't it?"

"Awful? I don't know what—"

She smiled at him.

"Yes, you do, Dick. There's a lot of bad taste here."

"The things are beautiful," he said.

"But don't belong together—or in a camp."

"Your uncle is a busy man, and hasn't time to become an interior decorator," he protested.

She looked at him queerly, then shrugged her shoulders.

"You just can't help being nice, Dick. Really want to go swimming?"

"Sounds divine," he said.

"You'll find a selection of bathing suits in the closet off that room." She pointed through the bath to the connecting chamber. The deft servants had already unpacked the bags and were hanging things in closets. "Meet you on the lawn in—well, thirty seconds."

"I'll be there before you," he boasted.

But he wasn't. When he reached the dock she had already swum halfway to the little island, on the beach of which they had their first real talk, six days ago. He was about to plunge in after her, when a cool voice greeted him.

"You will be married a long time, Dick. You will have plenty of time to talk to your bride."

He turned. Noiselessly Del had crossed the soft grass. She stood now, the thinnest of dressing-gowns over her bathing suit, smiling at him, and he inwardly writhed beneath the mockery in her eyes. As he stared, she slipped the gown from her shoulders and stood revealed as perfect a specimen of feminine loveliness as he had ever looked upon. From her narrow feet and round ankles to her sweetly modeled shoulders, she was feminine. He felt his pulse quicken.

Flawless. That was the word he would apply to her. Only, the word was inadequate. For it made one think of a figure carved from stone, whereas this lovely shape was made of human flesh. And made, he realized, to stir men.

"Sit down a moment, Dick," she invited. "I want to talk to you."

He felt a desire to run from her. He had read of women who so bewildered men's sanity with the disturbing elements of their persuasiveness that they completely lost their self-control. This was the first time that he had encountered such a woman. Oh, not the first time, for he had met her a week ago and fallen desperately in love with her. But she was the first woman of this type he had known.

His hands, as he sat down beside her, were tightly clenched, although he was unaware of the fact.

"DEB'S telegram was a surprise," she said.

The matter-of-fact words afforded him, somehow, a respite from unease.

"I suppose it was," he said.

"Of course, one never can tell about a woman—no matter how close one is to her," she said. "But somehow or other—you didn't seem the type to be completely bowled over."

"Didn't I?"

She shook her head.

"I wouldn't have thought so," she said.

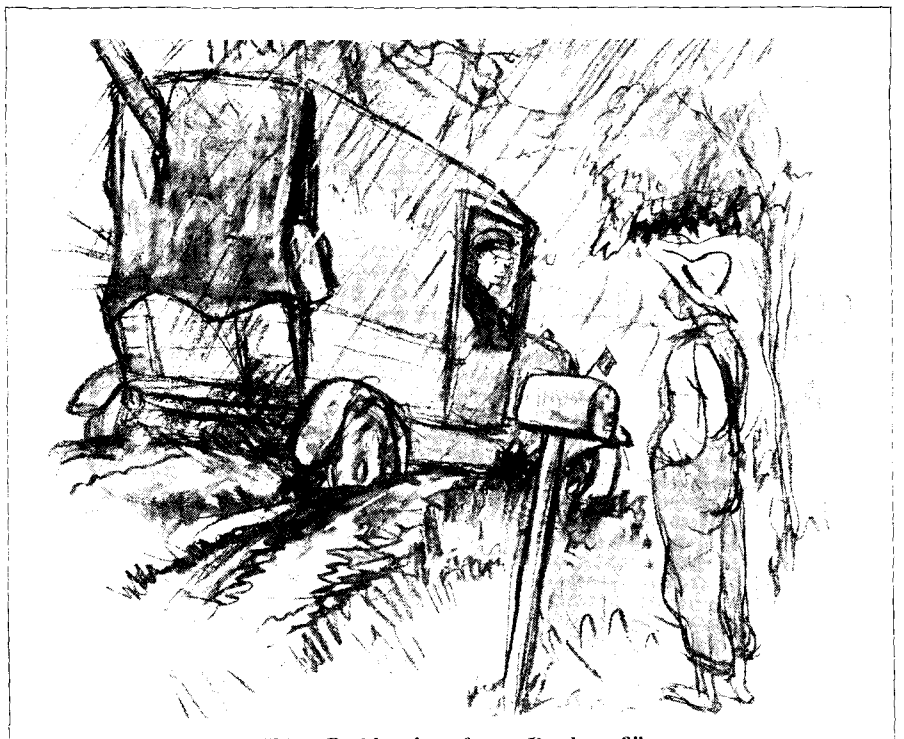
From a little bag she carried she produced a cigarette and lighter.

"Not by little Deborah," she went on. It was as though, Cordova thought, she were intimating that someone else—herself?—could have achieved what she hadn't thought his wife could do. "Tell me," she said, "how did Deborah do it?"

"Do what?" he asked hoarsely.

"Oh, Dick." Her blue eyes were reproachful. "Do you and I have to fence? How did Deborah arouse your pity to such an extraordinary extent?"

(To be continued next week)



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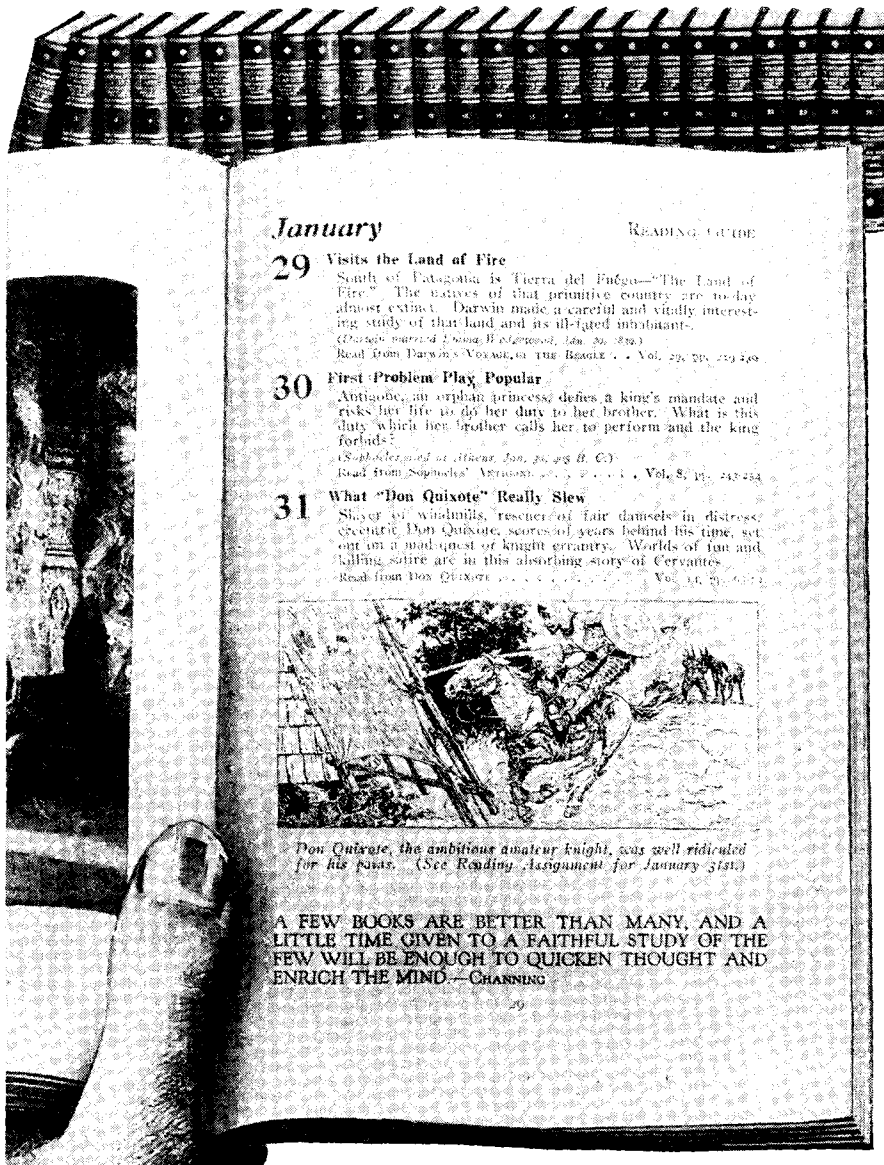
January
READING GUIDE
29 Visits the Land of Fire
South of Patagonia is Tierra del Fuego—"The Land of Fire." The natives of that primitive country are to-day almost extinct. Darwin made a careful and vitally interesting study of that land and its ill-fated inhabitants.
Read from Darwin's Voyage of the Beagle . . . Vol. 29, pp. 259-300
30 First Problem Play Popular
Antigone, an orphan princess, defies a king's mandate and risks her life to do her duty to her brother. What is this duty which her brother calls her to perform and the king forbids?
Read from Sophocles' Version . . . . . Vol. 8, pp. 243-254
31 What "Don Quixote" Really Slew
Slayer of windmills, rescuer of fair damsels in distress, eccentric Don Quixote, scores of years behind his time, set out on a mad quest of knight errantry. Worlds of fun and killing satire are in this absorbing story of Cervantes.
Read from Don Quixote . . . . . Vol. 14, pp. 9-212
Don Quixote, the ambitious amateur knight, was well ridiculed for his pains. (See Reading Assignment for January 31st.)
A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—CHANNING
29

(A Glimpse of the Daily Reading Guide)

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Managing Editor

Public Enemies

WE HAVE a new class in this country. The newspapers call them "public enemies." They are appropriately named.

These gentry are almost all by-products of the non-enforcement of prohibition. In the shelter of the Eighteenth Amendment they have grown powerful and rich during the past ten years.

They are also the general managers of the trade in narcotics. They exact tribute from vice and gambling. Their activities extend to predatory crime, including robbery. Murder is one of their more casual offenses.

Capone and his lieutenants have already been brought to justice by George E. Q. Johnson, the Federal district attorney in Chicago. Jack "Legs" Diamond, notorious Eastern racketeer, has been prosecuted by New York authorities.

Many of the most infamous of these criminals are destined to spend long years in prison. Richly they have earned whatever punishment they are given.

It is a curious fact, however, that Capone and his associates were actually punished for violation of the income tax law and not for the more serious crimes attributed to them.

During the past few years numerous bombings and murders have been laid at the door of the Capone gang by the Chicago police. The prosecuting officials seemed always unable to find the legal proof necessary for conviction. Capone himself has been relatively free from annoyance on the part of the police.

It is ridiculous that a man commonly reputed to be responsible for endless gang murders should at last face prison because he neglected to pay Federal taxes on an income derived from crime. The honest prosecuting official of course is justified in using any law he finds available to bring the guilty to justice. Yet the fact that Capone was actually prosecuted for income tax violations rather than for more serious crimes is in itself a shocking commentary upon the administration of public affairs.

The St. Valentine's Day murders in Chicago are still unpunished. Seven enemies of the Capone régime were killed by machine guns on that occasion. It seems incredible that the police could never solve that mystery.

The explanation of the immunity enjoyed by these "public enemies" lies immediately in political corruption. In every city in which they operate, and that means nearly all, racketeers buy their freedom by graft.

The actual booze racketeers are not the only public enemies nor even the most heinous offenders. They are merely the most widely known.

More menacing than any Capone is the corrupt political boss who, sharing the gangster's gains, provides him protection against the law. Honest policemen are prevented from enforcing the law. Too-zealous policemen are transferred to districts in which their honest zeal may not interfere with criminal enterprises. Too-energetic prosecuting officials are transferred or denied reappointment. The weak or the covetous are corrupted.

The names of the public enemies in office or in high political positions are seldom mentioned. They are often highly respected figures. The politicians who protected the Capone gang are, however, morally responsible for whatever that gang does.

We won't get far if public indignation exhausts itself in sending to prison the most widely advertised gang leaders. Obviously they must be punished. Their very existence is an affront to a self-respecting community. Their imprisonment, however, is not enough.

If public enemies are to be adequately punished, we cannot stop with the gang leaders. The politicians behind the gang leaders must be routed out.

This is a large order. It will not be accomplished until the Eighteenth Amendment has been superseded by a more practicable law.

So long as a vast public insists upon drinking alcoholic beverages somebody will supply the trade, whatever the cost in money, corruption or crime. Criminals under existing conditions do work which otherwise respectable citizens want done.

While this continues the temptation to the politician to share in the profits of this lawless trade will continue to be greater than many men and women can resist.

A poor law is fundamentally responsible. Modify that law so that liquor may be legally distributed to those who desire it and the conditions which create public enemies in office and out will have been destroyed.

There is no other way except a change in sentiment which will lead those millions who now support the bootleg trade voluntarily to obey the law and to abstain from drink. Not even the Wickersham Commission was able to foresee any such prospect.

It is useful to punish the public enemies but it is better to eradicate the conditions which breed them. This means plainly the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment.

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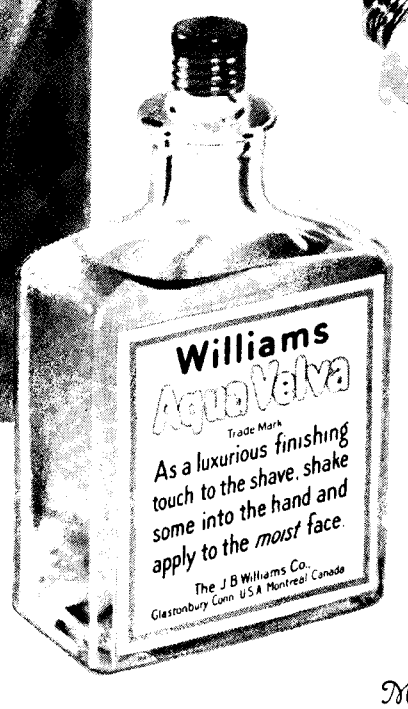
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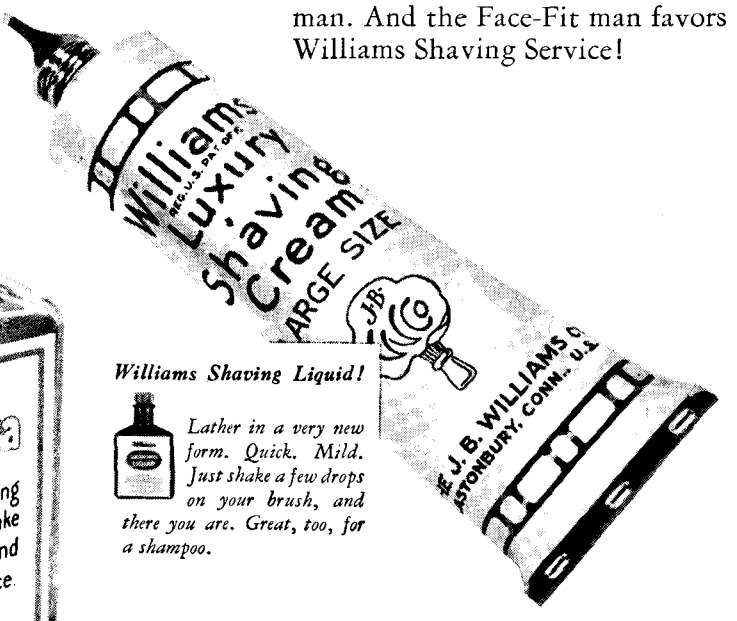

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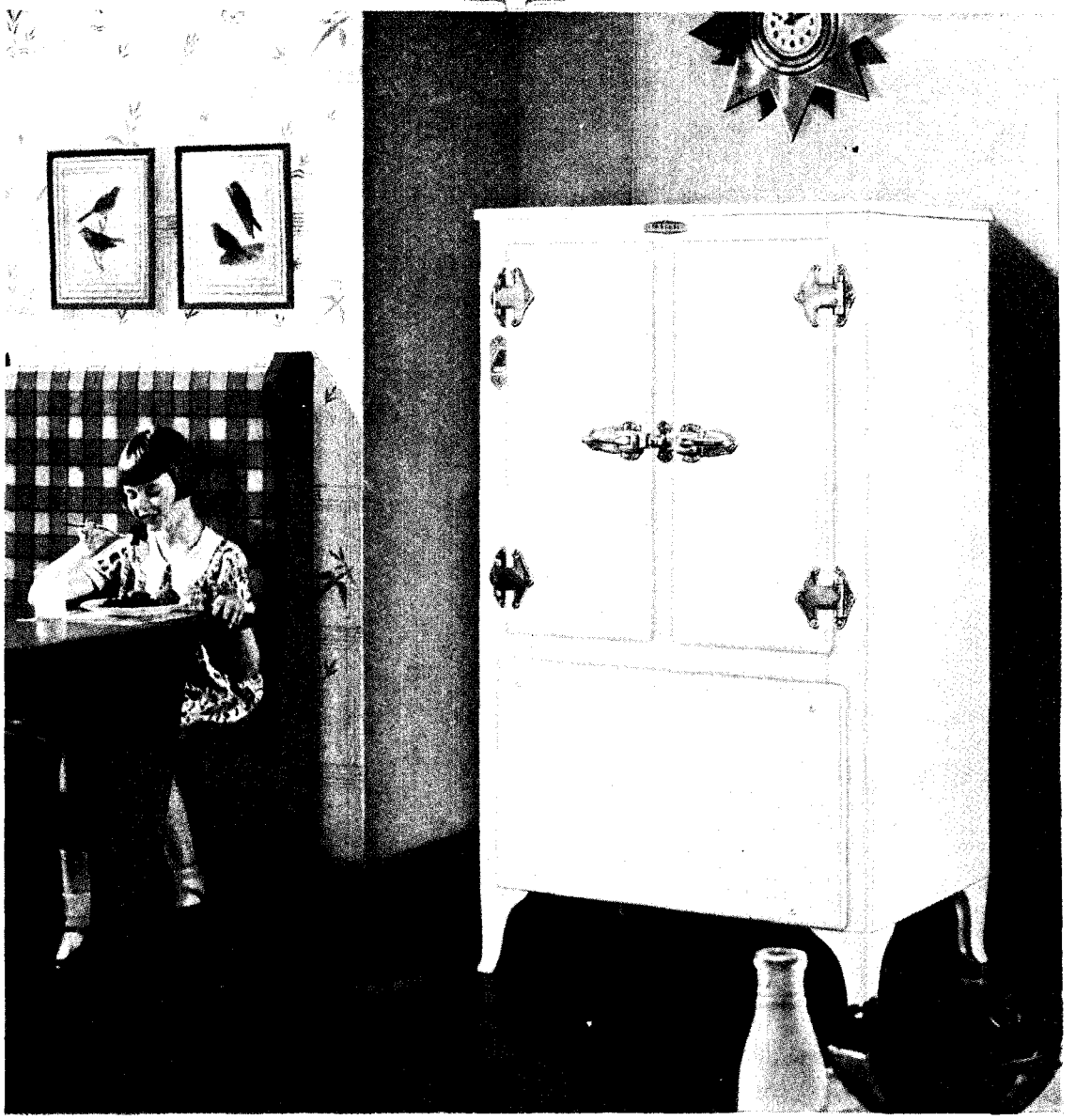

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